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LIFE

IN THE MISSION, THE CAMP, AND THE ZENÁNÁ.

Preparing for Publication,

A SERIES OF SKETCHES,

TWENTY IN NUMBER,

ILLUSTRATIONS OF

THE MISSION, THE CAMP, AND THE ZENÁNA.

By MRS. COLIN MACKENZIE.

AN AFGHAN BEGUM SMOKE

LIFE

IN THE MISSION, THE CAMP,

AND THE ZENÁNÁ;

OR,

SIX YEARS IN INDIA.

BY MRS. COLIN MACKENZIE.

SECOND EDITION, REVISED.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

ZA fr 3

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[*The Author reserves to herself the right of translation*]

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INTRODUCTION.

THE following Journal was regularly forwarded, during a six years' residence in India, to the writer's family and friends. Events, anecdotes, and reflections were recorded as they came before her, without any view to publication; and this will account, not only for the miscellaneous character of the work, but for the personal details with which, in spite of her endeavours to weed them out, it may still be too much encumbered.

The Author has been under the extreme disadvantage of publishing at a distance from her husband, and without the possibility of referring to his opinion, or obtaining his sanction for either the omission or retention of passages on which she would have desired them. She, therefore, protests against his being considered responsible

for any statement she has made, and only claims for herself the merit of an impartial desire to speak the truth.

To this deprivation, combined with a shattered state of health (frequent returns of fever not being the most favourable circumstances under which to revise a work of this sort for immediate publication) she ascribes the retention of two or three passages, which she frankly acknowledges ought not to have been given to the world, being inconsistent with the great law of Christian charity. These, together with many others, which appeared either tedious or trivial, she has now expunged. Many things which were at first told her in confidence, she afterwards heard publicly discussed by others, and then of course felt justified in publishing them without the names of her informants.

Distance prevented her obtaining the formal permission of her friends for the publication of every fact or expression which she has given on their authority; but she has done as she would

be done by: she has printed nothing but what is honourable to them, nor anything that she would have objected to their publishing had the case been reversed.

It is difficult to understand how, in these days when every detail of life, even to a lady's dress, finds its way to the newspapers, any one can object to the appearance of their names at full length, or at the open expression of kindness and regard; yet the only complaint from a friend has been on this score, and the writer has therefore obliterated several passages which she hoped would have given pleasure in the perusal as they did in writing.

Some of the Indian papers, as might have been expected from the character given of them in general, have made unfounded attacks on the Work. The author will only say, that she has violated no confidence; she has betrayed no secret; she has stated nothing from personal feeling (for there is scarcely one person blamed whom she has even seen); and there is scarcely anything on single, and

nothing, so far as she knew, on partial authority. As an evidence of her desire to be just, she has expunged two anecdotes from a subsequent discovery of the general want of veracity of her informant. All the facts given were openly canvassed —most of them even in the newspapers, and she cannot think it wrong, though it may be imprudent, to speak the truth without fear or favour regarding the public acts or private wrongs of others.

Strange to say, although two gentlemen of undoubted honour, gallantry, and veracity, related the story, to which the following letter refers, exactly as it is printed; the reader will see that Colonel Bradford's letter (and his testimony is unimpeachable) denies that any thing of the sort took place

LONDON,
January 1854.

Written by Colonel Bradford and forwarded to "The Englishman," and also to Brigadier Mackenzie.

"About an hour after the battle of Aliwal commenced, the 1st Light Cavalry was ordered by Brigadier Cureton to form in second line as a reserve for the rest of the 2nd Brigade of Cavalry, which was directed to advance and charge the left flank of the Sikhs. Having followed the first line for a short distance, the regiment was ordered, on the same authority, to change front to its right, which movement had hardly been completed, when the Brigadier riding up to the commanding officer, and pointing to a body of Sikh horsemen then in front of the regiment, said, 'Now charge, and you shall be supported.' Agreeably to this order, the *whole* regiment charged at once in the direction indicated, although the 3rd Squadron had not come into line after the change of front, and was obliged to move at full speed to get into its place. The Sikhs did not, however, wait for the 1st Cavalry, but made off through their intrenched camp (which was immediately in their rear), followed by the regiment at a gallop *over* the intrenchments and into the camp.

"Now although the intrenchments at Aliwal were not very formidable, they were sufficiently so to

break the regularity of any charge, as several horses fell in crossing them. They were also very unequal in height, and in some places altogether impracticable for cavalry. It therefore happened that the commanding officer was enabled to effect an entrance, and to push on through the camp closely followed by those immediately behind him, viz., by the right division of the 2nd Squadron, and by a few files from the left of the 1st, and two officers, Lieutenant, now Captain Sandham, and the late Cornet Farquhar; while the remainder of the regiment were somewhat retarded by meeting with more difficult parts of the enemy's field works. It is therefore not surprising that with such obstacles to overcome, and in charging through the intricacies of a camp full of the enemy, a portion of the regiment should have outstripped the rest, and that at the end of the charge, which was a very long one, the commanding officer found himself with about twenty men and the two officers before mentioned, cut off by a strong body of the enemy intervening between them and the regiment, and it was in charging back to rejoin the main body that Cornet Farquhar, a very promising young officer, was mortally wounded, and several other casualties occurred.

"On reaching the regiment a part was found drawn up to the left of the intrenchments, and a

portion still in the camp, but shortly all joined, and the regiment was ordered to form line with the rest of the brigade which had rallied after their advance, and the whole then moved forward towards the enemy, who were crossing the river as fast as they could under a heavy fire from our Artillery.

"From this narrative it will be observed that the other regiment of the brigade charged in a different direction from that of the first, and that there was not *the least* hesitation, on the part of the latter regiment, in obeying the order to charge, or in forcing their way into the Sikh camp, which every body will allow was not a good or fit field for cavalry to act in.

"As to the remark attributed to a person named R—— of the —th Regiment, it never reached the commanding officer's ear, nor does he believe that any such observation was ever made by any officer.

"On referring to the published despatches of the General Commanding in this action, Sir Harry Smith, it will be found that he praises the conduct of the 1st Light Cavalry in flattering terms, and further, he pardoned a trooper sentenced by a court-martial to be flogged, on account of the 'noble conduct,' as he was pleased to call it, of the regiment in the action of the 28th January.

"CAWNPOOR, 19*th November*, 1853."

"ELICHPUR, *7th December*, 1853."

"MY DEAR BRADFORD,

"Thank you for sending a copy of your letter to 'The Englishman,' which of course, under the circumstances, you could not avoid writing. I will forward it to Mrs. Mackenzie by this mail, viz., that which leaves Bombay on the 14th instant. I cannot see how your account of the cavalry affair at Aliwal can in any way be incorrect, and yet, strange to say, a gentleman of undoubted gallantry, honour, and veracity, related the story, as an eye-witness of the battle, to Mrs. Mackenzie, exactly as you read it in her published journal. I remember that my own feelings on hearing the anecdote were those of indignation, that your chivalrous appeal had been so scantily responded to. This is only another proof of the extreme difficulty of ascertaining what actually takes place in a field of battle. Truth, in such cases, seems to conceal herself at the bottom of an Artesian well. Despatches are very seldom accurate, quite the reverse; but your simple assertion is enough for me, and for all who have the pleasure of your acquaintance, in as much as it is quite certain, that you would not, to save a kingdom, bear witness to any fact, concerning which you had the

slightest doubt yourself; and that, if I may take the liberty of expressing my real sentiments, your modesty is equal to your established reputation as a soldier.

"Believe me, with much esteem,

"Yours very sincerely,

"*Col. Bradford, C.B.* "C. MACKENZIE."

GLOSSARY.

Ayah, lady's maid or nurse
Akhám, a mandate
Amír, a lord (not Hindu)

Bechoba, a tent without a centre pole
Brahman, the sacred and highest caste of Hindus
Bund, a dam
Bunder, a landplace (at Bombay)
Bániah, a shopkeeper
Bhisti, a watercarrier
Bíbí, a lady
Bégúm, a princess
Bárá or Bárí, great
Bungalow, a house, especially a thatched one
Bágh, garden
Budgerow, a large Calcutta boat

Chattah, an umbrella
Chaitya,
Chillám, a pipe

Dinghi, a large Calcutta boat
Dhobi, washerman
Dhobin, washerman's wife
Dahgoba, a beehive-shaped Buddhist shrine
Dák, post
Dárbár, a court
Daffádár, a native cavalry non-commissioned officer
Dheds, a low caste people in Surat and elsewhere
Dóms, a low caste people in Bengal
Duli, a litter

Gári, carriage
Gonds, the aboriginal Hill Tribe of the Dekkhan
Ghát, a pass through hills, or a landing place

Hávildár, a native sergeant
Haq, right
Huqá, long pipe, the smoke passes through water

Jemadar, a native lieutenant
Jungle, forest—waste land
Jain, a Hindu sect, half Buddhists
Jhappan, a sort of sedan chair with curtains, at Simla
Jhamp, a skreen of bamboo and matting

Kámmerbánd, girdle
Kuli, a common labourer
Khánsámán, head servant
Khan, a title-lord
Khidmutgar, a man-servant
Kachá, unripe, unbaked, imperfect

Maharájah, a king, lit. *great prince*
Mashál or Masal, torch; Masálchi, torchbearer
Masjíd, mosque
Máli, gardener
Mír Adal, chief justice
Massak, goatskin for carrying water
Mehter, a man of the sweeper caste; Mehtráni, a woman of the sweeper caste

Mahaut, elephant driver, who sits on the creature's neck

Náig, a native corporal
Nálki, a royal palanquin
Nihál, the low caste among the Gonds
Nawáb, a Muhammadan noble
Nizám, a viceroy
Nizám u Doulah, prime minister
Nallah, a ditch

Pákká, ripe, baked, properly done
Pálki, a palanquin
Páltán, regiment
Padre Sáhib, a clergyman or minister
Paul, a small tent
Phanka, a fan, usually a large one, suspended from the roof
Pariah, the low caste at Madras; *Parwári*, the low caste at Bombay
Pagri, a turban
Patán, a descendant of Afgháns

Ráj, kingdom; Rájah, a Hindu prince; *fem.*, Ráni; Rájput, the military caste, next in rank to the Brahmans
Ressallah, a regiment of cavalry

Sáhib, a gentleman—a title
Mem Sahib, in Bengal, *Madam Sahib*, Bombay, a lady
Sáhib lóg, lit. the lordly people. The British
Sawár, a trooper
Sáhukár, a banker
Súbádár, a native Captain
Subáh, a district
Sáis, a groom
Shah, a king, a *Padshah* not a Hindu
Shahzádá, son of a king
Shikár, game; Shikári, a huntsman
Shiwalla, small Hindu temple

Tatti, a skreen of thatch kept wetted for the hot winds to pass through
Tiffin, luncheon
Tonjon, a sort of chair with a hood, for one person, borne by four men
Talukdár, one who farms a district from Government

Urbáb, petty Muhammadan chief

Wazír, prime minister

Zenáná, the ladies' apartments
Zemindár, landholder

PRONOUNCE

a short, like *u*, in but. Pagri pronounce *pugree*
á long, like in army
i like *ee*, topi (hat). *Amír* like Ameer
u long, Subah like Soobah
ai like *y*, in by
The vowels are pronounced much as in German or Italian

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LIFE

IN THE MISSION, THE CAMP, AND THE ZENÁNÁ.

CHAPTER I.

Life at sea—Trade Winds—The Survivor of Minden—Sermon—Sunday School—Calms without, Discord within—An Alligator—Music—Expenses of a Voyage—Sunset—High Churchman—Soldiers' Wives—Don Juan—Spelling—Recruits—Albatross—Amsterdam—Marriages—Officer Overboard—Virtuous Old Times—Shark—Society on Board—Assassin and Suicide—Latest case of Piracy—Wine—Arrival—Sailors and Bibles

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 5th, 1846.—We have been since September 2nd in the Tropics, the thermometer about 82° in my cabin, which is the coolest in the ship; but the evenings are delightful—the very perfection of refreshing warm weather. This last week has flown very rapidly. We have seen two ships; a little land bird came on board; one of the cabin-boys fell down the hatchway yesterday evening; and as he lay groaning, he said, "Oh, take Mr. Consitt (the chief officer) his tea." We all greatly admired this strong sense of duty in the poor little man. We also saw a shoal of Albicores, a huge white fish of about one cwt. each, leaping and sporting in the waves; and this, I think, forms the sum total of the week's occurrences. The last few days we have had numerous musquitoes. I have been astonished to see how much less wave there

is at sea than one would expect from living on the sea-coast; even yesterday it was more a great swell which heaved us up and down, than breakers and foam as I had anticipated. Captain Henning has lent me a letter of Basil Hall's (in Daniel's "Meteorological Observations,") explaining the trade winds. North of the equator, their most general direction is north-east; south of the equator, south-east; they extend to about 28° to 30° on each side of the line; but the southern limit of the N.E. trade varies with the season of the year, and follows the course of the sun, so that now when the sun is about 6½ N., we cannot expect to have the trades below 10° or 12° N., while in December and January, when the sun has a high southern declination, they reach almost to the line, but never pass it; whereas the S.E. often encroaches as much as 3° or 4° on the northern latitudes.

After losing the trades we enter a region of variable winds and calms, which is the most tedious and uncertain portion of the voyage; of course the narrower the extent of the trades, the wider is that of the variables.

The trade winds become more and more southerly as they approach the line, and as the S.E. trade is unfavourable to us, when we meet it we shall have to bear away to the west, keeping of course as near the wind (that is sailing as much against it) as possible.

The heat on this side of the Cape is much greater and more oppressive than on the other, because we get the hot wind from the African coast, of which the sirocco is a specimen.

The causes of the trade winds are twofold: first, the air near the equator, being much hotter than in higher latitudes, ascends, whilst the cool air from the north and south poles rushes in beneath it, and thus produces a north and south wind blowing from the respective poles towards the line, whilst far above in the sky the highest clouds are seen taking a contrary direction towards the poles; secondly, the velocity of the earth at the equator is about 1000 miles an hour, but in latitude 30° it is about 140 miles an hour less. The air partakes of the

same velocity as the earth and water beneath it; when, therefore, this slow air is drawn towards the equator, it is at first left behind by the superior velocity of the earth's motion eastward, and thus, as we rush along with the earth, the tardy wind puffs in our faces, until by degrees its motion becomes more and more accelerated and we feel it no longer. This is the reason why as the trade winds approach the line they lose this easterly character, and retain only their northern or southern direction, which arises from the first named cause. The monsoon in the Bay of Bengal, Indian Ocean, and China, is accounted for on the same principles. When the sun has great northern declination, India and China become so much heated that the air from the equator being the coolest, rushes in to fill up the place of the heated Indian atmosphere, which ascends as a matter of course. This said equatorial air coming from the south, and having a more rapid motion to the east than the regions it comes to visit, produces a south-westerly wind. When, on the other hand, the sun goes to the south, the reverse takes place, and the south-east monsoon is produced. In the N.E. trades the earth is like a steam-carriage, creating a wind by rushing through the air. The northerly and southerly motion is easily understood. I hope this is clear to you, dear people. You see there would be nothing but easterly winds if the earth were a uniform mass of land and water; but, as land and water do not retain heat an equal length of time, the great masses of heated earth produce variations in the currents of air, as I have endeavoured to expound. The reason that strong westerly winds are so prevalent N. of Madeira and S. of the Cape is, that the air from the equator, which has been sailing along high up with very little friction to diminish its velocity, has, by the time it arrives there, become sufficiently cooled to descend from its high horse (the air beneath it being hotter in those latitudes), and creates a westerly wind, just as when a steam-carriage passes we feel the whiff thereof.

C. has just interrupted me with a story Major M. has

been telling him. When the 51st were at Plymouth in 1819, they heard that an old gentleman who had been present at a review of the regiment, had thanked God that he had lived to see the 51st once more. They inquired about him, and finding that he had been a lieutenant in the regiment, and had been present with it at the battle of Minden, they immediately determined to give him a grand dinner, and invited the Admiral, the General, all the authorities, and many of the county gentlemen, and in fact, gave the old officer such an entertainment as had never been heard of in the 51st before. The old man was seated on the right hand of the chair, and after the usual toasts, the Colonel gave the "memory of the heroes of Minden," which was drunk in solemn silence. Rising again, he proposed, in a speech warm from the heart, the health of their venerable guest, the sole survivor of the 51st who had fought in that battle; this was received with such prolonged and enthusiastic cheering, the naval men joining in a sort of ecstasy, that the poor old man was quite overcome, and at last leant his head down on the table, and sobbed. He returned thanks with difficulty, saying, that, after this, he did not care how soon he died. When he went away, the Admiral, the Colonel, and some of the principal officers (all of whom had received him as if he had been the father of each one in particular), accompanied him to the door, and saw him into his carriage.

Major M. also told us of an interview he had had with Sir James Stephen. Shortly after his return from Van Dieman's Land, he was requested to call at the Colonial Office, in order to give the results of his observations and experience in that colony. Sir James Stephen received him most blandly, then leaning back in his chair, he folded his hands, half closed his eyes, and gave utterance to a series of various apothegms and reflections, perfectly true and extremely well expressed, for the space of an hour and a half. He then rose, blandly thanked the astonished Major M. for his *valuable information*, and bowed him out of

the room, without having allowed him to utter a sentence.

Monday, September 7th.—We are off the Cape Verd Islands: our worst run hitherto has been ninety-seven miles in the twenty-four hours, *i. e.* four knots an hour. Yesterday was exceedingly hot: there were upwards of twenty fans in use at dinner. The Chaplain preached a short discourse, literally in praise of religion, showing it to be a good and profitable thing, but not showing what it was, nor how it was to be obtained. A Mollah might have been thankful for the loan of it, if he had found himself unprepared some Friday morning. Yesterday, to our great satisfaction, the missionary, Mr. M., preached, or rather read, a very good sermon; he is an Independent, but that I keep secret.

Mrs. D. and I had agreed to try to get up a Sunday-school for the women and children on board. Three of the young ladies came to help us. C. made "Paterson on the Shorter Catechism" his text-book, beginning with the first commandment, and taking only the simple parts. About eight women and children were present: we hope next time to have more—each of the young ladies helped the others to find the texts referred to. May God graciously bless this attempt to lead them into the way of salvation. Afterwards C. read one of McCheyne's last sermons, Miss M., Miss D., and their maid, being present.

To-day we have nearly a calm;—do you know that in a calm we have more rolling than in a fresh breeze? Captain H. says, that naval men owe a great debt of gratitude to Colonel Reid for his work on Storms. The best course, now that the law of storms is understood, is for a ship to lie with her head to the wind, when a gale comes on, however favourable the wind may appear to be, and the storm thus passes over her.

Tuesday.—The joyful news that a homeward-bound ship was in sight, threw us all into confusion. Every body prepared their letters—we rushed on deck—she shortened sail, and we soon approached her. She

looked very pretty, breasting the waves as she passed under the stern of the "Alfred,"—but, to our disappointment, we found she was a Genoese bound to Genoa. We had, however, the satisfaction of seeing some living thing besides ourselves. I cannot imagine any one enjoying a sea-voyage unless they were making love. The monotony is very tiresome, and I have not felt well enough to enjoy any occupation but reading. We stay in our cabin most of the day—the nights are lovely—we walk or sit on deck until nine o'clock. The Captain and his wife, the Doctor, Mr. M., and some of the officers of the ship, are very pleasant. Some of the ladies have empty heads, and some full hearts, so there is scarcely one whose conversation is at all a luxury. In the utter dearth of incident, one hails the arrival of a little bird from the African coast with more pleasure than you can imagine, just as you would a visit from Mr. B. or Carlyle. The little bird was caught, and I kissed and stroked him for joy.

I am in daily fear of becoming a gossip; the fear, I hope, will preserve me from danger; one day one hears of a quarrel between two black-bearded passengers, because one helped the other too largely to rice-pudding—another day a Queen's officer is riotous, and all the young ladies peep behind the jalousies to see what is the matter; then "Miss A. has been *so* spiteful to Miss B."—Miss C. won't sit any longer beside Dr. D., because she thinks him *very* rude—Miss E. talks too much to Captain F., and takes pet because Mrs. H. kindly tells her of it:—and so every day brings forth its small quota of pettiness. A lady paid me a visit the other day, and spent the whole time in talking to my maid about the characters of their mutual acquaintance. She often makes me laugh. I told her the other night we were going south, which, said I, is very good—"I am sure, ma'am," she answered, "I don't know—I am not an alligator," meaning navigator!

I send you a little sketch of the morning muster of the soldiers on board; the officers nearly rival them in

variety of apparel—some wear red jackets, some white; some black coats, some brown holland, and most of them have turn-down collars, and little black neckerchiefs, such as they must have worn in the days when they "crept unwillingly to school." Two Sundays ago the soldiers appeared in white frocks and trousers, furnished by the Company, looking exactly like magnified little boys. It nearly upset my gravity.

Yesterday, there was more motion than we have yet had, so that our chairs were lashed to the posts in the cuddy, or to the legs of the dinner-table; but nothing very diverting occurred.

I have been reading Elliott's "Horæ Apocalypticæ," and Carlyle's "Revolution," with exceeding pleasure. In fact, one's chief happiness on board ship lies in books. Miss M. and I read a canto of Dante together daily, which we greatly enjoy.

Monday, September 21st.—Every one has been more or less unwell, for the heat at the beginning of last week was most oppressive—not very intense, for in our cabin I never remarked the thermometer above 84°, but a dull, clammy heat, that made one feel sick; and even the evening wind was not refreshing, but felt as if it came over a cool bog. In the cuddy, at dinner, I think the thermometer must have reached blood heat. C. thinks that coming inside the Cape de Verde Islands, which we have done, is probably not so healthy as passing outside; for, as the African coast is pestilential, and some of the Cape de Verdes have lately proved equally so, it is reasonable to suppose that the air between them is anything but salubrious. I have not been able to eat breakfast since I came on board; but since we passed the sun, which we did on Friday, there has been a wonderful difference in the wind, which is now quite cool, coming direct to us from the South Pole. We passed the Line early on Saturday morning—a wonderfully fine passage of only four weeks since we left Portsmouth. Captain H. is not on visiting terms with Neptune, who consequently did not appear. One of the officers caught a Vilella (a curious mysla-

ginous fish) and gave it to me; it is about five inches long, of a deep indigo-blue colour, with a curious fin, which serves as a sail; its mouth lies underneath, and when touched it stings. I saw many of them in the water—in sailing, they spin round and round.

Hitherto our party has been like a list of *dramatis personæ*, long and tiresome, but last week the plot began to thicken. Some ladies got up a little quarrel, and a poor mad officer made a proposal. His case is a very sad one, as he is decidedly insane, and must be invalided as soon as he arrives; we are all in fear lest he should do something rash, such as throwing himself overboard.

Wednesday, September 23rd.—The poor officer whom I mentioned is better: he came and spoke to me this morning collectedly enough. It makes one's heart ache to see him; he is very gentlemanly, very obliging, and has a mother and sister living.

Last night some of the soldiers took it into their heads to sing in parts, accompanied by one of the serjeants who plays well on the flute: the effect was beautiful, and the voices, borne on the evening wind, stole on the ear like those of some choice choir. They sung slow touching airs, such as the "Canadian Boat Song," "My Highland Home," that showed they had the same feelings in their hearts as those which filled our own. Since the days of Babel, music is the one universal language left us, perhaps the only mode in which man speaks to man of his thoughts and feelings without regard of persons.

My servant R—— amuses me very much; she talks not like a "prent buke," but like a water-wheel, and is evidently as much acquainted with all her former mistress's affairs and opinions as she herself can be. In India she has a man-servant of her own, upwards of 45*l.* a year wages, and never touches a needle from one year's end to another. She said to me the other day, when I was working, "Oh, ma'am, I wish you had some nice wool!" "Why, ?" answered I, in some surprise. "I wish to work a pair of slippers

for Mrs. ——." She is evidently accustomed to ask for anything her mistress has: I find her very useful on board, however, very obliging and good-tempered.

The Captain wes telling me the other day about his ship: he is part owner; the expenses out and home are about 12,000*l.* The midshipmen get no pay; their "'prentice fee" is 60*l.*, their mess 10*l.* per annum: so, that, with outfit, their expenses for the first year are not less than 120*l.* to 140*l.* After three voyages, if one of them is appointed fourth officer of the ship, he gets 20*s.* a month, whereas a common sailor gets 2*l.* I asked why they got so little. Captain H. replied, "Oh, they are of so little use." The second officer gets from 8*l.* to 10*l.* a month, and the first a little more. There is an uncertainty how long the ships will pay, for the rate of passage-money is greatly reduced. We pay 220*l.* for a stern cabin for ourselves, a share of the women's cabin for R., and our board. Formerly, a man coming home paid 1000*l.*, and a man and his wife 1500*l.* It is the voyage home (when both freight and passage-money are higher than on the voyage out) which pays the owners.

Thursday, October 8th. — Since September 24th, when we were in south latitude 16°, it has been cold; there is a wonderful difference in the temperature north and south of the line, the former being much warmer in the same latitudes. We are now in 40° S. latitude, or as much to the south of the equator as Madrid is north of it, and this is the first summer month in these regions, yet we have all been wearing our warmest dresses for the last ten days. I am now writing in fur cuffs, and sit all day in a wadded silk cloak over a merino gown. By the time we arrive at Calcutta, I think my wits will be in a perfect state of imbroglio in regard to time and seasons. Within six weeks we have had autumn, summer, and winter weather. In a short time we expect summer again, though not of that oppressive and overpowering heat we endured on the west coast of Africa, and then another spell of cold weather before reaching Calcutta:

we ought to come out as hard and sharp as steel after these sudden alternations of temperature. The greatest heat in our cabin was not above 84°, now it is not below 58°, and yet the cold is great; I begin to think the thermometer gives no more idea of the heat one feels than the number of years one has lived does of the real age.

We left the tropics on September 29th, and on Monday, the 28th, we saw the first of those glorious sunsets which we had expected in vain since we entered them. I cannot describe the wondrous beauty of the sky: at first it appeared like a lovely English sunset, when gradually the sun, having entered into his chamber, summoned his "royal body-guard of prismatic colours," illuminating the whole sky with gold, crimson, purple, and even green, from the most delicate tints to the most gorgeous radiance, filling the heart with delight and the eye well nigh with tears. Far beyond the dark rolling waters were continents and bays, studded with islands bathed in a flood of light, and giving some faint image of that better country, that New Jerusalem who shall descend adorned as a bride "whose clothing is of wrought gold." "Ah, if L. were here! and dear E!" We both longed for you. When we see the reality of that glorious vision, I trust all those dearest to us will "walk with the Lamb in white."

I never had an hour of greater enjoyment. How greatly our impressions from external things depend on the state of the mind in which we see them! had I been alone, I doubt if even this magnificence would have given me anything like real pleasure.

On the 29th September we first saw some birds, which have ever since formed a most pleasing variety to our "outlook," as Carlyle would call it. Nothing can exceed the monotony of a sea view, unenlivened by the sight of any living creature—but now the ocean is alive with the huge albatross, the beautiful Cape pigeon, and lovely little stormy-petrels, all of them incessantly whirling around us, chasing one

another, diving and skimming along, or floating on the waves, full of life and enjoyment. Many of the young officers amuse themselves with wantonly shooting at these poor birds. The other day we saw an albatross wounded, sink helpless on the distant waves. Certainly some of the officers on board do little credit to Her Majesty's service: those one knows at home are always gentlemanly, but four of these on board have been under arrest for intoxication since we sailed; and I am told they do not scruple to tell the most coarse stories in the presence of ladies. They pass their time in utter idleness, and drink, on an average, a bottle and half of wine a-piece daily, besides a quantity of spirits; some of them are young men of twenty-two, with wives younger than themselves. I have seen more of human life since I came on board than I ever did before; it is an ugly picture, but I will just endeavour to sketch a part of it for you.

You know we have a Company's chaplain, and an Independent missionary on board; the latter is, I believe, a thoroughly Christian man, and Captain H. being (like several of the passengers besides ourselves) a Presbyterian, insisted on his preaching every alternate Sunday. He reads his sermons, which are very good, their only fault in my opinion being, that they are not pointed and personal enough, and that he does not appeal sufficiently to the conscience of his hearers, showing them how full they are of sin, and urging the necessity of an entire conversion. They are as inoffensive as Scriptural discourses could by any possibility be; but one of the officers on board is a High Churchman, and the Sunday before last (October 3d), when we were obliged to have prayers in the cuddy, on account of the rain, both he and his wife left directly the service was over, and before the Missionary began his sermon. He afterwards made divers uncourteous speeches about "Methodist parsons, &c." I wonder what he would say of the field-preaching, prayer meetings, and other canonical irregularities that must have gone on when "they that were scattered abroad went

everywhere preaching the word?" (Acts viii. 1-4.) Mr. M. has begun a course of lectures in our cabin for all who chose to come. Many are the expedients to find and contrive seats; from seventeen to twenty attend.

Our meeting before dinner on Sundays for the women and children goes on well. We meet also on Thursday at the same hour, and the soldiers' wives come regularly, although they are all Roman Catholics; with children, women, and young ladies, our party amounts to one or two and twenty. Mr. M. also preaches in our cabin on Wednesdays or Thursdays.

Four of the young ladies on board always attend our domestic worship, and in the evening they come to our cabin and C. reads aloud while we work. He has read "Rokeby," and we are now enjoying Pollok's "Course of Time." The Doctor and the third officer, Mr. G., a most gentlemanly, intelligent young man, always attend Mr. M.'s discourses, and four of the young ensigns do the same, more or less regularly. All this has roused the antagonistic principle in the senior officer on board, who lectured each of the young officers for attending the preaching of a man "who had no more right to preach than his shoemaker," and said they would disoblige him and the Chaplain if they did so again. They all, however, declared they would not give it up, and whatever mixed motives may have prompted their reply, we trust they may benefit by coming. My husband paid the Chaplain a visit for the purpose of assuring him that nothing was farther from his intention than showing any disrespect to him, and noticed his liberality in remaining to hear Mr. M.'s sermons.

You cannot, without seeing them, imagine the trials a poor soldier's wife has to endure. If the young Irishwoman, Mrs. A., had not got on board secretly and concealed herself till we were out at sea, she would have been left penniless and friendless in England, with no chance of ever seeing her husband again. This occurs every time a regiment leaves England, for only a certain number of women, chosen by lot, may accom-

pany it. What a temptation to vice, and what misery for them! Few of those on board had sufficient clothes, and none of them anything like comforts for the voyage. I never knew how valuable the scraps of a family dinner could be to poor people until I saw Mrs. A. make her dinner off part of the mutton-chop which I have every day for my luncheon—I always give most of it to her, and often both she and her husband partake of it, and eat every bit, fat, skin, and all, leaving nothing but a bare bone. I wish I had some more arrowroot of my own to give away, for I can get plenty for myself, but it would not be right to be charitable out of the ship's stores.

At family worship in the morning, we examine the Romans, in the evening, Matthew. The young Irish woman takes a lesson in reading daily, but gets on very slowly, *e. g.* she will call "ta-lent"—"Father," and her husband, C's pupil, although he reads much better, spells sometimes as follows:—"P-h-i-l pil, i-p ip," Peter!" He is rather an intelligent man, but his interpretation of some passages of Scripture shows the ignorance of the lower orders in England; for he says that he knows that most agree with his idea, that "with what measure ye mete," &c., means that if a man has sinned, perdition will be meted out to him, so that it is of no use for him to try to become better. Then, he thought "Man shall not live by bread alone," meant that the rich were very wrong not to supply poor people with *meat*, by giving them sufficient wages to buy it or otherwise. However C. has set him right on these points. We have had very rough weather lately.

Friday, October 30th.—Just as I had written "lately" the ship rolled, and away went I and my chair, letter and pen, as if I had been a "flecing dragon," to the other side of the cabin, so there was no more writing to be done that day.

The recruits on board are wholly unworthy of the honourable name of soldiers. I never saw such faces except when we visited Newgate, and C. says in all his

experience he never saw such a collection of the very refuse of society. One of the women spoke with tears in her eyes of the insults she had to endure, and the vile language she had to hear, although she is in a little cabin; they have a special spite at her because she takes up a little space in their over-crowded barracks.

Some days ago a beautiful albatross was caught with a hook; it measured eleven feet six inches from wing to wing; they let it go, but in the afternoon wantonly caught another, killed it, and cut off its head! The officers continue shooting at the poor birds in spite of all that has been said to them, so I am very happy the birds are deserting us.

I have been much struck with the excellent education one of the young ladies has received, without having had half the advantages that most girls have, for she has been a great part of her life in Van Dieman's Land, and I think without a governess. Her father has been almost her sole instructor. She is a really good French, Italian, and Spanish scholar, plays on the guitar, and sings sweetly, is one of the most lady-like young girls on board, and at the same time very useful and clever with her needle and in taking care of her infant sister. It shows how much education depends on the pupil.

It is now getting warmer,—a few days ago we could not keep ourselves warm even with shawls and cloaks by day or by night. Much warmer clothing is required on board than is usually needed in an English winter. One should always have things to give away, as arrow-root, oranges, lemon juice, &c., which are all most acceptable to poor people on salt rations. Old clothes and books to lend are also very useful.

Bride cake, made in small sizes and not very rich, is an excellent thing for a voyage, and keeps good the whole way.

On the 27th we saw the Island of Amsterdam; it is 2,000 feet above the level of the sea, very rocky, with fine precipitous ravines—it is uninhabited. It

was on this island that the "Lady Monro" was wrecked in 1833. You will find it mentioned in the "Church in the Army," No. XVI. In St. Paul's, which is some distance from it, and which we could not see, there is a lake with boiling springs in it, so that fish may be caught in one part of the lake and boiled in the other.

The state of the clothes which have come out of the hold is lamentable. Silk comes out as wet as if it had been held over the steam of a boiler, but luckily not spotted.

We have rushed into hot weather with wonderful rapidity, and nothing can be less like the dreary month of November.

Sunday, the 1st instant, we again had prayers on deck. I wore winter clothes, and a wadded velvet scarf—nothing more in the way of wrapping, for it was getting *mild;* the Thursday after, I was overpowered with heat in a thin muslin dress.

Tuesday, November 10th.—We had a dreadful alarm on Sunday morning! Poor Captain B. has been getting as mad as ever, since the warm weather began; but in spite of his evident insanity, no precaution was taken by the military surgeon in charge, beyond placing a soldier outside his cabin to watch him through the Venetian blinds; and he was suffered to lock himself in and barricade his door inside. On Saturday we were speaking on the subject, prognosticating some fearful deed if the precautions that common sense dictated were not taken. The officers used to divert themselves by going into the poor man's cabin and laughing at the strange things he said, especially at his religious fits, for he is constantly praying and reading his Bible, and thinks he sees visions. I was reading in my cabin, R. was doing something at the stern-ports, when we heard a voice close to us from the water; she paused and listened, and then, clasping her hands, with a face of agony cried, "Oh, Ma'am, poor Captain B.!" I was on deck in an instant. Every one, soldiers and all, were

crowding aft. He was already almost out of sight. Mr. Boulton, with great presence of mind, on first hearing the splash, and the voice crying, "Good bye, I shall be back again soon!" immediately cut loose the life-buoy. Two boats were lowered directly, but it seemed as if they would never give way. A man was sent to the mizen mast to keep his eye on him, and at C.'s suggestion a telescope was sent up to him. I never shall forget the horror of the suspense; there was no time for thought, nothing but the horrid idea that a fellow-creature had plunged into the fathomless ocean. The kind Doctor came and assured me he thought he would be saved, as he was an excellent swimmer. I thought this would be some comfort to the other ladies, so I went below, and found a cabin full of them; every face on board, man and woman alike, was paler than usual. The ship was put about, and soon we were told that the boats were very near him. As the position of the ship changed, we flew from one cabin to another to get a view of the boats. Mr. Consitt, the chief officer, came up to him first—he had got hold of the life-buoy, but would not come into the boat until Mr. Consitt frightened him by an allusion to a shark. When he came near the ship, he again tried to throw himself over, so that they were obliged to tie him down, when he began crowing like a cock and imitating a cuckoo. It was with much difficulty they got him into his cabin, and he was so violent that he nearly felled the Doctor with a blow of his fist. Two soldiers were put in with him, and he made them kneel and pray with him—I think praise to God must have risen from every heart for his rescue. We heard afterwards, that he had fancied he had seen corn-fields and gardens, and beautiful trees and flowers, in the distance (of all fancies the most natural on board ship), and wanted to get to them. In passing by the ship, he caught a glimpse of Captain H., and waved his hand to him as he swam away. Good Dr. W., calm and cautious as our dear countrymen usually are, was so transported with indignation at the shameful

negligence displayed, that he exclaimed, "If that poor man is drowned, his blood will be on the heads of those that have had the charge of him." The scene in the next cabin to ours was a strange one; one lady stood sobbing, another exclaiming; one of the ayahs weeping as in duty bound, and another crying, "Oh, Ma'am, poor dear fine gentleman!"

There was no time to have the awning rigged for church on deck, so that we had prayers without sermon in the cuddy; and neither then nor in the evening did the Chaplain insert the slightest notice of the mercy which had been just vouchsafed.

Mr. M., in his prayer in the afternoon meeting, thanked God for the preservation of one of our number from a watery grave, prayed for his restoration to health of body and serenity of mind, and, above all, for his eternal salvation.

Wednesday, November 11th, 1846.—Since yesterday morning, the sea has been like an ocean of glass: except for the smallest possible heaving, it is like a smiling, imperturbably good-tempered woman, whom nothing disturbs, and whom there is no getting on with; but of the two, the sea is the least trying to my patience.

They caught a booby a few days ago, but let it fly again; it is a stupid bird, that suffers itself to be caught, without even the preliminary of putting salt on its tail.

We have been reading our neighbour's books, to save our own for future consumption. I must send you a passage from "Chambers' Cyclopedia of Literature"; it is by Bellenden, a Scottish historian of James V's time, who, in comparing "the new manirs and the auld of the Scottis," says of "our eldaris,"—"They disjunit airly in the morning with small refection, and sustenit thair liffis thairwith quhil the time of sowper, throw quhilk thair stamok was never surfeitly changit to empeche thaim of uther besiniss. . . . . All drinkeitis, glutonis, and consumers of vitalis mair nor was necessar to the sustentation of men, war tane and

first commandit to swelly thair fowth (fill) of what drink they plesit, and incontinent thairafter weir drownit in ane fresche river"! Were not these virtuous old days?

Mr. M. has lent us several volumes of "The American Biblical Repository," the best theological review I have ever seen. It is full of instructive and interesting articles, and is written in an excellent catholic spirit, worthy of the patronage of the Evangelical Alliance. I was amused at a quotation from old Camden, in a paper on Anglo-Saxon Literature. He says of languages: "The Italian is pleasant, but without sinews, as a still fleeting water. The French delicate, but even nice as a woman, scarce daring to open her lips for fear of marring her countenance. The Spanish majestical, but fulsome and running too much on the O, and terrible like the devil in a play. The Dutch manlike, but withal very harsh, as one ready to pick a quarrel at any word"!—And then the conceited old writer concludes, that "the English, like bees, gather the honey of their good qualities, and leave the dregs to themselves!!"

It is so hot I make a partition in the cabin and let the ladies daily come in to enjoy my shower-bath. This is really a beautifully built ship. We have passed every one we have seen: she is wonderfully steady, though very long; she only wants more ballast to keep her from leaning over so much, for at present she is like a cork on the water. We have now and then a cats-paw (which C. explained to me to be a sea zephyr), but no wind. However, after such a beautiful voyage as we have hitherto had, it would be most ungrateful to complain.

Tuesday, November 17th; 10° 40′ N. latitude.—Ever since I wrote last we have had very little wind, but excessive heat, and instead of beautiful runs of 220 and 250 miles, we have only made from 40 to 70 daily. To-day we have a little breeze, more welcome than can be described. Two events; killed a centipede in our cabin; it was about two inches and a half long, very

like a caterpillar, only with feet like claws. A shark was also caught: the water was so still and transparent that I saw him quite plainly rushing about and seizing the bait. I could not have imagined so powerful and boisterous a fish; he was only about eight feet long, but with immense fins, and rushed on his prey with amazing bustle and voraciousness. They hauled him up, and for some time he hung close to one of the stern windows, where we saw him perfectly; he was brown on the back, and white underneath. I saw quite down his throat, which was all white; his teeth in rows lying flat; his mouth was quite big enough to have snapped off one's head. They let him into the water again and towed him round to the starboard side. I went on deck to see him hauled up, but it was ill managed; the shark gave a violent jerk, broke loose (although the hook had gone quite through the upper jaw, or at least through the cartilage), and we soon saw him tumbling about in a terrible rage. If you wish to see 150 men in one unanimous pout, you should have been on deck then; the very Captain was so annoyed that he passed me with downcast looks and without shaking hands.

We have lovely sunsets and sun-risings. The dawn yesterday surpassed any I ever saw, and almost every evening the sky is adorned with huge tracts of the richest amber, and others of the most glorious crimson hues, with light clouds above of the most brilliant rose colour. Sometimes near the sun there is even a greenish tinge. Remark this fact, for artists generally say there is no green in the sky, but I have observed it repeatedly. Two days ago there was a beautiful appearance at sunrise, a white cloud hung down like a curtain, in front of it floated a darker one with bright edges, like a huge fish, while far behind and around both, stretched, as it were, an ocean of transparent ether in which they floated; it was like clear water in the sky. The sky at night is most lovely. I only saw the Southern Cross once; we have now lost sight of it. I never saw the new moon with an old moon in her arms so clearly as

some time ago. The whole orb was distinctly visible. Arnott (whose "Elements of Physics" I have been reading) says that it is the light reflected from the illuminated side of the earth, which renders the shady side of the moon thus partially visible.

We have made ninety-two miles to-day in the right direction, so that we may hope to be in Calcutta early next week. Mr. M., the missionary, told us a very interesting story of an Afghán who fell sick and was robbed on his way to sell figs and grapes in Calcutta. He sought assistance from his co-religionists, who recommended him to apply to the Mirzápúr Mission. He did so, was kindly treated, recovered his health, and showed a daily increasing interest in the gospel, which at last ripened, so far as human judgment could ascertain, into a joyful reception of it. He was baptized, and gave the greatest satisfaction to the missionaries, until he could no longer repress his desire to make known the glad tidings of salvation to his own kinsfolk. He started for Afghánistan; but died on his journey. Much as one regrets that he was not permitted to preach the gospel in his own country, it is a joyful thought that at least *one* Afghán is safe within the city which hath foundations whose builder or maker is God.

Monday, November 23rd, 1846.—Bay of Bengal, seventy-seven miles from the Sand Heads. The weather continues exceedingly warm. We were in hopes we should have got the pilot on Saturday; but the wind is right ahead of us, and we have to tack, etc., and are so far come down from our former ambitious hopes, that we are very glad if we make forty-five to seventy miles of latitude in the twenty-four hours. This, however, was to be expected at this season. From England to crossing the line the second time we made an average of 181 miles daily. We have had beautiful weather, very little rain; and I think nothing can surpass the deliciousness of a tropical evening on board ship, when there is plenty of air: the breeze is at once so mild and so refreshing. Almost every one has improved in health during the voyage. The food, which at first

seemed very bad, has been very good since we became stronger and not so dainty. Now, alas! our two cows are both sick, so there was no milk at all this morning. I have just breakfasted on lime-juice and water and bread and jam; no great hardship, you will say.

We have lately seen some of the luminous creatures which abound in tropical seas. Sitting in my cabin, in the dark, the other night, the dark blue sea, with the living stars flashing forth their brilliant light in the wake of the ship, formed an exact counterpart to the starry firmament above. The sunrise on Sunday was most lovely; no description can convey an idea of the brilliant rose-colour flames which illuminated the sky.

Wednesday, November 25th. — Yesterday morning, on rising, we found the sea green, instead of the deep, dark, beautiful blue it has hitherto appeared. This is a sign that we are really approaching land. The time has passed very quickly of late; and if it were not for our anxiety for letters, I should be in no great haste to arrive. For the sake of several on board I shall rejoice: two of the most amiable and lady-like girls have been making geese of themselves, by associating with others, whose society is anything but beneficial. I do not think a girl can be put to a severer trial of character and taste than by being sent on a voyage to India: I only trust our children will never be exposed to it. I never knew before how much the best inclined girls required guidance, or what errors they unavoidably fall into from their ignorance of the world, when deprived of a mother's care.

On Monday Mr. Consitt, the chief officer, told us some very interesting stories. When he was about eighteen, he went out to Montreal as second mate, in a vessel of 350 tons. The whole ship's company, with the exception of the captain, the carpenter, himself, and one of the men, were carried off by the cholera morbus; they were, therefore, obliged to make up a crew as best they could, and such a set were seldom seen. Only two or three could steer; most of them were mere landsmen; the majority Irish, and of very

disreputable appearance. Mr. Consitt was now chief mate; and he and the captain had to take watch about. They had great trouble with the men, particularly with an Irishman named Dennis, who constantly pretended to be sick when he was not. The captain kept him on deck for two or three days, and made him work, which of course displeased him very much. The vessel was laden with timber up to the top of the bulwarks, so that there was no railing or other protection against falling overboard. They were off the coast of Newfoundland, the weather very stormy, and the crew very inefficient; one very dark night Mr. Consitt had the first watch, from eight to twelve, when a man came aft and said Dennis was sitting in the chains drinking salt water; they had been on short allowance for several days. Mr. Consitt went forward, and asked him what he was doing: the man said "Nothing," came aft, and leant against the shrouds. He was dressed merely in his shirt and trousers, and stood with his right hand concealed in his bosom. Mr. Consitt asked him what he wanted; he said, "To see the captain." Mr. Consitt answered, "Well, it is now half-past eleven, he will be up at twelve,"—and as he turned away, this huge ruffian seized him by the collar, and stabbed him thrice with a large carving-knife; one blow went through his arm, another split one of the buttons of his pea-coat, and broke against his breast-bone, The man hurled the haft at Mr. Consitt's head, and joining his hands over his head, plunged into the sea. The only boat was hanging between the masts for safety, the night was dark, the wind was high, and not even an attempt could be made to save the wretched man. No clue to his former circumstances was found in his chest. If instead of stabbing, he had endeavoured to throw the young officer overboard, the destruction of the latter would have been inevitable.

Mr. Consitt also told us, that the last attack known of pirates upon a vessel of any size, was about ten years ago, when "The Morning Star," of about 300 tons, was within two days' sail of St. Helena. A pirate brig

hove in sight: the captain of the vessel was for resisting, but a major, in command of fifty invalids on board, refused, and recommended submission. The captain and one of his officers, who went on board the pirate, were sent down below and cut to pieces. The mate of the pirate brig came on board "The Morning Star," with some of his vile crew, put the passengers under the hatches, which they fastened down by placing casks upon them, ransacked and plundered everything, and forced the servants to wait on them with wine and food in the cuddy, where also they kept five or six ladies who were on board. At last they scuttled the ship and left her. The ladies, whose hands were tied, managed to get them free, and released the passengers and crew, who found out the leak, plugged it, and bore away for Ascension. Some years after, the pirate captain, who was a Spaniard, was hung at Gibraltar, and confessed that he had given orders to his mate to murder every person on board, and such was his indignation at finding that the ship had only been scuttled, that he had returned to the spot to complete the work of blood, but fortunately "The Morning Star" was already out of sight.

I must mention one thing which truly has no connection with the foregoing. It is the quantity of wine most of the ladies drink. One young bride of twenty takes pure brandy in large quantities, and even well-behaved, lady-like young girls take more wine than C. does. A glass at lunch, two or three at dinner, with beer, and a glass of negus at night, is scandalous, yet this seems to be a general practice on board passenger-ships; but surely this habit must have been begun at home. I no longer wonder at foreigners reproaching us with it. It strikes me more now from seeing the temperance of the Germans.

We are now very near Calcutta. On Tuesday, as we were at dinner, we heard that a steamer was in sight, and had offered to take us in tow. You cannot imagine the excitement—she came rushing towards us, and never did I feel such admiration for her self-propelling

power, as when I saw her moving freely towards *us*, who were the slaves of a contrary wind. She was the "Dwarkanáth." Some natives were on deck; at first I almost took them for wooden figures, so immovable were they, and so thin. Every one crowded to the bulwarks, solemn silence prevailed while the Captain roared questions through his trumpet. "All quiet;" "the Governor-General in the Upper Provinces." These were our first bits of news, for which we listened as for the notes of a nightingale; then a man brought some papers with nothing in them, and soon after, amid immense bustle, the "Dwarkanáth" took us in tow. We felt ourselves once more members of society, and inhabitants of the world. Such a sunset! so gorgeously magnificent, came to add to our pleasure. About nine o'clock we got the pilot, ninety-four days since our English one left us—an excellent passage for the season. The Pilot is not a rough tarry creature as I expected. but a gentleman, with very pleasing manners. We crowded round him to hear the news; there was not much. We have been talking of little else but "the Pilot" for the last week.

Thursday, November 26th.—On getting up yesterday morning, we were in the Húglí, near Ságar Island; my first address on seeing it was,—"You dirty, ugly, sluggish thing;" the water drawn from it was so muddy that it was impossible to bathe in it. A boat came alongside with ghostly figures robed in white; to my great satisfaction it remained under our windows, and I made a sketch of it, which I mean to send home. Other boats soon came with plantains; R. bought some, and I thought them very good, though I was told they were very bad ones. We had eggs for breakfast—I ate a mouthful, drew a figure, ate a little more, and could settle to nothing.

In the middle of the day we came to Kedgéri, where the first post office is. A Dák boat put off and brought letters for several of us; a most affectionate line from Julia C. for us. One lady was joyful; her husband had got an excellent appointment, and was to be in Calcutta

in a fortnight, and she is spared a long journey by herself to Kashmere. Another went into hysterics on hearing that her husband was well. Several shed a few tears at receiving no letter, though they could not expect one. Towards evening, the river grew narrower, and we inhaled the delightful smell of land. No perfume can equal it: it has been cooler the last few days, the thermometer about 77°. I was much amused by seeing the boatmen eat; they wash their heads, their teeth, their bodies, their arms and legs most diligently; then each man sits down to a huge metal dish of coarse rice; then they washed, washed, washed again; then some of them ate more rice, and then began again to wash; they are very slender, but well made, and their attitudes most picturesque. They wear a long cloth wrapped round the body, somewhat like a pair of drawers, and when cold a large chaddah, or sheet, which they usually draw over the head: it is just like the Roman toga, and makes beautiful drapery. Some of the men wear their hair à la Chinoise, knotted up like a woman's; the others, shaggy-wise and short.

A lad came on board in the evening with some fish; he was thirteen, very slender, and, like the rest, seemingly very poor; their garments are coarse cloth of whitey-brown hue. He asked us for—what do you think?—a pack of cards to play with; which we had not. So C. gave him a shilling instead, which he said he would give to his mother. Mr. M. brought me a mango fish and a prawn to see. The former is such a delicacy, that an epicure of bygone days pronounced it worth coming to India for: it is about eight inches long, with a beard longer than itself; the prawn was nearly as big, beautiful to behold, but terrible to eat, for they feed on the bodies washed down the rivers. It was a beautiful chrysoprase green, semi-transparent. The shores are quite flat, just like Holland. As we came nearer, I was struck with the unforeign appearance of the scenery; there was nothing to distinguish it from the banks of the Thames, save the absence of houses (all of which are here hidden amongst the trees), and

a few palms, which at a distance formed no prominent feature of the landscape; but then the sunset recalled one to the tropics. The sun went down like a burning ruby: you may imagine how glorious the red light was, when I tell you my attention was drawn to it by seeing a mahogany door of a beautiful crimson. The evening would have been perfect, had not the chief officer, incited by nautical vanity, nearly poisoned us by painting the ship.

We hope to be in to-day about four P.M. I forg[et] to tell you that we anchored both last night and t[he] night before on account of the tide; we got up abo[ut] five miles beyond Diamond Harbour last night. Ha[d] it not been for so opportunely falling in with th[e] steamer when we did, we could not have arrived befor[e] Friday. My servant is packing up with great joy.

The other day C. asked an old quarter-master if any of the men wanted Bibles; four gave their names, and added at the end of the list, "We shall think it very kind of you;" and when C. gave one some tracts, he said, "Ah, many people think, sir, that sailors never think of these things, but that is not the case." We finished Romans last night.

CHAPTER II.

Calcutta—The Course—Free Kirk—Native Town—Dr. Duff—Sparrows —General Assembly — Institutions — Cricket — Crows — Botanical Garden—Jacob—Jewish and Armenian School—Miss Laing's School —Dumdum—The Sind Amir's idea of Prayer—Suburbs—Catechist's Jagadishwar—Prasunar's Elopement—The old Rajput and his Sons—Kaputli Nach—Caricature of English Manners—Bonamali—A Yoghi —General von Gagern—Medical College—Mussulman Obduracy—Church of England—Muharram—Krishna—Mohan Banerji—Alipore —New Year's Day—Union Chapel—Calcutta Christians—Mr. Wilson's School—Telegraph Hay—A Brahman Convert—Poinsettia—Bathing —Bearers—Rev. J. Macdonald—Communion—Miss Laing's School —Charlotte Green—Examination of Baranagar School—Bengal Brahmans—Death of Dr. Carey.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 27th.—A happy woman am I to be here in Calcutta, and to have had such good accounts of those so unspeakably dear to me. No one can tell how I longed to hear of you, and how I long that you should know what we are doing. We dined yesterday at two o'clock, and immediately after went on deck: the nearer we approached Calcutta the prettier the shores became, from being studded with numerous European houses and gardens, the former much handsomer than I expected, and mostly two stories high. Suddenly the anchor was let go; every one asked "Why?" with disappointment in their looks—the simple reason was, we were arrived! The scene was pretty; numerous ships at anchor around us, and curious boats of various kinds; some gentlemen were seen approaching, with bearers holding umbrellas over their heads, coming for the ladies on board;—imagine

the bustle. We went on shore in a boliah, a kind of gondola only larger, and rowed in the ordinary way. C. exhorted the men to pull by crying "Shabash," "Bravo," etc., to which they responded by a simultaneous shout of quite dramatic effect. We were carried over the mud on a wooden seat, and found the Camerons' carriage waiting for us. Two of the ladies and I, with two birdcages and L.'s picture (which, a few minutes before, had been in the arms of a dirty cooly!) were packed into the chariot, and despatched to Mr. P.'s, Alipúr.

While waiting on the shore, the scene was most picturesque. It was a lovely moonlight, so still and silent that, as the white-robed graceful figures marched slowly past, it appeared like a scene in a drama. We drove over a fine suspension bridge and along the course, passed a native village, which, in the uncertain light, looked like a fair, and arrived at a noble house in the midst of a small park. I was astonished at the size and beauty of the houses. After depositing Miss D. at Col. Forbes's, a fine old gentleman, who came out and pressed me most hospitably to stay to dinner, though he had never seen me before, I arrived at the C.'s, and met a warm welcome from Julia. I was amused with my drive; the carriage was an English-like chariot, with a roof above the real one, projecting half a foot on every side, and with a large open window at the back as well as in the front; it looked very droll to see a coachman with a little turban. I just looked at the letters to see that you were all well, and then went to dinner. Mr. C. is small and slight, with a very intellectual and *young* face, and bright eye, with long snow-white hair combed backwards; I like him much, and felt at home directly. The iced water and delicious fine white bread were luxuries to us: and it was pleasantly cool, even with a silk dress on.

The servants who wait at table are always Muhammadans; they were dressed wholly in white, with white and crimson turbans—very picturesque. The people here have nothing of the heavy sauntering motions of

the negro; all their movements are remarkably free, unconstrained, and graceful. Six servants waited at table, besides which, a bearer clothed in crimson, and an ayah, sat on the floor in a corner amusing little Ewen, who is nearly three years old, by setting up his toys for him. The rooms are very lofty (about twenty feet high), handsomely furnished; but the rafters are all seen, which, although they are painted green, gives an unfinished look to the interior. Very spacious verandahs surround the houses: the beds stand in the middle of the room with a Phanka over them.

Lord Hardinge has written to offer C. the command of one of the four Sikh regiments to be raised on the Satlej (pay about 800 rupees a month), if he thought it worth his acceptance. C. immediately decided on taking it, and as this appointment has thus been put into our hands by a bounteous Heavenly Father, without any exertion on our part (beyond forwarding the letters of introduction), it seems all the more clearly His will that we should go, and my heart rose with thankfulness to Him for His innumerable mercies.

C. was sitting in the verandah with Mr. C. and another friend. A man came and made salám: C. said, "How are you? Have you a place?" "No!" "Then go up and brush my clothes." The two gentlemen stared at each other, until he explained that this was his old sirdár bearer or (chief bearer) Bonamáli, who was with him in captivity, and whom he bribed an Afghán to send to Jelalabad, instead of which they made him eat beef and lose caste.

It is odd to feel dumb. This morning I put my head out of the door, and two graceful, bearded, grave Muhammadans came and made salám to me: I said, "Rivers:" they made another salám. "Rivers," said I again, and they salámed once more, till at last I cried "Ayah," when they nodded their heads intelligently and departed. In every room there are three or four people—two at least on each landing. J. has sixty servants in all: she has four or five European women in the house, who seem to help each other in doing nothing.

On Saturday I drove with her and the children on the course and through the fort: the former is the fashionable drive along the river, and was crowded with carriages—some very handsome—some odd Palanquin-carriages, hackaries drawn by small oxen, buggies, and many equestrians. The native grooms often run by the side of the carriages. All visits are paid before two, after which no one comes, as it is too hot.

On Sunday we went to the Free Kirk; the service began at ten o'clock. It was very cool and pleasant, and the room reminded me of Mr. Lovett's Chapel at Paris: Dr. Duff preached. C. went into the vestry after service, and Dr. Duff asked us both to breakfast with him on Tuesday, at half-past eight. In the evening, at seven, we heard a younger minister. A child was baptized. The service is so simple and so scriptural, Priscilla and Aquila might have brought their first-born, and Paul might have received him into the visible church of the faithful without a change.

Yesterday, C. and I took Mrs. D. and Miss M. a drive to Garden Reach, about three miles frum Calcutta. We passed through a native village. It is dark here by six o'clock, the moon high by half-past six, and I cannot tell you how picturesque the huts appeared peeping from among the trees, with sheds before them full of grain, fruit, &c., for sale, with several lights in each, and the groups of the white-robed natives seated or strolling about.

This morning we had a delightful drive to the Baitakhána, where Dr. Duff lives. It was through the native part of the town; and so picturesque are the people, so beautiful their forms, so free and graceful in action, and so remarkably still when in repose, that it was like seeing a succession of pictures, or a gallery of antique bronze statues. Their faces are often very fine, and one is not at all struck with their scanty clothing. They give one more the idea of modesty in dress than half the young ladies you see at Court, or in full costume; I think this arises from the intention being in the one case to hide the figure, in the other to display it.

Whenever a carriage drives up to a house, the gate-keeper gives as many strokes on the gong as there are persons within. Dr. Duff met us at the door in the most kind manner, and we were equally pleased with his wife. The rooms have as many doors in them as possible for coolness, and the one we breakfasted in was on the ground floor, the walls quite bare, the room matted, and rather dark, with no windows whatever, but two great doors opening into the porch, very cool and pleasant. We sang the last three verses of the 43rd Psalm, read a portion of Scripture, and then Dr. Duff prayed, He gave me the "Life of Mahendra," and that of "Koilas," and to C. his own "Lectures on the Free Kirk." He is a much younger man than I expected, but seems in delicate health, and draws his breath every now and then, as if his chest were weak. In speaking of children, he said he thought the prayers and the correspondence of the parents, great means of conversion. The school which was formerly Mrs. Wilson's is now much fallen off, both in numbers and efficiency, but the Free Kirk has an Orphan School of its own for girls, under the superintendence of Miss Laing, which we are to see.

Thursday, December 3rd.—I have just ordered two pairs of shoes from a Chinaman with a long tail. Our two bearers come in as soon as I am ready in the morning, to make the bed—such a bed! it makes one ache all over; it is only one mattrass, as hard as a board, and this they say is wholesome. In the evening the bearers come in again to prepare the bed, and put on the musquito curtains, and then, with equal gravity, put on Dicky's over his cage—without one he would be killed by the musquitoes. It is a very odious custom to have man-servants for ladies' apartments. I sent the other day for a tin-wallah (I think "wallah" must signify man or fellow) to open my case of dresses—one of the bearers came in to help him; the latter inserted the point of a chisel, with a huge head, under the lid; the tin-wallah struck it with a queer-looking hammer, each man using only one hand. The natives are very

quick observers of manner, and are very sociable and frank (though perfectly respectful) to those who, like C., they know will take it kindly. On going to dine with Maria J. last night, we had three men behind the carriage, and one on the box beside the coachman, the superfluous ones came because they liked the drive. It is a most picturesque thing to go through the native streets at night, and to see rows of sheds, like outhouses of the most pitiful kind in England, and in each of them lights, with a group of men hard at work at their respective trades. I never enjoyed driving about any place so much as this. Some of the better dwellings remind one very much of those at Pompeii, for they have no light except from the door, and are excessively small. Doubtless the habits of the people were very similar. It is curious to see the sparrows flying about the drawing-room; they build on the cornices, and their twittering is very cheerful; they did so of old in the Temple, see Psalm lxxxiv. 3, and when I see them flying in and out, I can understand how David must have envied them their familiarity with that holy place, from which he was exiled.

Tuesday, December 8th.—I have been longing to tell you about our visit to the Free Church College, on Saturday. Dr. Welsh accompanied us to Dr. Duff's, where we breakfasted, and immediately afterwards Dr. Duff and I, in a close carriage, and C. and Dr. Welsh in a buggy, drove to the institution. Our road led through the native town, the varied groups in which afforded me as much pleasure as usual. Mrs. Duff is a very attractive person, seemingly a most fit helpmeet for him. Dr. Duff is not much like that print at Nisbet's—the nose there is too short, and the face too broad. He is a man in the prime of life, but apparently far from strong; the sharp blade is wearing through its earthly sheath. The institution is situated in the best part of Native Town, and was formerly the house of some great personage. We found numbers of pupils waiting for the bell, which rings at ten o'clock, and were introduced to Mr. Ewart in the library; a

fine, tall, clerical-looking man, with a very mild, calm face. Captain Henning joined us, and Dr. Duff then led me into a long gallery, with windows closed by Venetian blinds on each side. Here one of the missionaries offered up prayer. About 200 of the elder pupils voluntarily attend; they were all dressed most simply, like the majority of natives here, in white; their hair short, like English boys, with no mark of caste, and many of them with shoes. I never saw more steadfast and apparently devout attention. Remember these are heathen youths, attending by choice on Christian worship. Out of 1000 pupils only about twelve are professed Christians. Dr. Duff then took us round the building, which is very spacious, so that each class has plenty of room.

The first class we heard examined had been in the institution about a year. To my surprise their teacher (one of the senior pupils, each of whom teaches a class for one hour daily) asked them in English, "Who was the first man?"—"Adam," was the answer, shouted by half a hundred young voices. "Who was the first woman?—"Eve," cried they. "Who made them?"—"God," answered they. "In what state were they—how did they lose that state?" were the next questions. Dr. Duff explained to them in English the deceit of the serpent, spoke of lying, asked them if they did not often hear lies; to all of which they answered perfectly well, just as well-taught children at home would do. But what struck me most was the eagerness and animation with which they answered; the intelligence and mirth which sparkled in their eyes whenever anything amused them, and the pleasure with which they listened to what was said. I never saw a teacher on such delightful terms with his pupils.

When Dr. Duff spoke to the boys, he was answered by them exactly as a beloved parent. The next class were of the same standing, and were taking a lesson from a learned Pandit in Bengali. We then descended to what was formerly the domestic temple, a beautiful hall, with arches opening into the court, round which

the house is built. Here the two youngest classes were learning—they teach them as follows:—The monitor puts an O on the stand, and tells them that letter is called O, they all repeat it. He then puts up an X, tells them its name, and then teaches them that these two letters form the English name of an ox. He makes them describe the ox, and tells them the English word for every part of it. This he did before us, asking them in Bengali what has an ox on his head, they cried horns, ears, eyes, and mouth, &c. in English. He cross-questioned them about it. "What are its feet for?" "To walk" shouted they.—"Why, then, does not this (pointing to the stand) walk?"—"Because it has got no life," was their answer. Some of the children were very pretty. All have the most beautiful large diamond-like expressive black eyes imaginable. The next class above this have a book given them, and seeing the same words they have already learnt, find they have begun to read. They learn short phrases, and are questioned on each. "Chalk is white." "What is white?" "Chalk." "What is Chalk?" "White." All in English. In every lesson, and at every stage, they are questioned and cross-questioned in every possible manner which the ingenuity of the teacher can devise, whereas in the native schools they are merely crammed with so many words by heart, and no pretence is ever made of teaching them the meaning. As each monitor is only employed in teaching one hour in the day, his energies are are all fresh, and I never saw any school where there was so much life and spirit displayed both by the teacher and the taught. Every one was alive, awake, eager, happy, and intelligent; certainly they are a most quick-witted, intelligent race; they understand a word or a sign in a moment, and prick up their ears at everything that is going on.

The next class we stopped at was composed of elder boys,—they were reading an English history of Bengal; Dr. Duff questioned them on it, and then led them to consider the origin of the diversity of language in the world. They could not answer him at first, but when

he broke up his questions into smaller ones, they replied rightly. When they can understand English they are instructed *exactly* as Christian boys would be. An hour each day is devoted to the Bible or the Evidences; their very earliest books contain Christian instruction, and those in the College department learn the shorter Catechism, the Confession of Faith, and read such books as "Horne's Evidences," "Mundy's Christianity and Hinduism Contrasted," and "Erskine's Internal Evidences." Dr. Duff loses no opportunity of bringing *every* subject to bear on the one thing needful. In this instance he asked them what "Púját" was? they replied "Worship offered to different gods"—one said in a loud voice, "to false gods." "Did they know any commandment forbidding that?" They quoted the first and second. "Was it lawful to do so?" They answered "No;" and one cried, "it is dishonouring God." Dr. Duff asked them who several of their gods were? and how they were represented? "The God of War is represented riding upon a pig." "A pig!—that is a very warlike animal," said Dr. Duff right merrily, whereupon there was such a display of white teeth, and such mirthful looks, as showed they had wonderfully small respect for the warlike deity. He then made them describe Durga, the consort of Siva and Goddess of Destruction. "A very sweet and merciful goddess, was she not?" This they denied laughingly, and told how she had a dozen arms to slay men with, and a necklace of sculls, and a girdle of hands and feet; in face quite black, and her tongue hanging out the length of a span! Then he asked them the name of the Governor-General, the name of the Queen, whose deputy he was, and inquired what they would expect him to feel if some of his subjects, instead of going to make salám to him, were to go down to the river side, take some clay, make it up into any shape they pleased, and then salám to it; would he not be much displeased, and look on it as an insult that they should consider it better to pay respect to this clay than to himself? And so it is with the Most

High God. I can only give you a very imperfect account of all Dr. Duff said.

We then returned to the chief lecture-room, where one of the younger classes received a lesson on Natural History, repeated some texts and hymns, among them that beautiful one, "Oh! that will be joyful, joyful, joyful!" Was not this enough to stir the very depths of one's heart? An elder class were then examined in geography, and a still more advanced one in the use of the globes. The teacher of the latter is a regular master in the institution, and was one of the first pupils when it was opened fifteen years ago. His name is Isha Chandra De. He asked them, among other things, how they could prove the earth was flattened at the poles? The answer was, by the increased velocity of the pendulum, and they explained this step by step. They use "Keith on the Globes," and stated the names of the planets, and the distance of several of them. Here again, after other questions, Dr. Duff spoke to them of their responsibility on account of what they knew of the way of salvation. They answered as Christian lads would have done, and he then urged them to lay these things to heart, and to beware of resisting the truth. While we were afterwards pausing for a few minutes, C. asked Isha Chandra De if he were a Christian? He said, "No, God alone can give belief." C. told him of the anxiety he felt that others should share those blessings, which he *knew* the Gospel offered, and promised him "Gregory's Evidences," which he accepted with great pleasure, and said he would read it. This young man has taken pains to instruct his wife, a thing which is always vehemently opposed by the family.

Looking out on the court, we saw the younger boys enjoying football and cricket, which is considered a kind of miracle in the soft indolent Bengális. Here there was nothing but energy and life, yet I remarked how much more gentle, and therefore gentlemanly, they are in their manners than English boys, there was no rough horse-play, no rudeness; they say an Indian boy never

dreams of robbing a bird's nest, hunting a cat, boxing, or any other of those innumerable cruel acts which many English fathers view with complacency as evidences of the manly spirit which is to fit their sons for the hunting field. In this matter the heathen boys behave as Christians should do. We returned to the lecture-room and heard one of the senior classes examined in logic and political economy. All the examinations were impromptu, so that in many instances only one or two in the class could give the exact answer—they showed that in a syllogism the predicate is contained in the major proposition. Dr. Duff then asked them if this was the case what is the use of logic? and explained it to be a process of developing truth, which really is there, but which is hidden from the person to whom you speak—just as in chemistry, you affirm that the air is composed of two gases. Another says, "How can it be, I don't see that." The chemist analyses the atmosphere and shows it to him—so in logic. You say man is responsible, another denies it. How would you prove it. Man has freedom of action, conscience, intellect, &c., &c. This is granted, but these faculties would not have been given him by God except for some good purpose—wherefore man is responsible to God for the use he makes of them; this was elicited from the pupils, by questions.

In Political Economy they showed the use of division of labour, of merchants, of the learned and theoretical members of a community. I asked (through Dr. Duff) what was the use of those persons who lived on their own resource without working; they answered, "None at all," and one added, "unless they spend their money in doing good." It never struck me so forcibly before, how utterly useless is the state of those "who live at home at ease," unless they fill the office God has especially allotted to them of caring for the poor.

Here we were interrupted by a crowd of white-robed students, bringing in a model steam-engine. Bona Máli De, one of the teachers, brother-in-law to Isha Chandrá De, explained it most clearly. He told us he

was of the Weaver caste. We saw the room where evening service is held every Sabbath in English, many of the pupils attend, and also some from the Hindu Government College. In fact, they are better instructed in Christianity than half the young men at home. But Satan and the evil heart of unbelief keep them from renouncing all things for Christ's sake; yet they believe Christianity with the intellect, will argue for it, and will prove it. The very worst, those who most entirely go back to Hindu habits on leaving the institution, yet better than uneducated Hindus, and desire education continue for their children. Many instruct their young daughters and wives. About three-fourths of these lads are married. The daily attendance is nearly 1,000. More than 1,280 are on the books, and even during the Hindu holidays, when every other educational institution is closed, and all the public offices shut, the average daily attendance has been upwards of 600. On the greatest day of the Durga Pujá in 1844, 125 were present. I look on these two last facts as the most remarkable of any. It shows what a shake Hinduism has received. Pray that the Lord will send down the dew of His Spirit on this institution and this land, that they may bring forth fruit to the glory of His Holy Name!

Monday, December 14, 1846.—Since last I wrote we have been busy preparing for our Dâk trip, and nothing very worthy of record has occurred; but I must mention the crows, who are the boldest and most impudent birds I ever saw; a London sparrow is shy and retiring in comparison. I saw one the other day come into a room in Spence's Hotel and eat a piece of meat on the top of the Phankáh. Saucy sparrows building in the drawing-room, crows haunting one's bed-room, and jackals howling under the windows at night!

Tuesday, December 15th.—We went to Garden Reach to spend the day at Sir Henry Seton's (one of the judges), who placed his house at our disposal. It is close to the river, and has a pretty garden. J. took

us to see a small dispensary, which she has built in memory of her mother. It consists of two rooms, one for the sleeping-room of the native doctor, and one to receive the patients: she pays him twenty rupees a month. We returned to a sumptuous tiffin, fit for a dinner-party, and afterwards went across the water to the Botanical Gardens. A steamer appeared just as we left the house, which to our great joy proved to be the long-wished-for mail from England. The sun was exceedingly hot, so that I rejoiced greatly when, after a walk, we reached the two banian trees, one of which is the boast of the garden. Here we sat, and I sketched a little boy holding his infant brother astride on his left hip, the usual way of carrying children here. It was a little, soft, smooth thing, with no other clothing than necklace and bangles; its large eyes disfigured with the black dye called surma, and its eyebrows painted very thick and made to join in the middle, which quite destroyed the sweet expression the Bengáli children usually have. I then drew a queer little child of five years old, wrapped up in its single garment from its head nearly to its feet, the father standing by quite pleased. Then came a bigger boy with a burden on his head, evidently on purpose to be drawn, and stood as still as any professional model without being told. On our return, Sir Henry Seton, a most courteous old man, met us at the steps and gave us tea before he would let us depart.

The next morning we received our home letters, and in the afternoon came the lovely little watch. Just after breakfast to our great joy Jacob, our most faithful and invaluable Christian servant, rejoined us, having arrived by the steamer, and with him a Jew from Madras, named Abraham Joseph, a native of Damascus, who was converted through the instrumentality of the Rev. Mr. Lugard, an English chaplain, in 1845. A cousin of his, named Jacob, professed Christianity at the same time; they were both baptized, and, after some delay, forwarded to Jerusalem. When they arrived the bishop had just died, and the rabbies were

using every means to oppose Christianity. Abraham stood fast, but his cousin relapsed to Judaism. Eventually the former expressed a wish to return to Mr. Lugard, and Mr. Nicolayson accordingly sent him back; a most unfortunate step, since there is not a single Jew in Madras: nobody speaks Hebrew, and very few know ten words of Hindústáni, which are the only two languages Abraham understands; he was, therefore, wholly deprived of Christian society, and of the means of grace. Mr. Lugard, therefore, having consulted, as he says, "with our dear friends of the Free Church Mission at Madras," sent him to Dr. Duff, who has a small Christian congregation of about twelve Jews, to whom he preaches every Sabbath in Hindústáni. My husband sent him in his buggy to Dr. Duff, who has lodged him for the present with the old Jewish convert and his two daughters, of whom you read in the "Free Church Missionary Record" last year. After disposing of Abraham and talking to Jacob we drove to Mrs. Wylie, who called upon me the other day, a very sweet young woman, wife of the excellent young barrister whose name you see often mentioned as most active in recovering young converts who have been carried off by their parents or friends, and who is an elder of the Free Kirk. She took us, with Mrs. Hawkins (wife of one of the judges, and who is both interesting and decidedly pious), to see the school for Jewish and Armenian girls under the care of Mrs. Ewart, the wife of one of our missionaries. Mrs. Ewart had been longing and praying to be made useful to the native women, when an excellent Armenian Protestant Missionary, Mr. Aratoon, came and asked her to open a school for his countrywomen. She agreed on condition of his finding a place. He took a very nice room in a native house; she went there but no pupils came. For three days she and the aged missionary met and united in prayer; on the fourth two little girls appeared, and she has now about seventy, not quite half of whom are Jewesses.

Mrs. Ewart seems far from strong. The elder class read very nicely a chapter in the New Testament, with

a perfectly pure English accent. They learn geography, write, and work very neatly, and have a good acquaintance with the main doctrines of Scripture. The progress they have made during the short time the school has existed is quite wonderful. The Jewish parents make no objection to their daughters reading the New Testament. My husband spoke to them on disobedience to the law of God constituting the very essence of sin, and on the willingness of Christ "the Messiah"—"the true God"—to save all who come to him; but they are very shy, and it is difficult to get them to answer. They are taught entirely in English.

One or two of the Armenian girls are lovely, with beautifully chiselled features, and a clear brunette complexion, so fine and delicate, that no fair one could be prettier. They look much older than they are; those of eleven look like fifteen. Most of the Jewesses were very plain, with very coarse features, and some with a moustache; many of them gaudily dressed with silver lace on their robes, and beads round their necks.

The Armenians, who intermarry frequently with the Portuguese, who are as dark, if not darker than the Hindus, dress like Europeans, only with a profusion of flowers and trimmings. The Jewesses wear a tight fitting robe, fastened beneath the bosom; and one little girl had a train to hers.

Mrs. Ewart gave me a sampler "to send to my sister." It is worked by a very good little Jewess, named Jamilah Musa Bakahia, about ten or eleven years old. Her parents wished to take her away to marry her, and had even bespoken her wedding garment; but she is so fond of the school, that she prevailed on them to allow her to stay another year.

The pupils sang a hymn, and we then went to the lower room, where there is a class of about forty infants; such a variegated bank of babes would astonish any English teacher, for the little bodies were arrayed in all the colours of the rainbow. One small thing of two years old had a turban, and several had patches

of opium to the size of sixpence, on the forehead and temples, as a cure for colds. Two half-cast teachers assist Mrs. Ewart, both of them very pleasing. The little children answered many questions similar to those in "Watts's First Catechism," extremely well, and then sang the "Infant School Hymn," which, doubtless, you know—"We wash our faces, we comb our hair." I never saw a prettier sight.

When we thanked Mrs. Ewart for her kindness, she expressed herself in the most grateful terms for our visit. She said it was such an encouragement to her, for hardly any one visits or knows anything about this most interesting school, although it is one with great prospects of usefulness, and, at the same time, with many discouraging circumstances attached to it. The girls do not stay long at the school, on account of their early marriages; and the influence they are under at home is often quite contrary to that which is exercised over them during the hours of instruction. But still we are sure that the good seed will bring forth fruit; and that the word of the Lord will not return unto Him void, but *shall* prosper in that whereto He sends it. It would be a kindness to send any simple English book (some of Albright and Wright's, or Groom's, for instance) for the use of the school. I told them you would take the sampler to the Pye Street School, and show the little Jewesses there what their sisters in Calcutta have done.

Thursday, December 17th, 1846.—According to appointment, we drove to Dr. Duff's house this morning, and he accompanied us to the Female Orphan School, in connection with the Free Church. At the time of disruption, the orphans were all taken by the Established Church, with the exception of a few of the elder girls, who followed Miss Laing. The majority of the present pupils have, therefore, only been under her care since 1843. She has just moved into a new house, with a nice garden, and accommodation for one hundred pupils. As yet she has only thirty, besides one day scholar (a country-born girl); and a little Bengali

child of three years old, who comes of her own free will. Most of the orphans are of Portuguese origin: they are all dressed according to the custom of their respective nations. Miss Laing is a very lady-like, attractive person, the daughter of a captain in the army, and has devoted herself to this good work from love to Him who said "Feed my lambs." The children were all assembled in three classes, in a spacious apartment on the ground floor, open on two sides to the outer air. Their copy-books were laid out for inspection, and, like those at the Jewish school, were remarkable for their neatness; there were no blots, no letters left out, no carelessness, like *some* copy-books at home. The first thing that attracted our attention was the youngest class, under the charge of Mahendra's widow Rose, the sweetest looking young Bengali I have seen. Her face is quite lovely, not only from feature, but from the sweet, modest, pathetic expression. She was dressed like all her country women, in a white sort of sheet wrapped round her head and figure. Her little girl, a beautiful child of about two years old, clung to her. You will understand the interest with which we looked on Mahendra's wife and child. I took her hand; but, like all the native women, she is too shy to speak before strangers. She was brought up at Mrs. Wilson's school, and is the bosom friend of her fellow-pupil Anna, whom Koilas married. They were wedded on the same day, and became widows within six weeks of each other. Rose is well educated, her husband having taken great pains to instruct her; she is very useful in the school; they have every reason to believe her a converted person. Dr. Duff pointed out one little girl in the class whose parents were slain by dacoits (robbers), and who was found on the road, where the jackals had already begun to eat her. She looked up in my face with such a pretty smile, and such beautiful, merry, black eyes, it was impossible not to pet her. The eldest class then read the 2nd of John. Dr. Duff questioned them upon it, and cross questioned them most strictly. They answered perfectly. He examined them on many

different parts of Scripture, with all of which they were well acquainted. He explained to them the nature of the union between the Lord Jesus and His people, and illustrated it by the fate of a branch broken off from a tree. He said, "What would become of a branch broken off? What is that like? When they fully understood this illustration, he asked for some text wherein our Lord was spoken of as a vine. They immediately quoted, "I am the vine, ye are the branches." He then illustrated it by the dependence of an infant on its mother for food and support; and questioned them again on what he had said; asked them what our Lord said of children coming to him. They quoted, "Suffer little children," and "He took them up and blessed them." After this examination they sang "Glory, Glory," and then the 58th Paraphrase. Dr. Duff then examined them on Geography, in which they answered very satisfactorily.

Miss Laing showed us the house; it is very clean and simple; everything is done by the girls, who learn to wash, cook, and all kinds of household work. They have no communication with any native servants; and only one bearer is kept to clean the walls and the lights. The children are brought up exactly like natives, and sleep on bare wooden bedsteads, with no mattrass or pillow. The very little ones have a small pillow; in the cold season each has a blanket, and in the hot weather a sheet, to wrap herself in; they live on curry and rice twice a day. The only thing that can be done for them, as they grow up, is to marry them to Christians, as it is impossible to send them to service in *any* family, on account of the heathen servants they would be obliged to mingle with. Some have been baptized in infancy; of course, none of the others are until they give evidence of conversion. One girl has been lately received into the Church of Christ—I had remarked her extreme interest when Dr. Duff was speaking.

Miss Laing conducts morning and evening worship daily, and one of the missionaries preaches to them on the Sabbath; they are taught Bengali and English

simultaneously, as at the College. Miss Laing told me that the average expense of each child, exclusive of house-rent (which is very high in Calcutta) and of the teachers' salaries, is three rupees, or six shillings a month! How many could subscribe this sum, and thus rescue an orphan from wild beasts, or from men who are even worse! A little girl died about a fortnight ago with all the confidence, joy, and faith of an experienced saint! She longed to depart, and be with Jesus, and spoke to all her companions with the greatest earnestness, exhorting them to flee to Christ for salvation.

Miss Laing says it is quite useless to send fancy articles for sale here; they hardly pay for their carriage. The only things that sell well, are good baby and children's clothes, such as rich people would buy. Calico prints are very useful for clothing the Orphans, or any old clothes, of a simple kind, that could be adapted to their use. If any are sent ready made, they should be fashioned like night-gowns, with a band round the waist. We are to have a little Orphan of our own at the school; and I am going to write to our children to propose that they should have one between them; they will easily be able to give sixpence a month each, and the remainder they can collect.

On Tuesday, December 18th, we went to Dumdum to breakfast and spend the day with Mr. and Mrs. S. They are a very consistent young Christian couple, and have a sweet baby three months old. They took us to call on some excellent people, Dr. and Mrs. Clarke; the latter draws beautifully—we saw some of her views near Simla. Dr. Clarke is in medical charge of the Amírs of Sind, several of whom are here; he spoke of them with great interest. One of them (whom we afterwards saw driving about in an English undress uniform), Prince Muhammad Ali Khan, is very clever—speaks and reads English, and will even read the Bible. He broke his leg some time ago, a very bad compound fracture; and, in the course

of attendance on him, Dr. Clarke expressed a hope that he sometimes prayed. "How can I pray?" said he; "my leg is broken." Dr. Clarke explained to him the nature of prayer, which he seemed fully to comprehend. He never joins the others in the Muhammadan forms; but this appears to be from disbelief in Islam, rather than from belief in anything else. We dined early, and then went to see the gun-practice. I heard the whiz of the cannon-balls distinctly as they passed us. Saw some of the Amírs driving out. The drive to Dumdum is very pretty; there are native huts almost the whole way, except where the fine villas and grounds of the rich Bábus of Calcutta intervene, with gardens and railings, apparently very much in the English style.

Saturday, December 19th.—C. and I took tea with Dr. and Mrs. Duff, to meet the four native Catechists;—one is a Brahmin, named Jagadishwar Bhattacharjya; another a Kúlin Brahman (which is the very highest caste), named Prásuná Kumár Chatterjia; Lal Behárí Dé (pronounced Day), of the Banker caste; Behárí Lal Sing, the Rajput, was ill, and could not come. They are all young men, remarkably quiet and gentlemanly in manner, with most intelligent countenances. It was on the 2nd November, 1841, that Jagadishwar first opened his heart to the Missionaries, and expressed his desire for baptism. This was the very day that the insurrection at Kabul broke out; and, strange to say, owing to a very remarkable conjunction of the planets which took place at that time, the conviction was universal among the natives that some great calamity was impending over the British Empire, so much so that business was almost suspended, and the people wandered about doing nothing. When they heard, therefore, that a Brahmin was about to be baptized, they looked upon this as the immediate beginning of the calamity, and on the following morning the Institution was besieged by thousands. Dr. Duff had to throw himself into the midst of the crowd to rescue Jagadishwar from the friends

who were dragging him away. He said, "I looked as fierce as Captain Mackenzie was doing at that very time, and told them they should only have him by passing over my body." The lad was rescued, but the clamour continuing, Dr. Duff went to fetch the police. The mob suffered him to depart; and, to prove he was not carrying the young convert away with him, he ordered the carriage to be driven all round the court, that they might see that he was alone. When the police came, the immediate danger of the house being forced ceased; and the Missionaries being perfectly satisfied with the state of the young man's mind, from the long conversation they had had with him the previous night, came to the conclusion that it was advisable to baptize him immediately; this was accordingly done, in the hall of the Institution, in the presence of all the pupils.

Immediately the natives heard that he had cast away the Brahminical cord and received baptism, they looked upon it as "un fait accompli,"—an irrevocable act,—and quietly dispersed. He is a very handsome young man, rather like Mr. G. of K., with very small delicate hands, aquiline nose, and magnificent eyes, as they all have. The Kúlín Brahmin has not such regular features; his nose is a little *retroussé*, but he has a very sweet expression, and a remarkably well-formed head. One of his prerogatives, as a Kúlín Brahman, was that of marrying as many wives as he chose; and many Kúlíns make a livelihood by going about the country to marry the daughters of any Brahman who will give a large sum for the honour of allying his family with the illustrious race of the Kúlín Brahmans; he then leaves the said wife in her father's house, and perhaps never sees her again. Fortunately Prasúná had only married one wife, and, following the Divine directions, he felt he had no right to cast her off, if she were willing to come to him. This he had reason to believe was the case, although since the day of his open profession of Christianity he had neither seen nor heard of her. He

however kept up amicable intercourse with his sister, who lived some distance from Calcutta. At the time of a great festival, his two friends, Jagadishwar and Lal Behári Dé, advised him to go and pay a visit to his sister, in hopes of hearing something of his wife; he thought it of no use, but went. At first his sister was out—he spent the time in reading the Bible, and praying that, if it was God's will, a way for the recovery of his wife might be opened to him. He returned to his sister's house, and found his young wife there;—this was the first interview since his conversion. He found she was willing to go with him to the ends of the earth; so, directing her to return home, as if nothing had happened, he went to the river side and engaged a boat. She met him in the evening; they entered the boat, and arrived safely in Calcutta. He then began to teach her, and she proved a most docile and intelligent scholar. She was soon baptized, and they have now an infant, whom Dr. Duff had the pleasure of baptizing a few weeks ago. I asked Prasúna if his wife was very young; he said, "*Not* very—about sixteen or seventeen." It is looked upon as a calamity, in a Hindoo family, if a woman receives any kind of instruction; notwithstanding this, some of the educated Hindoos have begun to teach their wives. Dr. Duff said it had often been a matter of serious consideration among the Missionaries, what should be done in case of the conversion of one who had already married several wives, because, all these marriages being legal, how could they be broken? One thing is clear, that such a person could not be admitted into any office of the Christian ministry, as both a Bishop and Deacon is required to be "the husband of *one* wife."

The story of the absent Catechist, Behári Sing, was very interesting. About twenty years ago, an old Rajpút, the highest caste next to the Brahmans, came down to Calcutta. He had two sons, whom he subsequently placed in the Scotch College, where they both became convinced of the truth of Christianity,

without being brought to feel their personal need of it. When the elder one, Behári Sing, was asked by Dr. Duff why he did not become a Christian, he answered, "I believe everything, but I feel nothing." They both left the Institution; the younger made his way up to Chunár, near Benares, where he fell in with Mr. Bowley, a Church of England Missionary, who, astonished with his acquaintance with Christianity, determined to water the good seed which Dr. Duff had planted. God gave the increase; the young man was baptized (I am sorry to say by the name of Timothy, instead of his own name), and then he began to urge his brother by letter to follow his example. Behári Sing was at this time a Government servant at Jubbulpore, under Mr. Macleod, a pious civilian, who had formerly maintained him at College; and whose exhortations, joined to those of his brother, were soon blessed by God. The first sign he gave of his sense of the value of the Gospel, was by sending eighty rupees—a whole month's salary—toward the support of the Institution. Soon after, he came down to Calcutta to receive baptism. On his road, he met, at a small station (where good Mrs. Wilson then resided), some English High Church gentlemen, who, on learning his intentions, plied him with arguments in favour of Apostolic Succession, Episcopacy, the efficacy of the Sacraments, and told him that such baptism as Dr. Duff could administer was no baptism at all. He listened patiently, and then solemnly asked: "To a soul trembling in the presence of a holy and just God, and longing for salvation, what is there in all you say to meet his case?" They had nothing to reply. After his baptism, he gave up his salary of eighty rupees monthly, and his prospects of advancement, for the pittance of eight rupees per month and the privilege of working in the Lord's vineyard; and, to crown the whole, the stern old soldier—of whom Behári had said, "If I were to become a Christian, my father would cut off my head"—followed his sons' example, and also enlisted under the banners of the Captain of

our salvation. Does not this call on us to bless and glorify God?

I cannot tell you how our hearts warmed to these converts; I felt the very sight of them as much a means of grace as any sermon could be, stirring one up, to thanksgiving and praise—the dazzling whiteness of their native dress reminded one of the costume of the early Catechumens.

Dr. Duff told us of a young Socinian, who had been brought up as such from his infancy, who came to him wishing to partake of the communion. Dr. Duff had much difficulty in making him understand that the Lord's Supper was a sign of communion in faith, and therefore could not be administered to any but those who appeared to be members of Christ. He could not see this, but said he wished to receive the sacrament, for he wanted comfort; he had no comfort in religion. Dr. Duff had many conversations with him; he received the truth very slowly, but gradually;—at last he became very ill—was put on board a ship, and died (I think before leaving the river) full of faith and hope.

Wednesday, December 23rd, 1846.—We went to Miss M's. wedding. She looked very well. The old cathedral is a very plain building; but I looked at it with interest, as the place where Heber and Henry Martyn preached.

This being little Ewen's birthday, we had a kapútli Nách, *i. e.* a dance of Marionettes in the dining-room. It was a most picturesque scene; there was a band of three or four musicians, who played on a kind of guitar, drum, and other instruments, and sang discordantly. The chief man showed some sleight-of-hand tricks, such as making four or five pigeons come from under an empty cover, and afterwards a little Marionette, danced as a Nách girl; some Sepoys and other figures came on, to the great delight of the children, of whom there were many present. It was very pretty to see all these little ones, quite specimens of "Mamma's darlings," with long hair, velvet dresses, ornamented pinafores, cashmeres and velvet to wrap them up in. The Ayahs,

in their white draperies, sitting with some on the floor; a Chinese woman waiting on another; moustachoed bearers attending on most of them, with divers little native and half-caste children, and the servants in scarlet and gold, glossy silk or white garments, and a crowd of tailors, gardeners, and hangers-on of all kinds, filling up the background.

After tiffin, C. peeped in again, and found the audacious Tamásha Wallah (literally play-fellow) had dressed himself up as an officer, with a white mask, and was (the ladies having departed) showing how a young Ensign treats his bearer. I immediately went to see, and never was more diverted. He did it admirably, and shewed such a perception of European follies, as to prove an effectual warning to all present not in any way to commit themselves before these quiet, quick-witted natives. He had laid hold of one of Julia's bearers, and was making him walk backwards and forwards for his amusement, bestowing a kick every now and then to quicken his movements. He then sent him for a bottle of brandy, stamped and rampanged about, and finally began to dance, exactly like an awkward Englishman attempting a hornpipe. He forced his supposed servant to dance, and looked at him through an eye-glass. He then brought in one of his companions dressed as a lady, dragged her about by way of taking a walk, and then danced with her in imitation of a quadrille and waltz. I cannot understand any one venturing to waltz before a native, after seeing this apt caricature of the performance! It was very droll, and only too true.

I have since found that a Mullah, in controversy with Mr. Pfander of Agra, alleges the custom of "kissing and putting their arms round the waists of other men's grown-up daughters, sisters, and wives," as an argument against Christianity. The "kissing appears to have been added by the imaginative Mullah, but I do not see how a waltz or polka could possibly be defended in the eyes of an Oriental. I hope Mr. Pfander explained to him that Christianity does *not* (as he alleges) sanction

these practices, for it teaches us to "abstain from all appearance of evil."

We have been anxious about our Sirdár Bearer, Bonamáli. He wished to go up the country with us, but his mother was exceedingly opposed to it. The other morning he came to us so ill that C. thought the old woman must have mixed some witch potion (which is generally a poison) with his food, to prevent his accompanying us. He mentioned his suspicions to the poor man, who said that it was very probable; he was sick incessantly after eating, and looked so ill, and pinched, and drawn in feature for two days, that I was quite frightened. We gave him arsenicum, which relieved him of the burning sensation, and he soon got quite well. Jacob used to talk a great deal to him during their captivity in Afghanistan, on the subject of religion, and he has begun again to do so. The man's mind is apparently in some degree awakened to the folly of Hinduism—he has thankfully accepted the Scriptures in Bengali, and I also gave him a Christian almanack, containing some of the first principles of astronomy, which, of course, overthrow the Shasters. He is very intelligent, and, like most of the Bengalis, reads and writes fluently. The Hindus of Bengal are remarkable as excellent accountants.

The other day C. was speaking to Bonamali on there "being only one God,"—he assented; "only one Intercessor, the Lord Jesus Christ,"—he assented again, in a kind of general way; C. then said, "but you see the people here all bowing down to images, worshipping idols,"—he rejoined with vigour, "It is one great lie, it is the invention of Satan."

The servants here generally sleep at their own houses, and go back for two hours in the day to bathe and eat; they generally wear white, but Julia's servants have scarlet dresses, by way of liveries, which look very pretty. The houses here are all within courtyards (called compounds) with gates. The Durwán, or gate-keeper, here is a Brahmin of very high caste; part of his business is to let no one carry anything out of the

compound without a warrant of some kind that he is authorized to do so.

I drew a Bairághi, or Yoghì, *i. e.* a Hindu religious mendicant, who sat himself down in the Durwân's shed, so that I had an excellent view of him from one of the windows. He was a fine tall young man, with mild expression, his beard shaved, but his moustache and hair long; his left arm he carried bolt upright, never to come down again; I believe they devote the limb to some god. It was rather shrunk in size, and the nails came through the back of the hand; he was dressed in a tiger-skin, with a cap of the same. He had a staff, and a small linen bag slung over his right shoulder, I suppose for provisions. I saw him reading a book which one of the servants lent him.

Thursday, 21th. — C. accompanied Mr. Cameron, General von Gagern, of the Dutch service, and his Aides-de-Camp, to the Medical College. C. came back quite sad. Among other sights, was a poor little Brahminí girl, about ten years old, dying of mortification in the leg; it was too far advanced for amputation to save her, and he said that the expression of agony in her face, when the visitors approached her bed, was painful to witness—the young Aide-de-Camp was quite overcome. General von Gagern is from Nassau, and has offered to go and see our children on his return. It is a curious fact, that the first class of Students at the Medical College, *i. e.* those who go through a course of study sufficient to qualify them for Assistant-Surgeons, are almost exclusively Hindus; the second class, or those who, without learning anatomy, are qualified for hospital dressers, dispensers of medicine, &c., are almost exclusively Múhammadans, and the sons of Sepoys.

The character and prejudices of the Múhammadans are stronger than the Hindu, although the religion of the latter is much the most opposed to surgery. The Mussulmán holds the prejudices he has learnt from the Hindu much more strongly than he from whom he has acquired them. There are hardly two Mussulmáns at

the Free Church College, and converts from among them, are almost unknown.*

Saturday, December 26th.—C. was not very well, so I was obliged to go to tea at Mrs. Wylie's by myself: I found nine of the converts there, which made me regret more than ever C.'s absence, for they are very shy and modest, and will not speak unless spoken to. It was, however, a great pleasure to see them.

Mrs. Wylie has a darling little boy of two years and a half old, one of the sweetest children I ever saw, who came and laid his head on my bosom, and called me "mamma." Mr. and Mrs. Wylie were both members of the Church of England, but have left it to join the Free Church. He told me that some time ago a small prayer meeting of members of the Church of England was held here, all of whom, except one, are now members of the Free Church. He said it was interesting to see the "footsteps of the flock," all tending in the same direction. Mrs. Wylie has just had a letter from a lady in England, an Episcopalian of great piety, who says that during a late season of ill-health she had been much troubled with scruples about the Church of England, and requested Mrs. Wylie to send her an account of her reasons for joining the Church of Scotland: this lady has had no communication with any one else on the subject. Mr. Wylie said that he knew many English clergymen who had scruples about the baptismal service, the want of discipline, the ordination service, and other defects of the English Church,—but none who carried out these scruples to their legitimate consequences; and that he had remarked that those who acted thus, and stifled the murmurings of conscience against these things, often became backsliders in the Christian path. For instance, an excellent clergyman (by name, I think, Steel) was offered a living; he questioned himself seriously as to whether he could ex-animo subscribe to the Prayer Book, and found that

* There are now several (among them a learned Haqím or Doctor), chiefly through the instrumentality of the catechist, Behári Lal Sing (1852).

he could not; he therefore refused the living, came out to India, and, for the last fifteen or sixteen years, has devoted his private fortune, which is considerable, to the support of Missionaries. This good man told Mr. Wylie that before leaving England he had conversed with Mr. Sibthorp on the subject, and found that he agreed with him on all points *except* the practical result, *i. e.* that he was bound to leave the church to which he belonged. Mr. Sibthorp excused himself on the plea that by his preaching he could do much good. Behold what followed! Mr. Wylie made two other observations which struck me much. One is that in every clerical secession from the Church of England, almost all the seceders have fallen into grievous error, at any rate for a time; this was the case with the Baring secession, and with some others which he named, and arises probably from the very defective theological education which is given in England. Another was, that Church of England Christians have but little feeling for the public weal of the Church,—they are content to go on doing as much good as they can in their own little orbit, but never do anything for reforming the Church. I think this want of public spirit in the Christian commonwealth is owing to the same cause as want of public spirit under despotic monarchies; an Englishman has no more share, and consequently no more interest, in promoting the well-being of his Church, than a Russian has in promoting the well-being of his country, whereas a Scotchman takes a lively interest in both, because he is accustomed to take an active part in the affairs of the spiritual as well as the temporal community. I had the pleasure of shaking hands with all the converts when they took leave.

Sunday, December 27th.—Heard a little of Mr. M'Kail's discourse—he is just come out as minister of the Free Church here.

Monday, December 28th.—Being very anxious to see something of the Muharram (the Múhammadan festival in remembrance of Hasan and Hoseyn, the two sons of Ali), I borrowed Julia's chariot, and started

about three o'clock alone, taking Jacob on the box to interpret for me. C. was too busy with preparations for our dâk journey to come with me, but you will see what exploits I perform when I take a frisk by myself. I often wish for you, my darling L. and E. when there is a huge vacant place in the carriage, but especially when I go upon any expedition. I took my sketch-book with me, and we had not gone far before we fell in with divers nondescript looking camels of wood with human faces and turbans, their bodies painted orange; they represent the camels on which Hoseyn fled—but it was only by the force of genius and erudition united that I found out they were meant for camels at all. Dr. Welsh took them for ostriches! By-the-by the Persians call the ostrich "shutr-murgh or camel-fowl." There were also divers little towers about eight feet high, very prettily adorned and painted, in each of which a silver hand is placed. It represents the hand of Hasan, which was cut off when he was slain. I stopped to draw one of these, and then a camel stopped to be drawn—I will send you these "pleasing images." A few annas made the bearer of the said monster quite happy—in fact the natives seem to take special delight in being drawn, and as soon as they perceive that you are sketching, keep quite still till you have done.

We drove slowly through the Bazár, which is nothing more nor less than streets full of shops, Bazár meaning simply market or High-street. These streets are extremely picturesque, the houses being generally of one story, very low, with far-projecting pent house-sheds along the whole front which is open to the street. I never saw so populous a neighbourhood as this—every little shop has half a dozen persons in it. I drew two shops—in front of one was a boy winding thread by holding the skein over his knees. Thus, after many stoppages, I reached good Dr. Duff's house, paid them a short visit, and saw their daughter, who is just arrived from Scotland, a nice frank girl of sixteen. I then drove on to Miss Laing's, which is near—found her walking in the verandah after the labours of the day,

and sat there with her. I told her of the great benefit we had derived from homœopathy, and found her quite ready to adopt a system that has already benefited her so much. I saw two of the younger children, a little merry Jewess called Tobah (Mercy), and another child about three years old, whom Miss Laing took on learning that her father, a civilian in high station, was about to allow her to be taken away and brought up by the mother, a Múhammadan.

On our way home we stopped to see numerous towers, and also to buy sweetmeats in the Bazár—I send you some sugar-plums I got there; they sell them in little cups made of leaves; the natives generally eat off plantain leaves, as they are thus secure from the danger of eating off a plate which has been used by a man of lower caste. I was very much amused with my expedition, and the servants seemed delighted to have a lady who was so curious, for they looked at each particular tower with as much interest as if they had never seen one before, and came to tell me the expense of each. One cost eight, another twelve rupees, and the groups of white robed Múhammadans anxiously watching the completion of the towers were very picturesque.

Krishna Mohan Banerjéa and his wife dined here in the evening. She, sad to say, was in the European dress, which is always unbecoming to a native. He wore a handsome shawl, and the usual native dress, with the addition of trousers and boots. The lower part of his face is very like that of Napoleon. He is a man of great talent and energy, but I was not so much pleased with him and his wife as with the converts I had previously seen. There was nothing like the same simplicity. Mrs. Banerjéa, as she calls herself on her visiting cards, imitates the European lady, and by adopting the European dress and customs, she is as much cut off from all influence over her countrywomen as if she were the wife of any other Pádre Sáhib—very different from the position taken up by Rose. I do not know if she has any schools. I did not know that Krishna was a convert of Dr. Duff's, and baptized by

him, though not educated in the Assembly's Institution, but during Dr. Duff's absence was prevailed on to join the Church of England, of which he is now a clergyman, with a church and parsonage of his own. At one time he superintended Sil's College, founded by a rich Hindu. He is now publishing, under the auspices of Mr. Cameron and the Council of Education, an "Encyclopedia Bengalensis," consisting of articles original and selected, in English and Bengali. The third volume, which I am to take up to Lord Hardinge, contains Arnold's Account of the Second Punic War, Aphorisms from Plutarch, and other tales and bits of information. Mr. Cameron says it has done a good deal in awakening the native mind.

Krishna spoke slightingly of the conversions of Krishnaghar, but at the same time very cautiously. He attributed the exaggerated accounts to the necessity of creating a sensation at home at public meetings. C. having mentioned the state of the German Churches, Krishna remarked that "it only showed the necessity of Episcopacy." He did this with such an evident conviction of the perfect agreement of his hearers in the proposition he enunciated, that it was with difficulty I could preserve a decent gravity of expression, especially as C., who was ignorant of his history, immediately opened his batteries upon him, and spake warmly anent the Free Kirk, ending by promising him a copy of Baptist Noel's "Case of the Church of Scotland." Krishna was very cautious, and seemed to think "least said soonest mended."

Tuesday, December 29th.—Crowds of people surrounded the tank opposite our house the whole morning, throwing the figures of camels into it, this being the last day of the Muharram.

Thursday, December 31st.—I drove to Alipúr to call on two ladies; the road is very pretty, and the houses the most agreeable I have seen, quite in the country, and very handsome. C. went to hear the Preparation Sermon at Union Chapel.

New Year's-day, 1847.—We had been (as every one

else was) invited to a ball at Government House, and, after divers cogitations, agreed that it was best not to go, but not to say anything about it, as good reasons are lost upon some people.

At midnight, we heard the salute announcing the New Year, and prayed for a blessing on each other, and on those dear to us. The next morning breakfasted early, and drove to Union Chapel (taking Jacob with us), where every New Year's-day there is a truly catholic Communion, in which all the Missionaries, of every denomination (except the Church of England), and any other Christians who wish to do so, join in celebrating their Redeemer's Feast. We were in the front row, close to the communion-table. Mr. Mac Donald of the Free Church was just finishing the prayer; Mr. Lacroix, a Swiss Presbyterian, of the London Missionary Society, then preached a very animated, simple, but most touching sermon, on "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away." He spoke of the certainty of God's promises, the sureness of salvation contrasted with the transitoriness of all things earthly, and ended by saying, "A few more years may see a congregation met within these walls for the same purpose that we are; but another minister will occupy the pulpit, and of all now present every one will have passed away to the Judgment Seat of God,"—and then prayed that it might be only to enter into the inner Sanctuary, to dwell with the Lamb for ever and ever. A young minister of the Scotch Establishment, Mr. Henderson, prayed with great fervour, so did a venerable American Baptist Missionary; Mr. Boaz, the minister of the Chapel (an Independent), made a most touching address before the delivery of the bread, and another before that of the wine, on "This do in remembrance of me." The first was on remembering what Christ has done for us; the second, on remembering what we are bound to do for him. Mr. Ewart, of the Free Kirk, was one of those who distributed the Elements. We all sat still in our places, and the bread, cut in little pieces, was handed round.

After the service, we sang the hymn, "Once again before we part." Mr. Boaz afterwards shook hands with both of us, and gave us back the communion cards to keep in remembrance of the day. I cannot tell you how affecting a service it was.

We drove to the Wylies—a most fit house to visit after such a service. We found Mr. Hawkins, the excellent Christian Judge, there, and also a young man belonging to the Exchange (a kind of large shop), who was treated with as much kindness and respect as the man in high office beside him. This is one feature which distinguishes the Christians in Calcutta, that their houses and society are open to all who appear to be truly Christian people, although their station in life may be a humble one. Mrs. W.'s darling little boy came and tried to pull off my gloves, to show he wished me to stay. He is one of the sweetest children I ever saw, and as independent of servants as any child born at home. Mrs. Wylie told me that Mr. Lacroix has been here for the last twenty years, and is the most acceptable Missionary of any to the natives. Not long since he went to Europe for two or three years, and was very useful in stirring up an interest in missions in England, Scotland, France, and Switzerland. He brought several young men from Geneva with him, one of whom has married his eldest daughter. They are settled at a village near Alipúr, where the young Missionary's wife is most useful. She has a school under her care for native girls, and speaking Bengali like a native gives her great opportunities of doing good. They say it is beautiful to hear her pray with her pupils.

Mrs. Wylie was most intimate with Mrs. Wilson, and gave me the same account as every one else has done, of the sad state of decay into which her school has fallen. Mrs. Wilson was admirably qualified as an instructress: her dignity of manner and her gentleness were invaluable gifts. All the villagers of the place (about nine miles from Calcutta) looked to the Mem Sáhib for advice, help, medicine, assistance of every

kind. Her school included about 200 girls, and prospered in every way. She gave them such an education as charity children receive in England, comprising reading, writing, work, and a thorough knowledge of Scripture. Their mode of life was such as is common to the poorest. In the midst of her usefulness she left the Church of England and joined the Plymouth brethren. Other teachers have since been appointed in her room, but they have been wholly inefficient, and the number of pupils has dwindled down to thirteen. Some have run away, many have married the so-called converts of Krishnaghar, men who had been baptized simply on expressing a wish to be so, and whose Christianity consists in nothing but a renunciation of idolatry, so that their poor young wives have walked miles to see Mrs. Wilson and to tell her, with bitter weeping, that their husbands were hardly Christians even in profession. One did not even know who Jesus was! I would by no means have you think that *all* the Krishnaghar converts were of this sort, but too many of them were so. Such is the bad management of the school, that even the docile Bengáli girls have become wholly insubordinate. Mrs. Wylie gave me an interesting account of a visit which Mrs. Wilson paid in their company to the scene of her former labours. They went in a boat and arrived at a time when the little girls were bathing. No sooner did they recognize Mrs. Wilson than they rushed into the water as far as they could to meet her, and when she landed they hung about her with the most touching marks of affection. On arriving at the school, Mrs. Wilson seated herself in the midst of them, and began to tell them how grieved she was at the accounts she had heard of their behaviour. One little head after another sunk within the folds of their chaddahs (veils), and soon there was not a dry eye among them.

Mrs. Wylie told us of a remarkable conversion which took place here. A young man, of the name of Hay, was extremely wild, and wholly ignorant of religion. A horse of his having won a race, he was known by the

name of "Telegraph Hay." He was the son of Captain Hay, who lost his leg in command of one of the East India Company's China ships, when they beat off the French fleet. In a wrestling match with a man who owed him ill-will, the latter injured him so much that he never recovered from it. While ill, he took up a book called "Letters from a Father to his Son." This made him think seriously; but he spoke to no one of the state of his mind. He was obliged to go to Europe for his health, and meditated deeply on these things: but without knowing what he wanted, or having any clear views on the subject, until the first sermon he heard from Mr. Close seemed like a flash of lightning to illuminate his mind. It showed him at once what he needed, and the remedy for his need; and he became a new creature in Christ Jesus. He returned to India, and so bold and open was he in proclaiming the truth, that his old acquaintances thought him mad. His health gradually declined, but his faith increased. He became too weak to move, and was told that from henceforth he must keep to his room. The last note he wrote Mr. Wylie was just before he was taken there for the last time, telling him, with a kind of joyful indifference, that he was "just going up-stairs to die." He lingered about three weeks more, and then fell asleep in Jesus, full of joy, hope, and love.

I must not forget to tell you, that one of the young converts I met at the Wylies' (a Brahman), owed his conversion to the death of a fellow-scholar, who was brought out to the Ghát (as the custom is) to breath his last. He called his companions to him, and said, "Do not do as I have done: I have believed in Christ, but have been ashamed to confess Him before men." This dying admonition was blessed to the young hearer: and may we not hope that the dying confession of the weak believer was a sign that he too was one of the fold of Christ? We took leave of these dear friends, for such we felt them to be.

Saturday, January 2nd, 1847.—We all went to Sir

Lawrence Peel's breakfast. Lunched in the garden; about 300 people there; left about six. The gardens are very pretty, and abound in a beautiful shrub, which is common enough here, called Poinsettia. The leaves are large and long, not unlike those of the chestnut, but of a brilliant crimson. Two of Tippù Sahib's great-grandsons were there, ugly, mean looking men, with bad expression.

The houses in Calcutta are remarkably fine, with flat roofs. Almost every bed-room has a bath-room attached, which is paved, and rows of chattis (earthen pitchers), full of water, are placed there for pouring over oneself. The natives seem to be incessantly bathing. Little conduits run along most of the large streets, and there they are pouring water over themselves from morning till night; but they do it very decently, never wholly unclothed. None but women of low caste are ever seen in the streets: some of them wear rings in their noses. The native hackney coaches are very droll. There is generally a servant gravely seated, cross-legged, on the top. The bearers who are all Hindus, and who, in a family, perform most of the functions of housemaids, such as making the beds, dusting the furniture, &c., generally wear their hair long, and turned up *à la Chinoise*, with a knot behind. The common bearers have their heads bare; but those in service wear a white turban with their queer little knot projecting beneath it. I believe bearers are employed in ladies' apartments and bedrooms only in Calcutta: I have never heard of its being done elsewhere. All over India many ladies are guilty of great carelessness in dress, to call it by no worse name, appearing before their servants and strangers in flannel dressing-gowns, and even less decorous garments. But nowhere are these evil practices carried to such a disgraceful extent as in Calcutta. There, ladies will give audience to half-a-dozen men-servants in their sleeping-apartments, the moment they have risen. And I have even known an instance of a young and handsome woman dressing

and undressing in the presence of the tailors, with as little scruple as if they had been old women.

Sunday, January 3rd.—We went to the Free Church, where the Communion was administered. Mr. Mac Donald's sermon I could not hear, although seats had been most kindly kept for us close to the top of the table. I heard, however, Mr. MacDonald's excellent address on "Occupy till I come." He said we were to occupy the station in which God placed us, whatever it might be, but to occupy it *for Him*. Neither the attainment of riches nor of promotion were to be our objects. God would provide as much of these things as was good for us. Our object must be to glorify Him in *all* things. It was a very profitable address; and the simple and scriptural manner of breaking the bread, and dividing it among ourselves, and passing the cup from one to the other, pleased me more than ever. Jacob, the native converts, and at least two native Christian women, joined in this holy ordinance.

C. then left me at Miss Laing's, as I was anxious to spend the rest of the day with her. I had much delightful conversation with her. We dined at about three o'clock, and the two youngest children with us. The orphans cook, as well as do everything else for themselves; and the few servants Miss Laing is obliged to have for herself are wholly separated from them. She told me the children were remarkably docile, punishment rarely necessary; the three little Jewesses giving more trouble than all the rest put together—wilfulness, perversity, and obstinacy being prominent characteristics in them, though in many ways they are very attractive children. She says the greatest difficulty with the native children is from their habits of deceit. I asked her about the kind of education she intended to give them. She said, as high a one as they are capable of. She teaches them everything they are able to learn, and hopes that some of them will turn out clever and highly educated women. Mr. Ewart came about four o'clock, and delivered an exposition on a

chapter in Acts. This he or one of the other Missionaries does every Sabbath, as the girls have no other means of hearing preaching, it being impossible for them to walk through the streets to church.

I was quite touched by the manner in which Miss Laing expressed her obligation for the interest I took in the school; she said so few cared for it. When she first came out, many people to whom she had letters of introduction called on her; but, finding them mere worldly people, she refused their invitations. One lady speaking of her said, "Poor thing, I wish very much to be kind to her, but I am afraid she might bow to me on the course." Another entreated her to come and live with her, saying, she could not bear her to live in such a mean way. Lady Colquhoun of Rossie behaved like a mother to her before she left Scotland.

Miss Laing said she had anticipated many trials, but had never thought of that of having to attend the death-beds, and make the arrangements for the funerals of the children under her care. In five years she has lost three. One, an infant, who could just repeat a little hymn, and say a little prayer; the other gave good hopes of her salvation; but the most touching yet comfortable death of all, was that of Charlotte Green, the little girl Dr. Duff told us of about a month ago. Miss Laing at first declined taking her, but on examining her own reasons, feared that she had done so mainly because the child was very unprepossessing. She therefore went down stairs, and finding the old woman who had brought her still waiting, she took the poor little thing, who was then about five years old. From the day she was admitted she was a truthful, quiet, intelligent child, who learned with great facility, but was by no means "demonstrative." She had an attack of dysentery, and when recovering, insisted on being always present at family worship, though too weak to stand. After her recovery, Miss Laing one day said to her, as she was passing through the room, "Charlotte! do you know that you are a sinner?" She stopped, burst into tears,

and answered, "Oh yes, I am a great sinner. I pray to Jesus to take away my sins." Miss Laing thought this might only be the repetition of an idea which she had been taught, but she was astonished at the emotion so unusual in a native. Some time after, she one day left her class, and two or three of her companions soon came to Miss Laing, saying, "Ma'am, will you go to Charlotte—she says she is going to Jesus." Miss Laing found her on her bed: she seized the hand of her kind instructress, and said, "Oh, I love you so much, for you have led me to Jesus!" From that time she sank rapidly from a return of her former complaint: all her expressions were full of hope and joy; no person entered the room without her urging them in the most solemn manner to seek salvation in Christ. Miss Laing never left her, but repeated and read the numberless passages of Scripture she asked for, until, without a sigh, her happy spirit fled away to be for ever with the Lord. Dr. Duff has written an account of this glorious death-bed from Miss Laing's notes.

Just afterwards, Miss Laing was seized with violent erysipelas in the head, so that for nine days she could never lie down, the pain was so intense. During this severe suffering she felt, as it were, upborne by a strength not her own, so that she wondered at the peace she enjoyed. Her own expression was, that she felt like a creature with wings. While walking up and down in the night, she often overheard some of the elder girls praying for her. At length she was enabled to lie down, and resting on her forehead she fell asleep; she was awoke by a voice crying, "Oh, ma'am, here are drunken men in the house!" The stupid Darwán (gate-keeper) had been off his guard, and two Europeans had marched into the house, and up to her very room, but the servants soon put them out. She recovered, although dreadfully reduced by the medical treatment.

She spoke of the impropriety of permitting bearers to attend little girls in all respects like nurses, which many ladies are guilty of. After tea the children came in for family worship; they each read a verse by

turns in the first chapter of John, and I was greatly pleased with Miss Laing's method of questioning them on it—they answered admirably. They then repeated texts, sang a hymn, and Miss Laing offered up an earnest, simple prayer. We then took an affectionate leave of each other.

January 4th.—Breakfasted with Dr. Duff; found a young widow there on her way to England; she lost her husband at Firozshahar, and has two small children; she seemed truly a Christian, and our hearts ached for her.

C. could not afford the time, but Dr. Duff offered to take me with his daughter to Baranagar, where an examination of the Branch School was to be held. On our way he showed us the new Mission House, and buildings for converts, now just on the point of occupation, and pointed out the Old Institution, which was full of scholars, his former house, and the trees which he himself had planted. We also passed the Leper Asylum, where these unfortunate people have a maintenance on condition of not going out of the compound; and the Mahratta ditch, made to defend Calcutta from those dreaded invaders. We had a very pretty drive; Baranagar itself is a sequestered rural spot, like an illustration in "Paul and Virginia."

Mr. Smith, the missionary, lives in a very pretty one-storied native house, with a tank before it, and the school is a thatched bamboo Bangalow, close by. There are about 200 pupils. Mahendra once taught there. They have at present an excellent half-caste Christian master, and a very clever Hindu teacher, brought up at the Assembly's Institution. Mrs. Hutton, the wife of the good English chaplain at Dumdum (who, on the Staples objecting to the English baptismal service, himself brought a Free Church Missionary to baptize their child, and was present at the holy ordinance), was the only other lady present; but Dr. Clark of Dumdum, Mr. Ewart, and Mr. Mc Kail were there, and all examined the boys. They answered extremely well in mental arithmetic, geography, Roman and English

history, geometry, and Scripture history, &c. The eldest class read and explained a long passage, taken at random, from "Paradise Lost," book second, describing Satan's flight. Dr. Duff asked what was meant by Satan putting on his wings. One answered, "he put them into practice" (meaning use). This was the only mistake that I remember. On English history, Mr. Ewart asked about the civil wars, and then inquired which was best, war or peace?—they all answered "peace," with great zeal. Mr. Ewart observed, "there might be some just wars, adding, suppose an enemy were to burst into this country, plundering and destroying everything, would you not fight?" "No, no," said they. Mr. Ewart, who is a very fine powerful man, and gives one the idea of being full of manly determination and courage, was so astonished that he paused for a moment, and then said, "but would you not fight for your *homes*—your own families?" "No," said they, "the Bengalis would not fight—they are all cowards." I am not *quite* sure if he asked whether they themselves would not fight, or if their countrymen would not do so; but the answer was as above; and Mr. Ewart remained dumb and amazed. This made me think that patriotism seldom if ever exists in those (unless they are true Christians) who are much in advance of their countrymen, because they despise their own people, instead of taking a pride in belonging to them: this idea would alloy patriotism in general with a huge portion of vanity and self-exaltation. We are patriotic, generally, because we think our own nation the best of all nations, and ourselves honoured by belonging to it; but, if we perceive it to be inferior, we gladly cut the tie which binds us to it, unless grace fills the heart with such patriotism as that of Paul.

After the examination Dr. Duff asked me to distribute the prizes (which consisted chiefly of books used in the classes). He said it would put a new idea into the boys' heads, to receive them from the hands of a lady. I accordingly took my seat at the head of the table, and delivered the book to each scholar as he was

brought to me. Most of the elder boys made a graceful bow of acknowledgment, but many of the others had to be called back, and vigorously reminded to make salam; and then some made it to Mr. Smith, and not to me. The costume was much more varied and picturesque than at the Parent Institution: some of the lads had shawls, chains, and other fineries, but none of those painted marks on the forehead which are often called "marks of caste," but which are, in reality, marks of the idol whose votary the wearer is.

We then went to see the lower class, writing: each boy sits on his own little mat, with a reed in his hand, and the leaf on which he writes lying on his left palm. After resting a little at Mr. Smith's house, we drove home. The Kulín Brahmans of Bengal are divided into the five following families:—Banerjí, Chatterjí, Mukají, Gangulí, and Gosal: one of the senior pupils at Baranagar, with whose appearance I was much struck (a Ganguli), has since been baptized. One of the things which impressed me most at the examination at Baranagar, was the perfect knowledge displayed by the scholars of all the doctrines on which they were questioned, especially the cardinal point of justification, which they explained in the clearest manner. They expressed their belief in all they said, and spoke decidedly against idolatry; but all this is, with most of them, only the religion of the head: it sets before one in a strong light the difference between intellectual conviction and heart conversion, the work of men and the work of the Spirit. How many hearers of the Gospel, how many children of religious families, are in the same condition as these poor boys, with a perfect form of godliness without the power thereof. These Hindus would doubtless profess the Gospel, and attend regularly on the means of grace, if there were nothing to be lost by so doing. At home, where there is so much less difficulty in confessing Christ before men, there is far greater danger of men deceiving themselves, by fancying they are Christians when they are not.

Dr. Duff gave me a most interesting account of good

Dr. Carey's death. He was with him a short time previously when he was in perfect health. The last sheet of his "Bengáli Testament" was brought in. He burst out into thanksgiving, saying, with tears, he had prayed to be permitted to finish that work before he was summoned hence, and that he was now ready to depart. After this he began gradually to decline, and the next time Dr. Duff visited him with his loved colleague, Dr. Marshman, he was very near death, very feeble, and just gliding away from earth. Dr. Duff reminded him of the circumstance of their last interview, and added that he thought if any man could use the language of St. Paul, "I have fought a good fight," &c., it was Dr. Carey. The venerable man raised himself up in bed, and said, "Oh no, I dare not use such very strong language as that, but I have a strong hope, *strong hope*," repeating it three times with the greatest energy and fervour: he fell back exhausted, and when a little revived his friends took their leave. As they were going, he called, "Brother Marshman." On Dr. Marshman returning, he said, "You will preach my funeral sermon, and let the text be, 'By grace are ye saved.'" As Dr. Duff observed, the humility and confidence of this aged saint was very beautiful. After lunching with these kind friends, who would hardly let me go, I was obliged to say farewell to them, and returned home about four.

A letter arrived the other day from Akbar Khán, tenderly reproaching my husband for not having given him news of his health; he must have heard of our arrival instantly and written at once.

The substance of the letter from Akbar Khán to Captain Mackenzie is as follows. The compliments, which are very elaborate, are omitted, it being scarcely possible to translate them :—

"Most Affectionate Friend,

"Up to the month of Shuwall, through God's mercy, the kingdom of Kábúl was in such a state as to be thankful to God.

"I assure you that my future conduct will never be such as to create an impression on your mind against our friendship and alliance. In every respect you may keep your mind comfortable, for nothing will be wanting on my part to please you.

"As I am always anxious to hear from you, it is of course a matter of regret that, notwithstanding the existing friendship between us, I may not be informed of the circumstances and good news of my friends, nor I be asked to declare my own; this being a failure on your part, strikes me in mind now and then.

"I feel, however, much pleasure and comfort in learning verbally the welfare of my friends, through Moortuza Shah, who was lately here, as messenger from the Governor-General's agent. With a view to perpetuate mutual friendship and alliance, I have penned this note of affection, and hope that, relying upon my friendship, you will always do the same."

As the last injunction he gave, on sending the hostages and captives to Bamián, was to cut the throats of all who could not march; and as he knew full well that my husband was, from extreme illness, incapable of walking a hundred yards, you may judge how far this loving epistle accords with such a parting benediction. His intention in writing was to endeavour, through the medium of my husband, to establish a good understanding with the British Government.

Wednesday, January 6th, 1847.—We stopped at Spence's Hotel to pick up Miss M. and take leave of the kind Hennings, and then proceeded to Barrackpúr. This day five years C. left the cantonments at Kábúl with our ill-fated force. What a different journey, as he himself remarked, is he now beginning! May God grant us grace to be more thankful for His unmerited mercies.

CHAPTER III.

Barackpur — Palkis — Palkigaris — Banghy Bardars — Chouki Trees — Bangalows — Afghans — Travelling — Rajmahal Hills — Ghiljyes — Her Majesty's 98th — Tigers — Crooked Answers — Amirs of Sind — Akbar's letter — Son River — Native Huntsman — Benares — Raja of Vizigapatam — Count Goertz — The Kurg Rajah. — Gun Cotton. — Rani's Ornaments — Elephants — City of Benares — Great Temple — Mosk — Minars — Observatory — Mya — The Ghat — Hindu House — Brocades — Nipalese — Sattara Raja — Jewels — Free School — Girls' School — Examination Papers — Nipalese Sirdars — Sattara Rani — Cavalcade — Leave Benares — Allahabad — School — Mourning Bride — Cawnpore — Mission School — A Sikh — Costume — Mainpur.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 6TH, 184[illegible] — After [illegible] Calcutta, the drive to Barrackpúr was very pleasant, a long fine road bordered by magnificent trees. The first thing I remarked was a blacksmith shoeing a horse, sitting with the hoof in his lap. On one side we saw an elephant feeding before a cottage, and on the other two men passed mounted on a camel; so that we already began to meet with Orientalisms. On arriving at Gyretty Ghát, we crossed the river, the coachman accompanying us, and looking very picturesque in his scarlet dress and queer little forked beard, which he washed, divided in the middle, and then turned up like a pair of moustaches. We were a long time in packing the palkí and palkígárí; and had brought so many things that we were obliged to give away divers pillows &c., which crowded us. The palkí is like a long box or a portable berth for a steamer, cushions at one end for one's head, a little shelf and drawers above one's feet, and a net above that for oranges, &c.,—

two bearers at each end of it supporting it on their shoulders. When the sun was hot, we unrolled a white cover which projected about a foot on each side of the roof, and kept off much of the glare. There are sliding doors by which you can completely close the palkí; a reading-lamp at the back of one's head, pockets, musquito-curtains, and everything to make one comfortable. The carriage is much the same, only larger, and on four wheels, which are all of the same height. Inside it is like a vis-à-vis, with a spare cushion which fits between the two seats and turns it into a bed; and, as it is on good carriage-springs, the motion is much easier than that of the palkí. Miss M. had eleven men, *i.e.*, bearers, who relieve each other; two men carrying pitárâhs, and one torchman. We had fifteen men; ten to push and drag the carriage, four to carry pitárâhs, and one torch-bearer. The latter fed his torch every now and then with oil which he poured out of a bamboo, shaped like a quill toothpick. The bearers wear very little clothing, only a piece of cloth skilfully wrapped round their bodies, and a sheet which serves for cloak by night and turban by day.

While waiting, an old man came out of a cottage opposite, to pick something in his garden, by lamplight. His figure, with the flickering light on it, and the group near him preparing their evening meal, as usual, outside the little dwelling, which was shaded by fine old trees, formed a perfect night piece; and no less scenic was the figure of the masàlchi (torchbearer), running along in his white drapery, or illuminating a whole group by the vivid blaze of his torch when we stopped to change bearers.

Each station is called a choukí, literally "seat." Does not this indicate the difference between the active European, who stands at his post, and the oriental who sits at it? By-the-by, I was much struck by the Sepahis at Barrackpúr; they are very fine men, and make most graceful salutes. They only wear uniforms when on duty. The lines where they live are rows of mud huts. The population near Calcutta is very dense.

The scenery was for a long time pretty, and English-looking, being flat and well wooded. We passed numbers of noble banians, the most magnificent of all trees. We had a lovely night, and slept well. Whenever we woke there was something to see or hear; sometimes a jackal prowling near, sometimes the merry chatter of the bearers, and sometimes the wild, but not unmusical, shout in chorus, by which they give notice of their arrival at the chouki. Each man gets about eight pie (that is a penny) a mile, and generally sixpence to a whole set for each stage, which is about eight or ten miles, as bakshish; but C. gives them double.

To lay a dàk, you apply to the postmaster so many days before, and he makes arrangements with the post-offices up the country. You pay the whole sum at once into his hands, and find the bearers waiting for you; and of course have to pay if you detain them beyond a certain time. We started about half-past five P.M.: the night was most lovely. At Memári was the first bungálow we had seen. All the dàk bungálows are facsimiles of each other. They are one-storied buildings with verandahs, with two sets of apartments, each containing one large room, with one or two cane bedsteads, a smaller room, and a bath-room with earthen pitchers full of water, of which we availed ourselves largely. At Memári we took some milk and chapátis (large thin cakes of flour and water, like bannocks), and proceeded to Bardwàn, where we stopped for dinner. Each traveller or party pays one rupee for the use of the bungálow for any period not exceeding twenty-four hours. A butler, bearer, and sweeper are attached to each. The curry seemed to us the best we had eaten. The roads are made of broken bricks; and, further on, of konkar, a natural composition of clay and sand.

Early on Friday, January 8th, we saw five Afgháns on camels, to whom C. saluted in Púshtú, the most harsh and guttural language you ever heard. It sounds to me like Welsh. We came to a small wood where a herd of buffaloes were feeding, and bought some of their milk, which, with plum cake made an excellent break-

fast; the beautiful snow white paddy-birds, attending as usual on the buffaloes, looked like good spirits watching evil genii. Our road lay for some distance through a jungle; we crossed two chain bridges, one of them spanning a river, which at this season is, as L. might say, made up of islands. The country then became very barren, with only one or two trees here and there. We saw many two-wheeled carts of most primitive construction, drawn by oxen, and some of the curious native carriages, like a rude throne and canopy, on two wheels. In one of them this morning was a Múhammadan woman, veiled; her lord and master, who was sitting at the edge of the vehicle, gave her a jealous poke with his elbow as an admonition to wrap herself up more closely, as we approached. He must have looked with horror at me walking along, like an Irishwoman, in my night-cap! The dress of the bearers seems to diminish, and certainly one's ideas of necessary clothing are becoming wofully contracted.

I exchanged with Miss M. and went in the palki, so that I arrived at Assíngole Bungálow about two, and became rather anxious at the non-arrival of the palkígárí, when a note from my husband told me they had stopped to get something done to it. With the help of a vocabulary I ordered curry and rice, and the Khansámán told C. afterwards that "I looked into a little book, and spoke certain words"—they are very quick at understanding. The bearers told me entirely by signs, that the palkígárí had something the matter with its wheels, and was a long way off, but was coming; in fact the proper use of one's forefinger is equivalent to a tolerable knowledge of the language. The Bungálows and servants are all beautifully clean, and we get very good curry, milk, eggs, and chapátis, so that the hardships of a traveller in Italy or Switzerland are much greater than in India; they generally charge one rupee for our meal. We carry tea and sugar, biscuits, jam, cold meat, and a little bread with us. We left at half-past five, and had to cross a nallah nearly dry at this season, the road very bad, and the country very barren;

the women carry heavy loads, and seem to work very hard in the field.

The next morning, January 9th, saw some beautiful hills (the Dacoity Hills) on the right, and the still finer Rajmahal range beyond. The people are a finer race than the Bengalis. We entered the great Parwati jungle, about twenty-four miles in length, which abounds in tigers, who have destroyed several persons within the last year, but the jungle has now been cleared to some distance on each side of the road, so that it is not so dangerous as it was, at least by day. We asked if the gentlemen near did not go into the jungle to shoot the tigers. They said "No; the forest was under the protection of the Goddess Parwattí, and she had as yet given no 'hukm' (*i.e.* order) that the tigers should be destroyed." Col. Sleeman relates that the Hindus believe that when a tiger has once killed a man he becomes much more dangerous, for the spirit of his victim sits on his head, and guides him to his prey.

In one of the villages we saw a suniási, or religious mendicant, with scanty garments, shaggy locks and beard, gravely blessing the people. The pictures of St. Paul, the Hermit, and St. Antony, are perfect suniasis. We passed some more Afgháns of the Lowání tribe, taking their frugal meal under a tree; they are all going to Calcutta to fetch merchandize, their camels having no burdens at present, save a little fruit, such as pistacho nuts. The Afgháns are square and strong, with bushy beards, some brown or reddish, but mostly black, and ruddy complexions, or what appear such by the side of the natives. Some spoke Hindustani, but most Persian; one square-built Ghiljye stood stock still, with a most wondering stare, on perceiving me. When C., who was walking, came up, he offered him some plum cake, which he happened to be carrying in a sandwich-box. The Ghiljye modestly intended taking a little piece, but C. put a huge slice into his hand; he broke a mouthful, tasted it very slowly, and then cried, with a kind of pleased astonishment, "It is *very* good!"

and hastened after his companions to share it with them: they had been six months on their way from Kabúl. About the middle of the day we reached the camp of H.M.'s 98th, at the foot of the Rajmáhál Hills. The white tents, the groups of natives with bullocks, a woman bringing hay on her head, the European soldiers generally within their tents, all formed a pretty picture. C. went over to Colonel Campbell's, who apologized for not coming out to see me, as he was not dressed, but he invited us to stay and dine at the mess, which we were unable to do. The road was very bad, and our progress so slow that it was fortunate the beauty of the scenery, especially the fine and varied forms of the wooded hills, prevented it from being tedious. We saw a group of travellers bathing, and some lovely red lilies in the water. A little child of about two years old, at one of the choukis, diverted me much; its only garment was wrapped round its head, and fell like a mantle behind its shoulders. Its hands were folded with the decent gravity of a lady abbess over its little plump body, but the moment it saw me looking at it, it dropped its head, turned, and walked off in such a funny little fit of shyness as much diverted the lookers-on.

I forgot to mention that on Thursday morning we saw some huge apes among the crops; these creatures are held sacred, and no one molests them. A whole crowd of young boys rushed out from a little village to help us over a nallah, and so bad was the road, that between Top Chakki to Dumrí, we were five hours in going seven miles. C. questioned a trooper appointed to guard the road, as the Kóles, an aboriginal tribe, who inhabit all the neighbouring hills, are notorious marauders. He said they still committed occasional robberies, "but no murders, since by the favourable destiny of the Sáhíb Lóg (lordly people) some of them had been hanged!"

We found one-half of the Bungálow at Dumri, occupied by Capt. and Mrs. B.: six or seven cockatoos and other parrots—they are marching. We arrived

about dusk, and started again directly after dinner, as it was a dangerous part of the jungle on account of tigers, and the road very bad. I had been startled out of my sleep by a most unearthly sound like a tiger's roar, but as the bearers did not hear it, they may have made it themselves, as they beguiled the way with such a combination of shouts, screams, and yells, as never before were heard. I sat up and spied out for tigers a good part of the night, until I became so sleepy that as the tiger did not choose to come, I resolved not to keep awake for him any longer. I suppose this is the way one gets callous to any danger—one cannot go on feeling excited about it.

Instead of arriving at Barhí, where we had arranged to pass the Sabbath, at one o'clock, A.M., on Sunday morning, we did not get there until one, P.M. The view of the hills at dawn this morning was lovely, and the scenery continued beautiful the whole day. C. overheard some Palkís behind us, and asked our bearers if there were not two of them. They answered with the most subservient phraseology—"If it be your Lordship's pleasure,"—which he translated, "Your Excellency's *whim*," which is indeed the meaning of it—"there shall be two palkís, or three, or even *four*." It is difficult to get a decided answer on any subject, for every native is accustomed to answer according to what he supposes to be the whim of his superior. For instance, a fine young traveller whom C. invited to join us, and who gladly did so as a protection against tigers, was walking on as cheerily as possible on Monday morning, after having marched about thirty-two miles, with his sword slung by a handkerchief over his left shoulder, and a little red bag held daintily between his finger and thumb. He is the confidential servant of a neighbouring Raja, who gives him five rupees a month, and was going to visit his family, about two miles off the high road. He told us all his family were alive, and the bag contained a great number of bracelets of various colours which are only to be had at the place he was coming from, and which he was taking to his female relatives.

C. asked him if he was tired,—he said, "Not a bit." C. remarked that he was a strong young fellow. He looked much gratified, and answered, "By your Lordship's permission, I *am* a strong young fellow." He willingly accepted some tracts; so did a poor Brahmán, whom we saw yesterday morning on his way to Jagarnáth—he was sick, so we gave him a homœopathic dose, which he gladly took.

Miss M. arrived first at Sheregotti: just as we were entering, a poor Máli or gardener brought us a nazzar of fruit. A nazzar is a present of fruit from an inferior to a superior, which is accepted by touching it, and then repaid by a present in money.

On reaching the Bungálow, I was astonished to see my husband shaking hands with two very portly men in white, whom I took for Jews. Miss M. came to tell me they were some of the Amírs of Sind, and that Dr. Colman, who is in medical charge of them, had vacated his apartments for us, and pressed her to eat his breakfast. Not satisfied with this, he sent his servants, tea equipage, and provisions for our use, so that an excellent repast was prepared for us as if by magic; and I remarked that the very pat of butter which was placed ready for his breakfast when we entered, was sent back untouched for ours. The Amírs sent me a present of oranges, and said they were coming to pay me a visit after breakfast. We, therefore, dressed and breakfasted, during which a small fish-bone stuck in my throat; whereupon the grave old Khemsámán said affectionately to C.—"If the child (bábá) will eat some dry rice, the bone will go down;" so I swallowed the dry rice and the affront to my dignity, as a "mem sáhib" together.

C. wished me to find some little present for the Amírs. I produced a Scotch pebble necklace and brooch, and a pair of small amethyst earrings; we then arranged seats for the whole party, some on chairs and some on the bed, and the three Amírs entered. I shook hands with each, and begged Dr. C. to express our pleasure in seeing them, our great sympathy in their

misfortunes, and our hope of better times for them. The highest in rank, Amír Muhammad Khán, of Tálpùr, is very handsome, with noble features and expression. They are all full of intelligence, and spend their time in writing and reading. They have very fine heads, but their figures are spoilt by extreme corpulence, which they cherish both as a beauty and as a mark of dignity, and will, therefore, never ride on horseback (except in hunting, of which they are very fond), from fear of becoming thin. They are not tall, but powerful men, and wear caps like tubes closed at the top, with thick wavy glossy hair, parted in the middle, and turned back over the ears. I asked them about their families, and found that Muhammad Khán was engaged, but not married. He was to have been married in about a fortnight, when the last battle took place. He is about twenty-six, and his brother twenty, although he looks like a man between forty and fifty. C. was so surprised at hearing his age, he could hardly forbear laughing. The other prince, Amír Shah, Muhammad, is a relative of theirs, and brother to the one who is now hiding in Múltán. They had heard that C. was to be appointed Political Agent in Múltán, and were therefore very anxious to speak to him regarding their kinsman. I asked Dr. C. what credit was to be attached to the report, of which we had heard nothing. He said natives had queer ways of obtaining information. Amír Shah Muhammad Khán has a melancholy expression, and is much thinner than the others; he is about twenty-eight, and has left his wife in Sind. They have been living at Hazuríbagh, and are now on a little tour to Benáres.

I offered the necklace to Muhammad Khán for his intended bride, whom he expects to join him, the brooch to Shah Muhammad for his wife, and the earrings to the fat Yár Muhammad, as an encouragement to him to marry. The idea seemed to divert him extremely. The chief Amír held out his hand to his kinsmen, to examine their presents and then made me a speech, saying, that his gratitude was not transitory, but would

last as long as his life, and quoted a Persian verse to this effect:—"I have made a covenant with my beloved friends, that our friendship shall last while the soul remains in the body,"—this was quite in the style of Canning's heroine—"A sudden thought strikes me, let us swear eternal friendship." So here I am, the sworn friend of a Sind Amír. I had a strong inclination to laugh, but it would have been *monstrous* to have done so; so I expressed the gratification I really felt at their reception of a small mark of kindness.

It would be difficult to give you an idea of their high bred courteous manner. I asked them for their autographs, which they each gave me, and in return requested mine, which I wrote on three sheets of paper, and added one of those pretty little coloured wafers with our arms, the meaning of which Dr. C. expounded to them. They had had long conversations with my husband previously, and were pleased at hearing that he and Colonel Outram were friends. We showed them Akbar Khán's letter, which the chief Amír read in the melodious chanting way used by the Arabs and Persians, stopping every now and then with his eyes and mouth beaming with humour, at some outrageously barefaced expression of affection from such a personage. I have seldom seen a finer or more expressive face,—when quiet, it has a strong tinge of melancholy, but lights up with feeling and wit, so as almost to tell you what he is saying before the Interpreter can repeat it.

They inquired about the way to England, which we showed them on a map, and also two little sketches, I had made of Madeira and Amsterdam, the only land we had seen on our weary voyage.

The hospitable doctor made us stay to tiffin, and when we departed, two of the Amírs came out to see us off. They were all dressed in close fitting jackets of red, green, or black, with gold lace, a flowing "sark" with wide sleeves appearing beneath, and wide trousers. That generous girl, Miss M., wanted me to take a gold

pencil case of hers to give them, instead of my own trinkets.

As we left Sheregotti, the wide, sandy plain, the mountains in the distance standing out in sharp relief from the rich glow of the evening sky, and one solitary green palm tree in front, with the stately oxen slowly passing along, formed a lovely Eastern picture. Homer's epithet, "ox-eyed," is really a compliment no one would disdain.

Our road still lay through a deep sandy plain, and on Tuesday, January 12th, 1847, we passed the Són river: Són means gold, which is found in its sands. The said sands are three miles across. We took three pair of bullocks to our light carriage. I believe this immense bed is sometimes full in the rainy season: as it was, we were three hours in traversing it. We forded one stream of 150, and another of about 200 yards wide, and the refreshment of the breeze blowing over the clear waters is indescribable, after the heat and glare of the sand. Carts with oxen, men and women with children on their hips and shoulders, were fording it likewise. At last we came to the main stream, where the carriage was pushed into, or rather *on* to a boat, covered with a platform of bamboos and earth, in which we were ferried over. On a large island or isthmus was a numerous caravan of pilgrims from Benáres, the varied groups of persons in the gayest tints, the pilgrim's colour, yellow, predominating: the equally gaudy native palkís and carriages, with carts and oxen intermixed, formed a picture like one of Horace Vernet's in the desert. Some of the pilgrims were fording the river at a little distance, and many were waiting on the shore where we landed. Our bearers resolved themselves into the very cube roots of men while on board: it is impossible to conceive the way in which they contract themselves into the smallest possible space. Most of the pilgrims were armed, and we afterwards met many carrying the so-called holy water of the Ganges, in vases slung across their

shoulders on each end of a bamboo, and adorned with little red flags. We were hot and very weary, for it was very late when we reached Deári Bungálow. The aloes between it and the river-side were as dusty as if they had been shut up in a lumber-room for the last twenty years.

Wednesday, January 13th.—This morning we stopped at Mohanniah for dinner, and wrote our journals. A native huntsman came in to sell some teal: his gun was a very long matchlock, spliced together with bands of grass. There were delightful green crops of wheat visible to-day, that refreshed our eyes; and it has become so much cooler, that we find it difficult to keep ourselves warm at night. We saw a flock of pretty long-tailed paroquets. About dawn we reached the Ganges, which we crossed in a wide boat like those on the Són, and, after a long drive, arrived at Major Carpenter's house about seven o'clock. On our way we saw a man with his beard stained red with henna.

Thursday, January 14th.—I sat with L. the whole day. The young Rajah of Vizigápátám called: he is about twenty, and very handsome (which he knows), with a peach-like bloom on his cheeks which any woman might envy; but he has a vacant expression, and will probably become very fat. He has lately lost his father, who had lived in Benáres for the last ten years, and the Government has requested the young Rajah to return to his dominions, and manage as much of his own affairs as they have left in his power. He has been very carefully brought up by an English tutor: speaks English perfectly. His mother, a very beautiful woman, lived at enmity with her husband, and even separated from him. The old Rajah caused his own death by starving himself for fifteen days to cure a boil. When the Raní found that her husband was dying, she came with a young cousin, a very handsome girl, to Major C. one morning at dawn, to entreat him to reconcile her to the Rajah, on account of the disgrace it would be to her should he die before this was done. He went with them in the same carriage (a thing unheard of), but

the poor prince was insensible. The Rání has become a Bairágin or religious devotee;—the word expresses one who is without passions. She cannot leave the holy city, has laid aside all her jewels, and sees no one but her son and her female attendants. The young Rajah came to-day to get money to marry the said cousin, who is betrothed to a native prince. He wore a close-fitting shawl dress (chapkan—much like the Afghán garb), wide trousers of cloth of gold, and a peculiar cap of silver, like a Greek cap, worn only by his family. He drove away in a buggy! A Rajah in a buggy! He is a first-rate billiard player.

A very pleasing young German, Count von Goertz of Hesse Cassel, arrived this morning; and late in the evening, Count de Blacas and Count Nicolay, the two French Carlist gentlemen we met at Calcutta. Count de Blacas (son of the Duke de Blacas, the faithful adherent of Henri V.) appeared to have much of the quiet self-possession and *retenue* of a true gentleman; Count Nicolay is more lively, and a *thorough* Frenchman. I believe they are wandering about the world *pour se désennuyer—bourgeois* France being unworthy of their presence. They are all lodged in tents.

Friday, January 15th.—I drove to hear the band: they seemed to play with precision, but without feeling, like foreigners reading a language they do not understand. After dinner, C. produced some gun cotton, just as the Kurg Rajah arrived. He is a small man, with an aquiline nose, and was dressed in straw-coloured satin, with a small muslin turban on his head, and a magnificent necklace of emeralds and pearls: he greeted my husband with a degree of cordiality which rather surprised me, considering that their first acquaintance was at the taking of Kurg. As soon as he was seated we proceeded with our experiments, and I exploded a little bit of cotton on the palm of his hand. He had kindly brought the jewels of the Rání to show me, and he came with us into the drawing-room, where he dressed Marina's head with them in a style which made us suspect he was in the habit of dressing his wife, so

artistic were his proceedings. There was a most queenly head ornament, consisting of a band of jewels, from which rose a diamond star, several other bands of gold and jewels depending over the back of the head, with strings and tassels of pearls and emeralds for mixing with the hair which hangs down the back; magnificent pearl earrings, and no less than four collars and necklaces put on one over the other, a splendid zone of gold, set with diamonds, emeralds, and rubies, and equally fine bracelets and armlets. His own state ornaments consisted of a double row of the finest pearls supporting a large emerald, which was the most valuable of all. The Rajah is a very polite, but reserved man, and feels his downfall very much. Major C. asked him to accompany us to-morrow morning to the city, as we require a great many elephants for so large a party.

Saturday, January 16th, 1847.—We started soon after gun-fire (dawn), and drove to the city, where we mounted the elephants. Major C. and I were on one belonging to one of the Delhi royal family, with a silver howdah; but the pad worn into holes, a curious contrast. MM. de Blacas and de Nicolay were on a pad, a kind of saddle. The Kurg Rajah had a hunting howdah, in which, though it is contrary to etiquette for natives of rank to have any one with them on an elephant, he took Count Von Goertz, and my husband occupied the seat behind them; and, such was the Rajah's politeness, that he wanted to take that place himself. The two young ladies went together; and we picked up Mr. Sandberg, one of the German missionaries, and Mr. Mackay, who is at the head of the Church Missionary School, and mounted them on a spare elephant with a pad. The elephant is made to kneel, and the rider mounts by a ladder; the huge creature then raises himself on his fore legs, and you are thrown backwards: he then raises his hind legs, and you are thrown forwards, as if you were riding on a huge wave of the sea. When once mounted, the motion is very easy, and the height placed us on a level with the first stories of the houses, so that I spied into

the rooms, and curious little pigeon-holes most of them were.

We were attended by three sawárs (horsemen) belonging to the Agency, and divers men on foot preceded us, clearing the way. One of them, in a very gaudy dress of blue and yellow, with a crimson turban, and sword in hand, in the service of one of the princes who lent us the elephants, was the most perfect specimen of a Behádering official I have yet seen. Behádering is an indispensable word to express the demeanour of many men and horses in this country. It means consequential, swaggering, and theatrical, with a great affectation of dignity; and implies that the man or horse in question is in gorgeous array and making a fuss. In its proper sense the word is a title, and is applied to any gallant soldier. Thus, Haider Ali is always spoken of in the Carnatic as Haider Bahádar. The sawárs (of whom I have since sketched one) were very picturesque, clothed in green and scarlet, with their long spears in hand. The streets are so narrow, that there was just room enough for one elephant to pass. I wish I could give you an adequate idea of the picturesqueness of our whole morning tour. The shops are mostly under arcades, with curiously carved pillars, painted, as are many of the houses, deep red. Some of these dwellings are very fine, with handsomely carved balconies; and, wedged in among the houses, are numerous small temples and shrines called Shewállahs, built and endowed by any one who has a devotion for a particular idol, as a Romanist would do for his patron saint. The elephants stopped, we descended, and, walking along a very narrow passage, we found ourselves in a small oblong hall, with vaulted roof, open at the top, supported by pillars on all sides, and approached by three or four steps. A curious shaped stone was in the centre, on which crowds were successively pouring water and throwing flowers and grains of rice:—this was the Temple and Altar of Máha Deo, the chief God of Benáres, who, in philosophical language, Mr. Mackay told us, represents the fecundity

of nature. But here, as everywhere, what to the learned is an abstraction, to the unlearned is a *bonâ fide* individual idol. Many fine young sepáhis, in their ordinary dress, but easily known by their carriage and height, were bringing their offering of grains of rice and drops of water. Some old Brahmans met us, and showed us everything with the greatest obsequiousness. They brought us wreaths of strongly-scented white and yellow flowers, which, however, I carefully avoided putting on my neck, thinking it might look like a homage to the Sháitán of the place. I therefore put it on my arm; but a Brahman soon came and took it away, lest one of the sacred oxen, who were marching about the temple, should snatch it, and poke me at the same time. On the right hand side was a small dark apartment, containing a silver tank offered by some Rajah to this shrine. The devout prince filled it with rupees, gold mohars, and precious stones to an immense amount. It is under the protection of the Agency.

The name of this temple (which is the most venerated in Benáres) is Bisseshwár or Visseshwar. Crossing the little court, which was very splashy from the quantity of libations poured out, we ascended a very narrow staircase, up which no stout person could go, to what might be called the leads of the temple. Here were three quadrilateral domes close together, which are being gilded from money left by Ranjit Sing. Immense sums were sent with a portion of his ashes to various temples, and amongst others to this one. The temple is very small in comparison to European places of worship. On descending, we were led along a curious passage full of images and altars like the first (the whole having much the appearance of the entry to a museum of antiquities),—to a well in which, when the former temple was desecrated by the Múhammadans under Aurangzeb, the god took refuge. It is surrounded by a railing, and offerings of flowers, water, and rice are continually thrown down to propitiate the helpless divinity. The odour of sanctity of Hindu Mythology is not more agreeable to the olfactory nerves than

that of the Romish begging fraternities—so we quickly left the spot. The Brahmans seem in no way different in dress from their countrymen, except that all of those in the temple had their heads and beards partially shaved. Most of them wore red mantles. The remains of the former temple were very fine. On its ruins Aurangzeb built a mosque, which we proceeded to visit; and, coming from the idol temple, I felt a relief, and even an emotion of sympathy with the simple building we entered, where, at least, there was nothing outward and visible to dishonour the Most High. The only thing which it contained was a raised place for the mullâh to preach from. We want up one of the minarets, a toilsome undertaking, for which we were rewarded by a magnificent view of the stately river, the flat-roofed picturesque city interspersed with trees, and immediately beneath us flocks of the sacred blue pigeon, which always haunts a mosque, while divers pretty long-tailed paroquets had perched themselves on the smaller pinnacles. This was the most thoroughly Eastern city I had yet beheld: after enjoying the view for some time we descended, and went to see a curious observatory built by a Rajah learned in astronomy, Jai Sing by name.

I was astonished to find we were admitted everywhere without the smallest difficulty. Mussulmans are not permitted to enter the Visseshwar Temple; but the Hindus acknowledge that our religion is very good and true *for us*, so they are as liberal as some members of parliament. This observatory has a representation of the planetary system, which would astonish Sir John Herschell. A huge block of stone in the centre of a circle represents the highest mountain in the world, the earth itself is supposed to rest upon an elephant, which again rests upon a tortoise according to some, upon a serpent according to others. I begged to know upon what the tortoise stood. The pandit, who was our guide, said, "Oh these are all mya (illusions). Everything is an illusion. Bramh is dreaming, and sees all these things in his dream. He sees you all coming

here." C. squeezed the pandit's little finger, and asked if that was an illusion. He said yes. He pinched him harder; but, though he made a hideous grimace, at which the bystanders laughed, the imperturbable man still answered that it was all mya. C. then said, "If all is mya, how do you know that I am not the Brahman and you the Feringhi? Some of the Brahmans teach this doctrine, others that everything is an emanation from Brahm—gods, men, animals, and all are parts of him, and will be ultimately absorbed in his essence. How a part of Bramh (or, as they pronounce it, Brum) can do evil, they do not explain. The Hindu system is more one of philosophy than of religion: it professes to account for everything. The learned are all atheists, pantheists, or idealists, while the poorer say, as many gods so many religions; and believe that a change of fashion in this matter occurs every now and then, when a new faith is revealed.

We descended an immense pyramidical flight of steps to the river. The top of this ghat was overhung with trees: and the groups of our numerous party were worth sketching as they stood on it. A fine boat, with two wooden horses at the bow, and many arm-chairs under an awning, awaited us. It belonged to the Rajah of Benáres. The rowers all sat on deck and pulled in a curious fashion. No panorama was ever more striking than that which now passed before our eyes. The curious buildings, elaborately carved temples, the ghat on which dead bodies are burnt, the numerous and many coloured groups of bathers, and even a part of the road which was to have been supported on arches, but has sunk into the water from the effects of an earthquake, all added to the pictorial effect of the scene.

On landing we remounted our elephants, and the sun beginning to be felt, the indefatigable swordsman who rode behind me, and who had been running after me with an umbrella wherever I went, unfolded a superb chatta or parasol of velvet and gold, with a silver stick, which he held over my head. The shops were getting full.

We went to a house considered one of the finest in Benáres, but now rather dilapidated, the master of which conducted us over it. It was of three stories, built around a small court with a balcony overlooking the same at each story; the carving of the balcony and of the balustrades was beautiful. One side of the house, divided from the rest by the pardh (or veil), is appropriated to the women. Here no men enter but the master of the house (whose private apartments are within it), his sons and brothers. The women fled at our approach, but a group of merry girls and children filled up the window of the latticed partition, which divided off their share off the roof, and gazed at us with much curiosity. In the hot weather the natives sleep much on the roofs. We saw the state room where visitors are received, and family ceremonies take place; it is divided across the middle by a row of columns: none of the rooms were high. We next went to a very shabby entrance in another house, up a narrow stair into a low room lit by a square opening in the roof like the apartments at Pompeii. This was the house of one of the richest manufacturers in Benáres. Half of the room was raised one step. Here we sat while bales of the most magnificent gold and silver stuffs, called kinkob, were unrolled before us. I do not suppose any European brocades equal them. They are used by the natives for trousers, but are almost too heavy for any articles of European dress, unless it were for court trains. Some of the muslins spotted with gold, and muslin shawls and scarfs with gold and silver borders for about thirty rupees were beautiful. MM. de Nicolay and de Blacas having selected those which they wished to have brought to the house, the merchant offered us spices in a little silver saucer, and attá of roses, into which we each dipped a finger. We then remounted our elephants and soon rejoined the carriages, in which we drove home.

On our way we met a party of Ghurka soldiers belonging to the Rájah of Nipál who is just arrived here. They were short, square men with a Chinese

or Tartar look, high cheek bones, and small eyes: each wore a curious silver ornament in his turban, something like a heart with the point upwards.

After tiffin the Satára Rajah came to pay a visit. He has lately been deposed by us, owing to a series of forgeries in his name, and has been condemnedunheard. Many believe him perfectly innocent. Major C. proclaims this boldly on all occasions, and consequently the Rajah is most grateful to him. My husband's opinion is that the Rajah did enter into some prohibited intrigues, but by no means to the extent asserted by his enemies, and that, both in our public and private dealings with the natives, even-handed justice requires that we should make the same allowance for deceit and intrigue in them that we do in Europe for an awkward manner, or an ill-shapen nose; the one is as natural and (while they continue heathen), as unavoidable as the other. We should take notice of none but overt acts and imminent treachery.

The Diwán brought a placard announcing a public meeting in London on the subject of Satára; and when Major C. spoke kindly to the Rajah concerning it, the latter seized his arm, hugged and patted him. He is the representative of Sivají, the great Mahratta conqueror; he is a very small man, and was dressed in tight muslin trousers, and a short transparent muslin tunic; slippers very wide at the toes like those of Henry VIII., a pearl and emerald necklace, small white turban with earrings, and a red spot on his forehead showing that he had performed púja (worship) toKrishna, that morning. He came on an elephant smoking his húqa, and attended only by a few horsemen and marshalmen, but his Sawarí, or cortége, was not thus to be left behind, and either following their own pleasure or his instructions arrived soon after him, though Major C. had begged him to dispense with their attendance, and make merely a private visit. I was very glad to see them, as they passed the door at which we stood. Every one belonging to the Rajah was present. There were

two or three small guns, then divers elephants, bearing the different members of his family, among them his adopted son, a little boy of perhaps ten years old, and his little grandchild, a girl of four. The Mahrattas are almost the only people who show their female children in public; they also intermarry with Múhammadans, as the Rajpúts did in Akbar's time. Then came a troop of horse, many of them dressed like guardsmen, with short red jackets and white trousers: some with muskets, some with lances, some on horses, some on poneys, some in one colour, some in another, carriages of all sorts, palkígárís, and even a child's carriage, closed the procession; in the midst of which appeared several of their once dreaded standards, some foot soldiers, and military music, the predominant part of which were the kettle-drums, which, as a symbol of sovereignty, were beaten with redoubled fury as they passed their Prince. The Rajah waved his hand and an old man alighted from his horse, who fixing his eyes on me (just as if I understood him), and raising his arm, began to shout the glories of Síváji, the founder of the Mahratta Monarchy. I looked very attentive, and after a time the Rajah signed to the old bard to finish.

On re-entering the house I asked my husband to tell the Rajah how pleased I was with the Sawári, and how much I admired his little grandchild, whereupon he asked me to come and see the Ranís. The Rajah is a very excitable, vivacious, intelligent old man, very quick and active in all his movements, and incessantly eating some spices wrapped in green leaves (called Pán) ,which the natives are very fond of, and which stains the inside of the mouth a bright red. Count Nicolay showed him a revolving pistol with twenty barrels, made at Vienna, and as he fitted caps on them and began to fire them off for the Rajah's amusement, I went to explain the cause of all this commotion to L. I thus lost the parting scene when the Rajah embraced my husband, and said he loved every one who belonged to Major C.

A jeweller came in the afternoon with diamonds,

pearls, and emeralds for sale, the former are about one-third cheaper than in England, the pearls were rather high, fifty rupees for one the size of a pea. MM. de Nicolay and de Blacas left in the evening.

Monday, January 18th.—We were up early, and drove with Miss M. and Count Goertz to see the Free School, where the missionary, Mr. Sandberg, and the master, Mr. Mackay, met us. This school was founded by a Hindu upwards of twenty years ago, and placed under the Church Missionary Society. It has about 300 pupils, who learn Hindústani, Persian, Sangskrit, Bengáli, or English, as they choose. We were first led round the school, which is held in one large hall; in some of the classes I was astonished to see bearded men, fathers of families, as they told me. These were Brahmen who consider it honourable to continue always learning, even though "never able to come to the truth." The English class was then called forward, and read the third chapter of John. My husband questioned them on it; they did not answer particularly well on doctrine, but when Mr. Sandberg examined them, they showed an excellent knowledge of the facts of the Bible, and found out passages to prove particular points, such as the divinity of our Lord, as well as any boys in England could have done. They then answered very satisfactorily in Roman and English history, and in mathematics; during which time I cross-examined Mr. Mackay as to the method of teaching and its results. Until lately he was single-handed in the work. All the boys read the New Testament, and religious instruction is given them almost entirely by word of mouth. Those boys who do not learn English are taught almost everything in the same manner, by short lectures, owing to the want of books in the native languages. The main defect in this school seems to be, that so small a number of the pupils learn English, in which language alone they could receive a thoroughly good education. All the Persian and Múhammadán books contain fierce attacks on Christianity, either in the preface or volume itself; the Persian scholars are,

therefore, the most inimical to Christianity, and are incapable of reading works of a different tendency, from their ignorance of the English. Mr. Sandberg gives lectures in Urdu, which I found to be identical with Hindustaní (Urdu means camp), on the first principles of physical science, which are attended by numbers of people in the neighbourhood; and all the boys have free access to the library of English books, of which many gladly avail themselves. Not one conversion has even taken place in this school, though some who have been impressed with the truth they have heard there, have afterwards professed themselves Christians in other places.

Benáres offers peculiar obstacles to any who wish to become converts, the city being the sacred capital of Hinduism and the very focus of fanaticism. The first four boys in the English class profess themselves convinced of the truth of Christianity; so did the teachers of the Hindustaní class, the boys of which answered extremely well on a chapter in the New Testament, but they go no further. Now this, be it remembered, is the state of mind of almost all the pupils of the Free Church College in Calcutta, besides which *they* have an increasing band of converts. Where most fruit appears, there, I think, we may justly conclude is the best manner of sowing the seed. The missionaries showed us a curious Sangskrit MS. with pictures of the Hindu deities. Bramh is the supreme god in a state of quiescence: Brámáh, Vishnú, and Shivá are emanations from him, or rather, perhaps, impersonations of his different attributes.

Leaving the school we drove to Sígrá, where Mr. Leupolt, of the Church Missionary Society, is at the head of a male and female orphan school and Christian village formed thereupon. We visited both; the boys did not answer very well, when questioned as to salvation by grace and not by works; but this might be partly from shyness and from imperfect use of English, for they seemed very intelligent and appeared to understand my husband's explanation. They answered well in geography; and in the school-book of one of the elder

pupils ("Chambers on Physical Science"), I found a neat little paper book, in which was the definition, and sometimes the Hindustaní translation of every difficult word in the part that he had read. They are taught carpet-maket; all they earn is their own, and as soon as they can support themselves they are allowed to marry; they thus form a Christian village. A pretty church has just been built, in which the Liturgy in Hindustaní is read.

We visited the carpet manufactory and the dyeing-rooms, and then went to Mr. Leupolt's to breakfast. It was about half-past eleven, and we were so weak and tired we hardly knew what to do. Count Goertz was one of the worst. After breakfast and family prayers we went to see the girls' school: they were at work, and do both plain work and knitting extremely well. The education consists of reading and working, religious instruction, and a little geography. This appears to be the prevalent system in most missions, except those of the Free Kirk. I am inclined to think that in the present weak state of the church in India, every convert ought to be fitted as far as possible for conveying the knowledge of the Gospel to others. No one can deny that a body of Christian women of disciplined minds, thoroughly acquainted with Christian doctrine and evidences, would do better service to God and the infant churches, both as wives, mothers, and neighbours, than such as can barely read and write. Mahendra's widow is an example of this; she was an excellent teacher. Anna, the widow of Koilás, has now charge of a native class of day scholars under Miss Laing's eye; and Marian, the senior pupil of Miss Laing's institution, who is now (1850) the wife of Jagadishwar, has opened a school at Bansberia, which, two months after, was attended by nineteen girls, from four to ten years of age, and which she conducts without the aid of any one. On the whole, these schools at Benáres are excellent institutions, and doubtless do much good, yet neither (and more especially the free school) is to be compared with the Assembly's college or Miss Laing's

school in Calcutta. From the orphan school here, however, they have, we are told, already two or three catechists of talent and piety.

Tuesday, January 19th.—One of Major C.'s Sawárs came to be sketched. I sat in the verandah and drew him: I found the horse so difficult that he reminded me of the *enfant difficile à baptiser!* I forgot to tell you that story of Mr. Cameron's. A certain priest in Canada, being somewhat intoxicated, could by no means find the proper place in the Missal, when called on to baptize a child. In vain he fumbled over the leaves, until at last, losing all patience, he cried, *"Je n'ai jamais vu un enfant si difficile à baptiser."* Mr. Leupolt and Mr. Sandberg dined with us; the latter spoke very highly of Khrishná Mohan Bánerjí, and though he confessed he thought a good deal of forms, denied that he was at all Puseyistical. Mr. Leupolt is a very successful homœopathist.

Wednesday, January 20th.—Major C. came to ask me to draw a Nipál Sirdár; two were with him, and he wanted to get rid of one that he might have some private conversation with the other, for there has lately been a terrible massacre in Nipál, about forty of the chief nobles being slain in open Darbar. The Rajah denies that he had any hand in it; and when C. told him he was the sovereign of the country, aad therefore responsible, he said he had lost his authority for a time. It seems the heir apparent is undutiful, and the Rání, his father's wife, is jealous of him, and her faction murdered the nobles of his party The youth I was led to draw is brother of Jung Bahádar, the present Prime Minister of Nipál, and was art and part in the massacre. Kharrak Bahádar is a finely made young man, with beautifully-shaped arms and hands; when in repose, his face had rather an indolent sentimental expression: but such a wild eye! just like a panther's. He wore a small brocade turban, with the usual heart or shield-shaped ornament in it made of gold, a scarlet jacket, with gold lace and epaulettes, the sleeves reaching only to a short distance above the elbow, and

trimmed with dark fur, beneath which appeared the tight muslin sleeves of a kind of "sark," reaching to his knee. He had tight white silk trousers, white stockings and slippers, and a sword in his hand.

C.'s bábú translated my admiration of his dress, which seemed to please the youth not a little; but had I known then of his evil deeds, I would not have said a word to him. Afterwards, the old sirdár came to be drawn, a fine sagacious old man, who, being of the losing party, is not sure of his life from day to day, and whom Kharrak Bahádar would be the first to attack. Major C. has been trying to persuade him not to return to Nipál, but in vain. He wore a tunic of cloth of gold, and a white shirt-like thing underneath it, shawl trousers, no stockings, and a small white turban. His sword was a beautiful Khorásán blade, the hilt finely worked in iron and inlaid with gold.

After tiffin, C. and I., Count Goertz, and the two young ladies, set forth on our visit to the Sattárá Ranís; the Rajah sent his own coachman and Sáises for us. We dressed ourselves in clear muslin morning dresses, not to appear dowdy by the side of the Ranís. We drove up to a house not nearly so handsome as Major C.'s, and we three ladies were ushered into a room quite bare of furniture, where the Rajah sat smoking his huqá, in a common wooden arm chair, three similar ones being set at his right hand for us. A rezai (quilt) was then thrown over his chair, I suppose to make it soft. He shook hands with us, and having seated us, went to the door to look after the gentlemen, his huqá bearer running after him. In a few minutes he took me by the hand, or rather by the wrist, as you would lead a naughty child, and conducted us through one or two low rooms with curtains instead of doors, to a mean apartment, long, low, and dark, where the Ranís sat. One of them we were desired not to approach or touch; the other, and the Rajah's daughter, shook hands with us, and placed us in chairs by her side: two other ladies sat on the other side of the room like us, close to the wall.

M. speaks Hindustaní very imperfectly, therefore we could not say much. The Rajah left us, and I admired the dress of the ladies, which consisted of a very short red jacket with short sleeves, armlets, bracelets, and a nose ring, chiefly of pearls; a red drapery, embroidered or sprigged with gold, enveloped the whole person. The attendants (one of them, a very fine looking woman) wore a cloth, put on just like the bearers, leaving the right leg exposed to the knee, and a very handsome stout limb it was.

The Rajah's daughter was small and not handsome, but had a very pleasant expression. She, and the other ladies, seemed pleased and amused at my praise of their dress and jewels, and the poor untouchable one opened her veil, and showed us her jacket, which was cloth of gold.

Wreaths and bracelets of the double white Indian jessamine were brought, and thrown over our necks and arms, a pretty and poetical mode of welcome, then six trays of fruit, barley sugar, &c., were laid at our feet, we ate a little, but did not take any fruit, not knowing what it might be proper or improper to do with the peel, as there were no plates. One of the door curtains was lowered, and a band stationed behind it; a singing woman, with stiff outstanding petticoats of red and gold, was introduced. Her singing was to me almost inaudible, and her dancing consisted of advancing and retreating a few steps, holding her left arm akimbo, and gently twirling her right hand in the air, as if on a pivot. Two female servants, with bundles of peacock's feathers (which are emblems of royalty), stood by each of the two principal Ranís and whisked these brushes over their heads. A good many other damsels, and some of the servants and children, lined the lower part of the room, most of whom suddenly retreated when the old Rajah returned. All the ladies remained standing in his presence; his daughter put spices and almonds in our hands, and when we had praised her little child, we shook hands and bowed.

The Rajah led me down some steps through an odd

little garden, consisting of divers little courts, to the door of his hall of audience! there we peeped through the screen, till the Rajah perhaps reflecting that we must be already more visible to those within, than they could be to us, ordered the screen to be raised, and ushered us into his Darbár.

This was a long apartment supported on small columns, a large throne or seat for the Rajah was at the upper end, on the right hand of which were some cushions on the ground for the little princes of his own family, while in two rows, the whole length of the room, close by the walls, sat the faithful Sirdárs and other Mahrattas, who had followed their sovereign in his adversity. I recognized all who appeared in the Sawári the other day. They sat on their heels, C., like an adept, cross legged, Count Goertz as best he could, both on the floor, while wreaths were brought, which the Rajah threw over their shoulders and arms, and which looked very pretty on the red jacket—the Rajah then gave them spices, and salámed to us.

He had left his little grandchild in my keeping, and when I said I should like to take her away, he said I might, and then patted the little thing, and pinched its cheeks with much affection. The whole Darbár stared at us with profound attention. The little child gave me her hand, and the Rajah reconducted us through the garden, and we then sent for the gentlemen to rejoin us.

While waiting, the small thing, which has magnificent black eyes, and a little aquiline nose, and was dressed in light muslin trousers, and short coat of the same, with a kind of Greek cap of silver and gold on its head, its hair hanging in one plait down its back, clenched its toes as if they were fingers, making in fact a little fist of its foot: this shows how wonderfully elastic and supple the people in this country are.

Pán, *i.e.* little green packets of leaves, inside which is a kind of seed, mixed with powdered lime, was brought to us with the spices. The natives chew this, leaf and all: it dyes the mouth a bright red colour, and has a

very pungent taste. Came home much pleased with our visit. The trays of fruit were sent after us: we touched them in token of acceptance, and they were then given to the servants.

Early the next morning we drove to the Parade. The —th Native Infantry was reviewed. The men fired very well, and the contrast between the salute of the Native and European officers was very remarkable; the former did it with "an air and a grace" that did one good to behold, slowly, at the right time, and with perfect self-possession, looking the general full in the face. Some of the European officers poked their heads, saluted awkwardly and in a hurry. There is nothing I dislike more in manner than a want of quiet self-possession. The natives often remind me of Highlanders in that respect.

It is wonderful how the people here submit to any one who chooses to exert authority. Our absurd postilion, who is dressed like an English postilion (plus a long scanty black beard), ordered the Sepahís and others to keep out of the way, and make a clear space in front of the carriage that we might see perfectly, and when they encroached, he touched them and they retreated.

The Hindustaní Sepahís are very fine men, much taller than the English soldiers, but not so strongly made: they chiefly come from Oude, or the Upper Provinces. It was beautiful to see them run when skirmishing, they are so light and active. They are dressed very much like European troops, and wear no beards, but as much whisker and moustache as they like, or, as Carlyle would say, "according to faculty." They have a collar of large white beads, instead of a stock, while the native officers wear necklaces of gold knobs. The review began soon after seven.

Being tired, I did not go to dine at the General's, whither my husband escorted Miss M. and Marina. Count Goertz and I therefore dined by ourselves: he got up to say good-bye to C., and came back looking quite sad, and said, "I am so sorry to take leave of Captain M." We all liked him extremely. He is

highly intelligent and well-informed, travelling for instruction before settling down in life, and with a rare and most pleasing modesty. He is a fine specimen even of Germany.

Friday, January 22nd.—The Diwán of the Rajah of Sattárá came before breakfast, and asked me to take his likeness, I accordingly sketched him. When the young Rajah of Vizigapatam was here the other day, C. showed him my sketch of the Nipàl Sirdárs, and asked him if he would like to sit for his portrait. He confessed that his prejudices would not allow him to do so: his English education, without religion, does not seem to have done him much good. He has not the least wish to visit Europe.

Monday, January 25th.—It rained, and for the first time I perceived that the compound was not one unvaried mass of sand, but that part was in grass. The trees changed from brown to green, and the landscape was wonderfully improved. The trees here are generally protected when young by an embankment of earth about four feet high, so that when they become large trees, they grow from the top of small hillocks.

Tuesday, January 26th.—I finished a copy of the old Nipàl Sirdár's picture, which he wished to have for his family,* and then sat talking until the sad time of parting arrived. We left about ten P.M., having sent the palkí on in the morning. The Rajah of Benáres kindly laid a dák of his own horses for us, as far as Gopíganj, thirty-six miles, on our way to Allahábad. The same coachman drove us the whole way, the Rajah lending both him and the Brischkah; we of course rewarding his people. He was a queer little man, in close jacket and trousers, the former red, the latter blue with broad red stripe; a turban, over which he had wrapped a white cloth, made his head and shoulders look too heavy for his little legs, and over all, while the rain continued, he wore a kind of thick horse-cloth, which covered him from head to foot. He got down at each stage, and gravely looked on whilst the Sáises put the horses to,

* This fine old man has since been murdered.

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which they did with great caution and dexterity, as the country horses are almost all vicious. This was proved at our last stage, when one of the fresh pair threw himself down, and after much trouble we were obliged to take the former pair on another stage. They testified their disapprobation of this arrangement, by stopping every five minutes, so that it was more owing to the Sáises, who as usual ran alongside, than to them that we at length reached Gopíganj, about half-past four A.M. While C. was arranging the carriage one of the bearers took a little straw in which a bottle had been wrapped and made a blaze; but when they proceeded to burn the basket in which the bottle came, the coachman took it away from them, and they gave it up at once. I thought how pugnacious Englishmen would have grumbled and quarrelled about it.

One of the agency Sawars had escorted our baggage. C. showed him his six-barrelled pistol; the bearers all looked on with interest, and the coachman exclaimed, "What a wonderful destiny is mine to have seen such a thing!" We met numbers of Afgháns with their long strings of camels. The whole way was thronged with pilgrims and water-carriers, from Allahábad (where the Ganges and Jamma join), and travellers of different kinds—a striking contrast to the quiet state of the road between Benáres and Calcutta. We saw divers Faqírs or Yogis covered with ashes, one of them carrying a red umbrella, though he had no clothes. Crossed the Ganges about two P.M., by a very primitive but strong bridge of boats. A Sawar of Mr. Woodcock's, the magistrate, met us, and conducted us over a deep sandy plain, through Allahábad, which is very prettily adorned with trees, to Mr. Woodcock's house, on our way to which we passed hedges of the milk plant, whose juice is a strong blister, yet the goats eat it greedily.

We were exceedingly tired and weak, having had nothing to eat since we left Benáres but a small twist of bread between us three. It was, therefore, quite delightful to find ourselves in a most comfortable bun-

galow, bed-rooms, dressing-rooms, and bath, all ready for us. The khitmadgars brought tea immediately, and our considerate host never showed himself, but waited until, after some hours' rest, Miss M. and I thought proper to enter the drawing-room. We found a fire most comfortable. C. and Mr. Woodcock settled that we should remain here the night and overtake our palkís, by means of a horse-dák, to-morrow. It was a great pity we could not remain longer at Allahábad, for it is a very interesting missionary station, a branch of the American Presbyterian mission being established here. The Government school (of which Mr. Woodcock, much against his conscience, as he says, was a committee-man) has been lately transferred to the charge of the mission, under whom it prospers greatly. The senior class, when examined the other day, after being only two months under Christian instruction, showed an excellent knowledge of the meaning of the first Chapter of St. John. The female school for orphans, under the same missionaries, is also very useful; they receive a higher kind of education than at the Church Missionary School at Benáres.

There is a regular Hindustaní Presbyterian Church here. Mr. Woodcock said he thought an English education the only means of really educating the natives, but that when that was given to the total neglect of the native languages (as it is in many cases), it in a great measure frustrates its own end, by incapacitating the scholar from communicating his knowledge freely to his countrymen. I remember Mr. Smith of the Assembly Institution told me that the boys write better essays in English than in Bengálí, although the Bengálí is carefully taught in the Free Church Institution; I must find out if this is the case in Government schools. Of course giving a man a thoroughly foreign education, without a simultaneous one in his mother-tongue, only isolates him from his countrymen. We agreed that the great fault of the Benáres Free School is, that English is not taught to all.

It can hardly be expected to Christianize the pupils

when many of them are taught almost exclusively from Muhammadan books. I forgot to mention that Mr. Sandberg sent us the examination papers of the four best pupils. I had only time to read those on theology. This was rather a misnomer, for the questions were wholly on Scripture history, and not on doctrine, except some proving the divinity of our Lord; but there was not a word on the state of man by nature, of sin, of grace, or of the way of salvation. The answers showed a thorough acquaintance with Scripture history, but were by no means remarkable productions for lads of sixteen to eighteen. Each had also written a short essay on the Evidences of Christianity: one was a brief clear summary, but not I thought so clever as that of one of his companions, who entered more fully into some points and wrote more warmly, and in better English, though his essay was by no means so complete as the first; but all four, by the sameness of arrangement, and even by the exact similarity of phrase, showed that their essays were the result of memory, and derived either from one particular book, or else from a lecture. Many phrases I recognized, I think, as being in Bishop Tomline's "Introduction."

Thursday, 28th.—Greatly refreshed by the rest, we took leave of our kind and hospitable host, who treated us as if we had been old and dear friends. We had a very comfortable palkígárí with one horse, which was changed every six miles, or thereabouts. It was not too hot, and we enjoyed our drive very much.

We again met numerous Afgháns, with their long strings of camels, some of them loaded with assafœtida. The oxen in this part of the country are magnificent; in many of the carts five are used at once. We also saw some lovely birds, such as kingfishers, and quantities of yellow thistles, all of which, on a fine, clear, cool day, with a pretty country to drive through, were pleasant to behold. C. gave some oranges to a respectable old man at one of the stations, who jumped off his horse (the usual mark of respect with natives), and then told him the cause of the journey he was making, which

was a dispute with an obstinate neighbour, about a piece of land, and as his stiff-necked opponent would not abide by the decision of the village Panchâyat (court of five arbitrators), our old friend was going to place the matter in the hands of the Zillah judge.

We passed several camps to-day and yesterday, and amongst them that of the 62nd Native Infantry. A Sepâhi camp is much more picturesque than an European camp, on account of the shape of the tents and the pleasing groups. We reached Arampûr Bungalow at half-past ten. We have two meals a day, one in the palkí of bread or biscuit, and some milk (if we can get it), and another somewhat more solid, at a bungalow. Chapatis form the chief food of the people in this part of India; rice is but little used. The wheat crops are now about a foot high, rather different from the state of things in England at this season. They sow about the same time, in November, after the rains. We left Arampûr at midnight, and stopped the next day at Kalianpûr. While sitting over our tea and curry, C. and Miss M. suddenly flew to different doors of the Bungalow, and left me wondering what was the matter. They had heard a most hideous bellowing, for no other name could be given it, but found it was a bride, who, on being taken home to her husband's house, thought proper to make this extraordinary uproar, from a mistaken sense of decorum.

Do you remember the Scripture expression of "walled villages," a thing unkown to us! Here we meet with them constantly, and often all that is to be seen of a village by the road-side, is a long mud wall. Many, however (I suppose modern ones), are quite open, while the growth and size of the trees show that however the country may have been troubled by dacoits (robbers), it is long since an invading army has laid it waste, or reduced its groves to the condition of most of those of Northern Germany. The contrast between the two struck me forcibly. This country is generally well wooded, and many of the trees, especially the magnificent tamarind and the palms, are of great beauty.

Bániáns are much rarer than in Bengal. There are large crops of dâl, a kind of vetch (the "pulse" of Daniel and his companions) much eaten by the natives, and also of the oil-plant; so that the landscape is enlivened by the same sheets of brilliant yellow which we used to admire so much near Dresden. The villages are remarkably clean, the raised places in front of the doors where the inhabitants chiefly sit are always swept, and poor as the huts are they do not look squalid.

Friday, January 29th.—We passed a temple with a large picture of Hanumán, the monkey deity, on the outer wall. It was much colder to-day. We did not reach Cawnpúr until ten at night, and then, owing to some mistake about a note, C. went over to Captain Troup's, while Miss M. and I sat in the palkí, and afterwards in the verandah of the Dâk bungalow, where we kept ourselves warm with mirth. At last C. returned with Major Troup's palkígárí, in which we drove to Mr. Speirs, through most curious ravines, haunted by jackalls. In our way we saw a wolf at the entry of the town. Mr. Speirs got up and gave us tea and mutton-chops. C. and I were lodged in a large tent: the first time I have slept in one. It was a double poled tent, with separate divisions for dressing and bath-rooms; but the cold was excessive at night.

Saturday, January 30th.—We were introduced to our hostess and her sister, Miss P., the sweetest girl I have seen since I left home. Mrs. Wylie had given me a letter to her; and we found her not only decidedly pious, but a zealous Free Churchwoman; and, to my great joy, she knew many very dear to me in Scotland.

They took us after breakfast to see the Propagation Society Mission, that is, the female school belonging to it. It was founded after the dreadful famine of 1837, and contains about sixty orphan girls, who are instructed in English and Hindustaní; but receive a very limited education, consisting chiefly of Scripture knowledge and a little geography. Some of them speak a little Hindui as well, and a few can read the three languages. Only two hours a day are devoted to study, the rest of

their time is spent in fancy and plain work for sale, and in domestic duties, for they do everything for themselves except washing their clothes: most of them are nearly grown up. We saw their work, and heard them sing a Hindustaní and an English hymn. They were all sitting on the floor in a large hall supported by pillars. Here they sleep; in the next room are their dining-tables, little benches six inches high and as many wide; each girl has a brass plate and lotá or drinking cup. They grind their own meal and live on chapátís, except in the hot weather, when they get a little rice, as chapátís alone are too heating.

We saw Mr. and Mrs. Perkins, who are at the head of this mission, and a fine boy of theirs of eleven years of age, as healthy and ruddy as possible, though he has never left India. Mr. Perkins had a quiet, subdued, meek manner, and seems devoted to his labour. I believe him to be one of the excellent of the earth. May God bless and prosper him and his wife in bringing many souls to Christ! The school, however, reminded me too much of an English village school, where work is the grand thing in education, and faultless stitching is raised to the rank of a virtue

Sunday, January 31st.—All the party, except myself, went to church, and heard a very bad sermon. C. endeavoured to persuade our friends that it was wrong to attend a minister who preached false doctrine—a thing most palpable and obvious, one would think, did we not see such numbers of sensible people who think the mere act of going to church a profitable one, no matter what they hear.

After dinner I read a very interesting account of the American Presbyterian Missions at Loodiana and Allahabad. Miss Pringle told me that she communicated at the latter place with the native church: and, although the service was in Hindustaní, yet it was a very delightful one, as she could just follow the general meaning. I also read some of Henry Martyn's Letters and Journal, describing his residence in Cawnpore now nearly forty years ago. This profitable book is doubly

interesting when read on the spot where the letters were written.

Monday, February 1st, 1847.—C. went with Major Troup to choose a horse. My husband's faithful Sáis Baedúllah, who was with him throughout the diasasters in Afghánistán, suddenly made his appearance on Saturday, the morning after our arrival. He is a tall, powerful man, with rather a pensive expression. When he saw his old master, he ran up to him and embraced his thigh, the mark of respect and affection paid by disciples to their spiritual guides. C. squeezed his shoulder, patted him on the cheek, and said, "Welcome, my friend!" and the tears stood in the faithful man's eyes. C. then brought him to me.

While at Benáres, a man of Sikh parentage, named Benási Sing, was introduced to my husband by Mr. Leupolt, the missionary. He has the highest testimonials as a commissariat gomáshta (agent); and it seems, that having known C. at Kabûl, he was desirous of entering his service. He has been attending the preaching of the missionaries for the last three years, at first as a most zealous opponent, always disputing with them, and attempting to confute their arguments and doctrines; but latterly he has gradually softened, and now no longer denies the truth of the Scriptures. He told C. that one reason why he wished to come to him was, that he might hear his opinion of "Isá Masih" (Jesus the Messiah). May he soon learn to know Him, as his Redeemer from all iniquity—"his Lord and his God!" Benási Sing is to accompany Jacob from Allahábad.

Packed; and after dinner had to wait some time as they had sent no bearers for Miss M. After family worship we started about ten P.M. It was exceedingly cold. We arrived at —— Bungalow about half-past eight A.M. Just after starting again, we passed divers mosques, a tomb shaded by two palm trees, and a very pretty Hindu temple; they are generally more pointed than Muhammadan buildings. The people are much better, and more gaily clothed, than in Bengal; most

of them have wadded jackets or pelisses, or a good rezai (quilt) to wrap round them. Some of the men wear yellow wadded trousers nearly tight; and many carry arms. Most of the travellers have swords, and one passed us with a musket in a case of scarlet cloth. We have left behind us all the steep-roofed cottages of the lower country. The women fix silver ornaments like stars between their toes, which I suppose is the Hindu version of *Il faut souffrir pour être belle.* It is difficult to give an idea of the picturesque effect of many things that are very uninteresting on paper; for instance, the stately domes of Muhammadan tombs, rising in the midst of the vast plains, impress the mind with an indescribable feeling of solemnity; then an Afghán passes, seated on his camel, and looking like a living representation of Jacob or Isaac; or, late in the evening, in going through a village, we behold a group seated round a fire on one of the raised platforms under a tree, which are so common here, and the flickering light on their many-coloured garments forms a picture that one would like to draw.

Tuesday Evening.—We had a lovely sunset; a grey sky with a fiery sun underneath it, that looked like a molten ruby.

Wednesday, February 3rd.—We passed Bewár Bungalow without stopping, as it was too early in the morning, and we were an immense distance from Shekoábád, the bungalows here being about forty miles apart, we determined on stopping at Mainpúrí, and breakfasting with the Unwins. We did so, and had a most cordial welcome from them; they pressed us to stay the day, but that was not possible. It was quite pleasant to find that their nice little girl could only speak English. She has a European nursery-maid. Children learn so much evil, and are so much out of their mother's control when they speak Hindustaní, which they generally do more fluently than English, and often to the exclusion of it, that I wonder how any ladies can neglect this point. We started again at two P.M., and did not find it at all warm—on the contrary

the sharp cutting wind made a cloak needful. Saw some native palkis, pretty gaudy things which I must draw for you. We reached Shekoábád late that evening —stopped only long enough to take tea and bestow a candle, a fowl, and a loaf, on two Queen's officers who were in the other half of the bungalow. Passed a curious Faqír's tomb, a hexagon building connected with a similar one, I suppose to his wife, by a bridge. The effect was very pleasing; both buildings were surrounded by water.

CHAPTER IV.

First View of Agra—The Taj by Moonlight—Akbar's Tomb—Æsthetic Religion—Chaplain—Baptist Chapel—The Fort and Mullah—Sikhs—Arsenal—A Temperance Serjeant—Mr. Pfander—The Sabbath—Lutheran Missionaries—The Convent—Alipur—Dehli—Old King's Palace—Italian Artists—Moti Musjid—Gardens—Jamma Musjid——Pigeons—Nadir Shah—Safdar Jang's Tomb—Architecture—Kutab—Legend of Pithor-a-Sing's Daughter—Moghuls—Muhammad Toglak—Nizam ud Din's Well—Arab Serai—Shrine—Tombs—Well—Ruins Humaiun's Tomb—Marriage Procession—Cow killed—A Brahman's Opinion of Romanism—Cantonments—Dulu—Karnal—Dancing Snakes—Beggar on Horseback—Amballa—Thief Hanging—Sirhind—Loodiana—American Mission.

AGRA, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 4TH, 1847.—It was a cold clear day, like a March morning in England, when we approached Agra; even the cattle were all clothed, and I was amused at the sight of a poor little calf in rags. Suddenly, about five miles from Agra, C. cried out that the Táj was in sight, and there, in the midst of the barren, rugged country, with nothing but tufts of dry grass and thistles to adorn the sandy plains and stony ravines, appeared the Táj like a fairy palace in a desert, its dazzling white dome and minarcts bathed in sunlight. The effect was magical. It was often hidden as we pursued our way, but at each new vista it seemed more beautiful. Buildings, some in ruins, some perfect, the remains of the age when the Muhammadan power had reached its height in the person of Akbar, when Akbárabad (the Muhammadan name for Agra) grew in beauty and magnificence under the eye of her imperial founder, and when the great nobles of

the Court vied with each other, as much in the splendour of their tombs as in their palaces. On the right, close to the rough bridge of boats, we saw the Mausoleum of Itimah-u-Doulah, the Vazir of Shah Jehán.

We crossed the Jamna and proceeded to Mr. Edmonstone's house. A turn in the road showed us the Palki and Banghy Bardárs (Pittarreh carriers) in front: they formed a very gay procession, with the yellow and pink covers of the Pitarrehs, the yellow or green jackets, and red turbans of the men. We passed the most beautiful snow-white cow I ever saw. She was fully sixteen hands high, and was led by three men, being, I conclude as vicious as she was beautiful. Her statcly walk, beautiful high caste head, and large black eyes, reminded one of the milk-white heifers that the Greeks offered to their gods. Mr. and Mrs. E. were at the wedding of Major H. G.; when they returned we found a most pleasing and hospitable host and hostess. After dinner they took us to see the Táj by moonlight. We alighted at a magnificent gateway and beheld this unequalled building at the end of an avenue of cypresses. The walk from the gate to the tomb is a quarter of a mile long. The Táj stands in a garden enclosed by a quadrangular wall of red stone. Opposite the gateway is a quadrangle of white marble, from the four corners of which spring snow-white minarets, and in the centre, raised on a stately terrace, is the pure noble dome of the Táj itself. At the back runs a terrace overlooking the Jamna—on either hand is a fine mosque of red stone, but no description can give any idea of the wondrous beauty of this matchless monument. No building that I have ever seen comes near it except the Cathdral of Cologne. St. Peter's is not to be named in the same breath as regards the exterior. Its exquisite symmetry, its spotless colour, looking as if it were carved in snow, and its lovely situation (secluded in the midst of a stately garden, full of trees, flowers, fountains, and paved walks), make the Táj more like a vision of beauty than a reality. The sight of it makes one's chest expand and one's heart swell: it almost lifts

one off the earth. C. put his plaid on the steps of the beautiful summer-house, on the right hand side of the Táj, and there I sat to feast my eyes by gazing on it. It was nearly midnight when we reached home.

Friday, February 5th. — At four P.M. drove to Sekandra, where the Church Missionary Society have a school for orphans of both sexes. We saw only that for girls: they were busily employed in works of different kinds, knitting and plaiting straw, but there was no teacher present. The boys work at a printing-press. I sketched the gateway of red stone, roofed with deep, blue, green, and gold coloured tiles, which now forms part of the Missionary's dwelling, and we then went to Akbár's Tomb. The entrance is by a magnicent gateway of red stone, inlaid with white marble and stones of various colours in complicated patterns, but disfigured by enormous painted flowers in imitation of Mosaic, with white minarets at each corner. There are three similar buildings at the other side of the garden, only they serve as alcoves instead of gateways. The lattice work of the garden wall which connects them is most beautiful and varied, though much of it is broken, and the arches themselves partly in ruins. From the entrance a paved walk leads to the tomb itself, a stupendous pile consisting of three quadrangular terraces of red stone, surmounted by a fourth of white marble. On what may be called the ground-floor, are chambers containing the tombs of Akbár's daughters, and other members of his family, of white marble, with inscriptions and carvings in bas relief, and adorned with beautiful mosaic of pietra dura. There were flowers lying on most of them. In a vault beneath is the sarcophagus, containing the mortal remains of Akbar the Great. A rich covering was spread over it, on which flowers were strewn, and above it hangs a lamp.

In all these mausoleums the real tombs are below, while the monument, which is a fac simile of the former, is in the upper part of the building. There is a minaret at each corner of every terrace, and every part is admirably carved. The greatest beauty of the edifice

is the uppermost story, which is of the purest marble, surrounded by arcades, which I suppose are nearly unequalled in the world: the outer wall is a marble lattice of the most delicate open work, although an inch and a half in thickness. Each division is of a different pattern, and the pillars and arches are adorned with arabesques and inscriptions in bas relief. The pavement of the court, which is surrounded by this colonnade, is the only coloured part about it—it is composed of different marbles, and is open to the sky. The monument is in the centre, with a font-shaped stand for holding a light at the head of it; both are of white marble, and remarkable for their elegance. The tomb is inlaid with the ninety-nine names of the Most High (as the King, the most Merciful, the Compassionate, the Omnipotent) in black marble; surely a more suitable inscription in the presence of death than fulsome panegyrics on the departed. No letters are so graceful as the Arabic, so that they form a beautiful ornament wherever they are used. Although exposed to sun and rain the whole is as fresh and unspotted as if just completed: never was a more beautiful mausoleum erected; the Táj alone excepted. From every terrace there is an extended prospect, and the whole building stands like the Táj in a garden of flowers. These stately tombs illustrate the description in Isaiah, xiv. 18, of the Kings of the Nations, lying "in glory—every one in his own house."

Saturday, February 5th.—Mrs. E., Miss M., and I drove to see the Táj, which is as beautiful by daylight as by the moonbeams. I sketched it from the gateway: a lovely vista. Between the two paved raised walks, bordered by cypresses, is a channel of water, with fountains. At the back of the cypresses are beds of flowers in full beauty, the different plots being divided by stone borders of fantastic patterns, the regularity of which connect the garden more completely with the building; and behind these again are broad, paved walks, where we enjoyed the most refreshing shelter from the noonday sun. I give up in despair all hopes

of conveying any adequate idea of the beauty of the architecture, of the inlaid marble terraces, the fine old trees, the delightful verdure, and above all, of the chaste unsullied majesty of the dome itself. In a vault beneath lies Múmtáz Begum, and on her right a loftier and larger tomb to her husband Shah Jehán. Above, the mausoleum consists of a glorious vault, in the centre of which stands her monument, with his in the same position as below. Each tomb is of the usual simple form—a narrow raised parallelogram, perfectly plain, not unlike what Scipio's tomb would be without the cornice, and inlaid like the whole of the interior with flowers of bloodstone, lapis-lazuli, agates, and other precious stones, forming the most beautiful mosaic. Over the tomb hangs an ostrich egg. Both monuments had flowers laid on them, and are surrounded by an octagonal screen of the most lovely fairy-like open work. The walls are, as it were, panelled with bas-reliefs of tulips and other flowers, in white marble, surmounted by arabesques in costly mosaic, and around the dome are four beautiful apartments embellished with no less care. Such is the perfect art manifested throughout, that although every part is, when closely viewed, brilliant with colour, and though the exterior is adorned with inscriptions from the Kurán, in black marble letters of colossal size, yet this in no way mars the general effect of the whole building as one of dazzling whiteness, while it relieves the eye when near from the tedium of travelling over unbroken heights and depths of, as it were, unvaried snow. How strange it is that the architects of most of the finest buildings in the world remain unknown!

We visited one of the side mosques, which is built of red stone inlaid with white, and stands on a lower elevation than the Táj, and then returned to the gateway, just as my husband arrived with Mr. Pfander, the German Church Missionary, a short, stout man with a most benevolent expression, who has distinguished himself greatly by his controversial writings against Muhammadanism, especially the "Mizán ul Haq," which was

the means of enlightening Músá and Ibráhím. I went back to the Táj with them. We met some Panjábis, very fine looking men (one of them with bright crimson trousers, small pink turban, and white chaddah), who were gratified by our asking them to enter with us. They all made salám to the tomb of Múmtáz Begum and her imperial husband. When they had departed, C. sang a verse to try the echo, the most beautiful I ever heard. It is so perfect that it gives the idea of a choir of spirits in the air.

We then went to the terrace at the back of the Táj, to enjoy the view of the noble river flowing beneath, and of the picturesque city, embosomed in trees beyond. Some say, I believe on very slight grounds, that it was the intention of Shah Jehán to erect a similar mausoleum for himself on the opposite bank of the river, and to connect the two by a bridge of white marble; but one cannot regret that he did not execute this plan, for one feels that any addition to the Táj would be a superfluity. The gateway would be considered a most magnificent work anywhere else, but here it is a mere appendage; it is chiefly red, inlaid with white. I do not think an unprejudiced person could, after visiting the Táj, attach any value to the kind of religious feeling which is produced by external objects affecting the senses. Here a Muhammadan building excites in the highest degree those emotions of rapture which, by a natural transition, melt into the spurious poetic devotion which is aroused by the "long-drawn aisles" and "dim religious light" of an ancient cathedral: this shows that these feelings are purely natural. A heathen can feel them—a Muhammadan architect or an infidel poet can excite them; therefore they have no claim to be considered as Christian or as religious feelings at all, in any other sense than as springing from those tendencies to wonder and reverence, which are implanted in every one who has a heart. Rightly did our Presbyterian forefathers act in stripping the worship of God of all that could delude the worshipper, by exciting those poetic emotions which too often pass current, with those who experience them,

for the true devotion of the heart to that God who "dwelleth not in temples made with hands." How would a woman value that love, or a friend that friendship, which owed its origin, and depended for its existence on the magnificence of an apartment, or the beauty of the scenery in which they dwell? How can we imagine, then, that this spurious kind of devotion is acceptable to Him who searcheth the heart, and who sees that it exists so often in souls alienated from Him, and "enemies in their mind by wicked works?"

We drove towards the tomb of Itimah-u-Doulah, which is on the other side of the river. Mr. Pfander told us a good deal about the mission here. He is at the head of the church of which the venerable Musalman convert Abdúl Masíh* formerly had the care, but of which only a few of the original members now remain at Agra, as after the death of that true "Servant of Christ" they were left without a pastor for nine years. The number of Christians in communion with the missionaries of the Church of England is about 300, including the orphans. There are about sixty Christian families. The American Presbyterians have lately established a mission here, but both ministers are now absent, and the Baptist labour on the opposite side of the city. Mr. Pfander and his colleagues have lately been very successful in the neighbouring villages, having recently received an addition of about fifty converts. The Romanists have had a small native church here since the days of Akbar, but they make no new converts, except among Europeans and half-castes. They are building a fine cathedral. The priests are chiefly Italians; they do not interfere with the Protestant missionaries, though they always laugh and sneer when they meet any of them preaching. All the Protestant mission have day-schools, but Mr. Pfander complains sadly of the want of proper teachers. Very few persons of high caste have become converts up the country, for

* Servant of Christ.

here all the native prejudices remain in much greater vigour than in Calcutta, neither have the missionaries laboured so long.

Mr. Pfander thinks that one great reason why so few Muhammadans have been converted is, that they are only just beginning to find out that they are not the first people in Asia in point of science and learning,—a hard lesson for them to learn after their pre-eminence had been so long undisputed; but he thinks the fields are beginning to ripen for the harvest, although they may be said to be more backward in Agra than in Calcutta.

We reached the tomb of Itimah-u-Doulah, and passing through a small garden, came to a slope of variegated marbles, over which a stream used to flow into the fountain beneath. There is a beautiful reservoir in front of the tomb on the terrace above. This mausoleum is smaller, but more elaborately adorned with painting than either of those we have seen. The mosaics have been in a great degree destroyed by the Mahrattas, who picked out the beautiful bloodstones and agates of which they were composed. On the ground-floor are the tombs of the Vazír and his wife in the centre apartment, the ceilings and walls of which were formerly resplendent with gold and richly-coloured arabesques: four or more apartments, similarly adorned, and each containing one or two tombs of other members of their family, surround it. The hall or terrace above has one of the most beautiful pavements I ever saw, of white marble, inlaid with a rich and grand arabesque of very large size in coloured stones, while the screen which surrounds it rivals that of the Táj in beauty. The minarets are peculiarly beautiful, and from one of them we enjoyed a lovely view of the majestic Táj on one hand, of Akbar's tomb, the fort, the river, the Motí Masjíd, and the innumerable tombs and ruins in the neighbourhood of the town, on the other.

Sunday, February 7th, 1849.—C. heard a very good sermon from the chaplain, Mr. Norgate. There is another

good chaplain here, and a third clergyman, who gives no sermon on Sacrament Sunday, and, when he does preach, follows the practice of a chaplain at * * * who boasted that he could "polish you off a sermon in twelve minutes."

The missionaries preach only in Hindustaní, with the exception of the Baptist missionary, who has a small chapel close to where we were. We were informed none but karánís, *i. e.*, clerks, went there; but this did not frighten us away. The service began at half-past six. Seeing the table prepared for the Communion, C. went to the vestry to inquire if we could partake of it. He explained to the missionary who we were, that I was a member of the Free Kirk, and Miss M. of the Church of England. Mr. Lish, the minister, who is an East Indian, said that usually they required three or four days' notice, that they might learn something of the character of the parties wishing to communicate; but that he would consult with his elder, Mr. Frazer (a Presbyterian); and they both came to the conclusion, that as we were travellers, and had so recently communicated with the Free Church in Calcutta, there could be no objection. Mr. Lish preached an excellent discourse on "Behold, I lay in Zion a chief corner stone," &c. He then informed the congregation who we were, and where we were going; mentioned our wish to partake of the Lord's Supper with them; and, in one of the prayers during the Sacrament, implored the Divine blessings specially on us, prayed for the furtherance of our journey, and for our future reunion with those present before the Throne of God. It was such a simple Scriptural way of receiving strangers, you could fancy Titus and Timothy acting thus. At the conclusion of the service, Mr. Lish took his seat at the table, and, after prayer (during which the congregation knelt) we resumed our seats, and the bread was distributed by an elder. Mr. Lish prayed again, and the cup was brought round; and, after a concluding prayer, we ended by singing my favourite fifteenth doxology:

"May the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favour,
Rest upon us from above!
May we now abide in union,
With each other and the Lord,
And enjoy in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford."

The chapel was well filled; but no one looked like a gentleman except one officer, who communicated. Whenever I hear that the rich go to one preacher, and the poor to another, I conclude that the latter is the most evangelical and the best minister. A native woman partook of the Sacrament. After the service, Mr. Lish told us that the lives of the converts are generally very satisfactory; they have no very great success, but enough to encourage them and make them grateful. We did not return until past eight, and found our hosts had very kindly waited dinner for us.

Monday, February 8th.—Drove to the fort, which is very fine: it was taken by Lord Lake from the Mahrattas at the beginning of this century. We drove through three courts, and alighted at a flight of steps. Passing through a handsome gateway, we found ourselves in the court of the Motí Masjíd, or Pearl Mosque, which is worthy of its name. This is surrounded by colonnades of white marble, with a tank in the middle: the mosque itself occupies the fourth side of the square. It is raised above the level of the court, and is paved with huge slabs of white marble, each of which is inlaid with a slender line, like the outline of a pointed window, and destined for one worshipper. The mosque is open to the court, and composed of three aisles, running parallel to the spectator's eye, the contrary way to those of our churches. There are of course three domes; and in the interior is a flight of four or five steps of white marble, on the top of which the mullah sits to read and expound the law, while the sovereign and his court meekly sit on the floor. At either end are marble lattices delicately carved, behind which the ladies of the harem could see and hear without being seen.

We ascended the roof under the guidance of a courteous mullah, and risked our precious persons, as he daily risks his, by scrambling up a rude ladder to one of the minarets, from whence we had a bird's eye view of the fort, and also of the ever-beautiful Táj, and the other adornments of the city. The said mullah, instead of being a portly man in white, as one fancies all mullahs ought to be, was dressed in a blue garment, lined with orange and trimmed at the sleeves with white fur; a yellow rezai with red flowers, lined with blue, with a crimsom border to the lining, was wrapped round the upper part of his body. He had a small white turban; but told us when he was officiating he always wore a white robe.

In front of the mosque is a long inscription in colossal Arabic letters of black marble. We next went to the palace, which is also within the fort. In the little garden we met some Penjábis, attendants on Rájáh Lal Sing, who is immured here. They were remarkably fine-looking men, both in feature and height, and very courteous and respectful in manner. C. complimented them on their fidelity to their chief, which delighted them greatly, so that they burst out into a perfect chorus of words, patted and stroked him; and, while he was showing them my opera-glass, through which they were all eager to look, one of them continued stroking him on the back as if he had been some soft furry creature. They stared at Miss M. and me; and one, an old man with a long grey beard, came round to have a better view at us.

After seeing the Diwán-í-Khás, or Hall of Nobles, where the sovereign used to hold his Darbár, C. invited them to accompany us into the vaults. We first saw the Shish-Mahál, or looking-glass palace, a beautiful hall, the walls of which are covered with thousands of little mirrors with silver flowers embossed on them, while every here and there a portion of blue and gold or crimson and gold is introduced—the mirror part forming the ground of the flowers. Much is broken and defaced, but enough remains to give one an idea of

the brilliant effect it must have had when lighted up. Opposite the entrance of the principal hall is a cascade, or rather a place in the wall, over which a cascade used to flow into a deep bath beneath. Behind the cascade are double rows of niches, wherein lamps used to be placed—imagine how pretty it must have looked.

We then descended into a narrow passage, with a torch bearer for our guide, and climbing up to a low archway, about four feet from the ground, we jumped down on the other side into a vaulted apartment, very much like one of the Halls of the Inquisition. Here any of the hapless women of the harem, who incurred the suspicion or dipleasure of her lord, was hung upon a black beam which still traverses the apartment, and when life was extinct, the once admired form was cut down and suffered to drop into a deep well beneath, from whence it floated into the Jamna. The well is now nearly choked up, and the air was poisoned with the smell of the bats who infest the place—fit emblems of the evil deeds committed there. The very Sikhs seemed to look with pity on a spot whence so many souls have parted in anguish for a land of darkness. After all, these deeds of cruelty do not shock one so much when resulting from human passion as when committed under pretext of doing either God or man service, as in those dark places of the earth, the Inquisitions at Venice and elsewhere.

On emerging we were led through many passages where the ladies used to play at hide and seek, and which were probably also used for keeping the royal treasures. These passages led to half dark apartments, where the inmates of the Zenáná bathed in the heats of summer. We then re-ascended to the upper chambers, of which it is vain to attempt any description. They are realizations of the "Arabian Nights." There are innumerable halls and chambers, the former open on three sides, and supported on beautiful pillars, richly inlaid with Florentine mosaic; the walls are covered with flowers and arabesques painted on the marble, in a kind of raised lacquer, with much gilding; they are also panelled with

flowers in bas-relief, among which the lily is conspicuous, probably introduced here, and also in the Táj and the Motí Musjíd, by the Italian artist, out of devotion to the Virgin. Many of these halls have cascades, baths, or fountains, paved with mosaic, or little marble watercourses running through them. There are numberless smaller rooms for sleeping apartments, and for the retainers of the Court; and terraces on the roof, shaded by marble lattices of the most delicate open-work, used during the hot nights of summer.

From the marble balcony of a beautiful projecting circular apartment, there is a lovely view of the city, interspersed with trees, of the noble river, and of all the finest buildings in the neighbourhood. Many of these are in ruins, but we were told that the remains of subterranean passages still exist, by which the ladies of the Royal Zenáná might visit those of all the principal nobles, whenever they pleased. At the top of another terrace is a marble seat, with very high steps to it, from the Palace Court below. Here the Vazír sat, and administered justice or injustice, "according to faculty," or reviewed troops. Probably it was from such a seat that the king in the Arabian tales beheld his daughter's contest with the magician, when she transformed herself into a cock, and ate up her antagonist in the shape of pomegranate seeds. We saw a small praying place for the inferior women servants, and lastly a miniature Motí Masjíd of white marble with three domes, for the great ladies or Begums (pray pronounce bégoom). Here one of our attendants was sharply reprimanded by a brother Mussulman for daring to enter the house of prayer with his shoes on. They expect nothing better from us, but condemn it in each other.

We next went to see the Díwán-i-Am, or Common Hall (you may translate it Court of Common Pleas) where, in a raised chamber in the wall, about ten feet from the ground, the Sovereign gave audience to his poor liege men. It is now approached by a temporary flight of steps on each side, and occupied by a marble

sofa and two arm chairs, inlaid with colours, and partly gilt, a present from some neighbouring Rajah to Lord Ellenborough, who held a mock regal court here on his return from the north-west frontier, and had the bad taste to put up his arms *over* those of the Company, and to insert them in some of the Palace windows, just as a private would scrawl his name in charcoal on the walls! and with as much right!

This hall is now the armoury, and at one end are the notorious Somnath gates; they are of sandal wood, and must have been beautiful specimens of carving before they were so much defaced. Two Sikhs, one of them a perfect model for a painter, with bare arms and enveloped in a huge rezai (quilt), followed us everywhere, and with the chaprásís and others, inspected everything with the greatest attention, and listened with much interest to C.'s account of the newly invented gun-cotton; our Sikh friend with the quilt especially seemed to think the hiqmats, or tricks of science, of the Sáhib Lóg perfectly astonishing.

Leaving the arsenal, C. stopped to speak to an old sergeant of horse artillery, who remarked that when he entered the army a man was punished if he did not take his allowance of spirits—it was called contempt of the Company! "We were first taught to drink, sir," said he, "and then punished for being drunkards!" A man is now allowed money instead of spirits, if he prefers it. The sergeant gave it as his decided opinion, that in no case whatever do men require strong drink, except for hospital purposes; under the very hardest work they are better and stronger with nothing but water. On our way home we stopped at the Jamma Masjid, which is very large, with a fine tank in the middle of the court; but being built of red sandstone, which is apt to crumble, part of the colonnade has fallen down, and the whole of the pavement of the mosque is in course of repair.

Mr. Pfander dined with us: he is from Würtemberg, where religion has always been more general than in any other part of the empire; but he said that the great

improvement in this respect had been of late most remarkable in Prussia, which some years ago had become almost entirely infidel. He recommended "Tholuck's Sermons."

Speaking of the state of religion in Germany led us to mention the observation of the Sabbath, and we discovered that Mr. Pfander held the usual German doctrine, that the fourth Commandment is not binding on Christians, but that the first day of the week is to be observed more as an ordinance of the Church than for any other reason, all days being alike to Christians. We had a long discussion on this point, but he took no notice of the reasons we brought forward for believing all the commandments of perpetual obligation, because given by the mouth of God, and written by His finger on Sinai, as also from the words of our Lord,—"I am not come to destroy the law, &c." He fulfilled the ceremonial law, which by its very nature (being a prophecy in symbols) was incapable of being fulfilled or realized more than once; but it is impossible so to fulfil the moral law, which is the expression of the Divine will regarding right and wrong, so as to destroy its obligations. "Christ was to die, and he was the end of the moral law for righteousness to all that believe;" but He established its authority as a rule of life, Romans iii. 31. The reason given for the institution of the Sabbath, Gen. ii., still exists, and the fact that the Sabbath was "made for man," shows that man is to enjoy it until the end of the world; while the Sabbaths spoken of in Col. ii. 16, are evidently the Jewish Sabbaths which accompany their feasts, for the word is never used in the plural without the article, when it means the weekly Sabbath. In vain we lent him Haldane's excellent Paper on the Sanctification of the Sabbath, in the third volume of his Work on the Romans: he returned it the next day, with a note containing a long quotation from Baumgarten, in which the latter asserts, that "the rigid Scottish keeping of the Sabbath is a transgression of the law!" He quoted a great deal more about our

freedom from the command, and yet our obligation to observe it in a certain degree, which seemed to me very unsatisfactory and unsupported by Scripture. It makes one bless His name for having appointed our lot in a nation which, of all others, acknowledges the Divine obligation of the Sabbath-day. Do read Haldane's Paper—it is the best I have seen.

As there are more candidates for Mission work in Germany than there are in the Church of England, the latter is glad to avail herself of the services of Lutheran Ministers, whom she ordains and adopts as her own; but devoted as most of them are to their work, it is surely a matter of some importance that they believe in consubstantiation, baptismal regeneration (though not to the Puseyite and Romish extent) and that they deny the Divine authority of the Christian Sabbath. These are doctrines held and taught by our friend Professor Graul, the head of the Mission Institution at Dresden, and the Divine obligation of the Sabbath is, I have been informed by Dr. W——g, *generally*, if not universally, denied even at the Basle College from whence so many missionaries issue. I have known some German missionaries (among them the Rev. Mr. Krückeberg, of the Church Mission, and Mr. Sternberg) who are thoroughly sound on these points, and I believe strictly observe the Sabbath; and the views of others on the Sacraments are often essentially modified by intercourse with their brethren of different orthodox denominations (for the Church of England Lutherans are generally remarkable for their Catholic spirit towards other Christians); but still, the above are the doctrines to be expected from a Lutheran, and the Church of England, by adopting the Missionaries, becomes responsible for the doctrines they teach.

I may add, that for self-devoted zeal none can surpass the German Missionaries. Many come to the country (some sent out by Pastor Gossner of Berlin) without any settled means of support, and if their lives are spared, continue labouring upon a casual pittance

raised by the sympathy of those Christians who are aware of their circumstances. A very large proportion have fallen victims to toils and privations which a better acquaintance with the climate would have shown them could not be attempted without throwing away their lives. For instance, some have essayed to travel on foot, others to maintain themselves by field labour and in the burning plains of Bengal; they have denied themselves the essential luxuries of Phankahs and Tattís, under the idea that it would be self-indulgent to use them. In one instance near Calcutta, the luggage-cart of a party of Missionaries stuck in a river. They harnessed themselves and dragged it through, an act of amazing temerity in a country where five minutes' exposure to the sun has sometimes caused death. In another instance, the wife of an officer, finding that the newly arrived Missionaries ate no meat, supplied them from her own farmyard. They sold the ducks and fowls for the benefit of the Mission; but she was as determined in her care for them as they were in self-denial, so she sent them the poultry ready for table, which obliged them to eat it.

The German Evangelical Mission in Southern India has twenty-nine male and about sixteen female Missionaries, and yet the *whole* expense is only 4888*l.* per annum, each Missionary taking barely sufficient to live upon.

Mr. Pfander tells us that one day he was detained in the city by a storm until it was quite dark; when he set out he discovered that the Sáís, who ought to have led the horse, as the carriage (a common Palkígárí) could not be driven, was moon blind, and could not see in the least, Mr. Pfander was therefore obliged to lead the Sáís, who led the horse, and thus they reached home. Eating goats' liver is said to be a remedy for moon blindness.

February 9th.—We drove to the house of the R. C. Bishop to get permission to see the Convent. He was at dinner, so that I only caught a glimpse of a very fine beard, as he came out on the terrace to speak to the

gentlemen. He is an Italian, Borghi by name. We then proceeded to the Convent; where, after waiting some time in a verandah overlooking a farmyard, with sundry Palkígáris and some remarkably fine cattle, we were joined by two nuns robed in black, the elder a Frenchwoman, the younger Irish; they conducted us through a very neat garden to the school for Europeans, some of whom are Protestants! The nuns asserted they were never interfered with in religious matters, but I have since had positive proof that (as is very natural) *all* means are used by the nuns to influence their pupils in favour of Popery. Their dormitory was scrupulously neat and clean; there are about seventeen nuns of the order of Jesus and Mary, *i. e.* Jesuits. The Abbess was absent, having gone to meet four new English nuns who had just arrived from Europe.

There are about forty European young ladies, who with the school for natives and for soldiers' children (both of which we visited) make up about one hundred children under the exclusive care of the sisterhood. The native girls make artificial flowers beautifully. The nun who had charge of the soldiers' children was a very pleasing little Frenchwoman. They all seemed very fond of a little orphan of two years old of whom they have charge. What a comfort to nuns to have the charge of children! Miss S. spoke to our Irish conductress about her health, which seemed to suffer from the confinement of the Convent. She answered with forced gaiety: "What does it matter? We only go a little sooner." We all noticed the restless, unsatisfied expression of countenance of these poor prisoners. Came home; packed and started about seven o'clock. We now feel quite settled the moment we return to our pálkís and dák life, it is much more quiet and regular than when we stop anywhere.

Wednesday, February 10th.—We arrived at Alighar about nine o'clock. Mr. T., the Commissioner, could not take us in, his house being turned inside out by plasterers and painters, but sent us a basket of flowers and vegetables to the Dák Bungalow, which is the best

we have seen, having been formerly the Commissioner's kacherí or office. Dr. Paton asked us to luncheon, and Mrs. Paton sent me a pretty bouquet of the English flowers of the season. We left Alighar about half-past six: it has a fort which was taken after the whole grenadier company of one regiment had been swept away.

Thursday, February 11.—Arrived this morning at Sikandra Bungalow about eight o'clock. The Indian squirrels, which are very numerous and pretty, are very small with three black stripes down the back. We left Sikandra too soon, at half-past five, and reached Delhi, about thirty-six miles, by three P.M. Finished our sleep in the compound of the Dák Bungalow, and then, after partaking of tea made on the top of the Palkí, Miss M. proceeded to her brother's house, and we to that of Mr. R., of the Civil Service. Mrs. R. is not well, but Miss W., her sister, conducted me to a comfortable tent. On our way hither we passed under the walls of the Palace of Delhi, with two very fine gateways. The wall, instead of being a blank, as ours generally are, is ornamented at the top with a sort of Vandyk scollop, which improves it greatly. The difference in the people as we get up the country is very remarkable. Here they are a fine athletic race of men, as tall as Europeans, and much fairer than the Bengális; this accounts for the height of the Bengalis Sepáhis, none of whom are natives of Bengal Proper. Delhi strikes me as being the finest city we have yet seen. Benáres is the most picturesque, being the most thoroughly Hindu. Agra has the most beautiful buildings, but Delhi is more like a great Múhammadan capital. We passed an immense tank of red stone, and several fine aqueducts, or raised stone canals, running through the city. The appearance of one of them as it rolled its mass of waters under overshadowing trees for a great distance was very beautiful. The turbans worn here are very small, and of the gayest colours; rose colour seems a favourite hue.

On asking if gentlemen could visit the old King, I

found that Lord Ellenborough had forbidden the presentation of Nazzars to him, and since that time, he has never sat in his great Hall of Audience, nor received any one. How petty it is to fret an old man of seventy-six by refusing to allow third persons to pay him the usual mark of homage. If every one in India brought him a Nazzar what harm could it do us? On the contrary, the more reverence is shown to him the more important is he in our hands.

We had a very pleasant drive in the evening with Mrs. R. and Miss W. over very bad roads, but rather pretty country, to a hill from whence we had a view of the cantonments. Saw many wild peacocks close to the road, and a flock of wild geese over our heads. Passed the house of Hindu Rao, a Mahratta chief, a very intelligent man and great sportsman, very fond of the British.

Saturday, February 13th.—Rose at gun-fire, *i. e.*, dawn; drove to the palace, which is surrounded by a noble wall of red stone. On our way we passed the English church built by Colonel Skinner, I suppose, in his public capacity, for in his private character he erected a mosque just opposite. The palace gateway, C. said, somewhat resembles the Char Chowk, or Great Bazár at Kábul, but this is much handsomer. It is very long, so that one takes some time in driving through it, and a good deal like what bazárs are at home, an arcade with small shops on each side. The court beyond would be very handsome were it in proper order, but the channel for water which crosses it is broken and dry. Here some Chobdars, men with silver sticks, met us, without whom no one can enter the palace, within whose precincts no one is allowed to use that emblem of royalty a parasol or umbrella; I, therefore, covered my bonnet with a shawl.

We left the carriage and walked into the second court where the Diwán-i-ám is situated. Over the second gateway, and facing the King's throne, is a gallery for a band of musicians. The Diwán-i-ám is an open hall supported on pillars, and filled with servants sleeping

on their charpáis or native beds, which are just four-footed frames, with cord or broad tape to lie upon. It was also crowded with Palkís and Tonjons (the latter are like the body of a small gig, with a pole before and behind, and are carried on men's shoulders), belonging to the royal family. Some must have been very handsome. The present king, Bahàdar Shah, has eighty sons and daughters, and although his income is very large, it is all swallowed up by so numerous a family. The throne is a canopy of marble, supported on four pillars, richly gilt and inlaid, projecting from a small chamber in the hall, the whole of which is beautifully inlaid with birds, fruits, and flowers in Florentine Mosaic; and over the door behind the throne, through which the King was wont to enter, is a Mosaic copy of Raffaelle's Apollo playing on the violin: this, with many other circumstances, proves that Shah Jehán employed Italian architects. On the bronze gates, which are exactly like some of the fine church doors in Italy, are lilies, such as are so often used as emblematical of the Virgin. Among the birds on the walls of the throne-chamber is a very good Mosaic of a bullfinch, a bird quite unknown in India. Beneath the throne is a very handsome white marble table, from which all the precious work is *in pietra dura* has been picked out by the Mahratas. On this the Vázir used to stand, and thus hand up petitions to the Sovereign, who, from his elevated seat, had a view of both courts of the Palace, so that one understands how a petitioner could make salám to the King on entering the *outer* court.

Passing through the third court we came to the fourth, where the Dewan-i-Khás or Hall of State is situated. Like all other Halls, Mosques, Minárs,—I might almost say every kind of Múhammadan building,—it is raised on a chabútra or platform about three feet high, which is admirably carved, as is likewise a marble railing in front of it. The scarlet awnings which used to extend from its façade halfway across the court, are now sadly discoloured and faded. The hall is sup-

ported on massive columns of white marble, the lower part of which is inlaid like the throne in the Déwán-i-Am with precious Mosaic of flowers, and the upper adorned with gilding. The richly variegated ceiling has been much injured by the Mahrattas. A canal of water runs through half of this magnificent hall, and in the centre, on a dais of white marble, formerly stood the famous peacock throne which was carried off by Nadir Shah.

Behind the throne are marble lattices overlooking the broad Jamna and the surrounding country. In the centre one there is a seat for the King formed of one huge block of alabaster. On one side of this once-unequalled throne-room is a smaller hall where the King usually sits to administer justice. A pair of scales adorn the wall. The pardahs or curtains between the pillars are torn and faded. The old King retains no authority beyond the precincts of the Palace: his estates are under the management of the Governor-General's Agent, who obtains for the aged monarch a much larger revenue than the dishonesty and bad management of his own people ever allowed him to receive from the same lands. The palace garden would be very fine if it were in tolerable order; but neither the King nor the Government of India like to pay for repairs. It is extensive, and intersected with broad shady walks, with canals and fountains on every side. In some parts the water runs under a pavement in which open patterns are cut of stars and other devices. There were few flowers, and those common ones. We saw a fine bath of a single block of marble; and on each side of the garden is a large summer-house, one of which is called Sawan, and the other Bhádon, from the two rainy months, which begin about the middle of July and end the middle of September. The reason is that these halls (which are raised a good height from the ground) have not only fountains all round them, but a large deep square bath in the centre, each side of which is full of niches for lamps, over which the water falls to the depth of about five feet. There is a large tank in

the centre of the garden, which the present King has spoilt, by erecting a summer-house of red stone in the centre. At the end of one of the canals is a building of some height, as usual, full of lamp niches for a cascade to fall over. As we were not allowed to use our parasols, it was well for us that the garden was so shady.

The present heir apparent of the empire of Akbar the Great lives in a part of the palace which is thatched. The state Palkís (called Nalkís), like the state howdahs, are in the shape of four-post canopies, with an awning in front. They are painted crimson and gold.

We drove out by a part of the palace where the under servants live, something equivalent to "mews" in London. We soon reached the magnificent Jamma Masjíd, which is approached by an immense flight of steps, like those of some of the churches at Venice, only on a more gigantic scale. The whole building is of red stone inlaid with white marble, of which latter material the domes are built.

I forgot to tell you of the King's private chapel, a second Motí Masjíd, in the palace. It is built of the purest marble, beautifully carved, with three gilt domes. Yet even this gem is so far neglected that the small marble tank in front of it was dry, and a handful of long grass growing out of it.

Perhaps I have not made it clear to you, that all eminent mosques form one side of a quadrangle, the other three sides of which are colonnades. Every Masjíd is so built that the worshippers on entering face Mecca, therefore in this country the entrance of every mosque faces the east. The quadrangle of the Jamma Masjíd is immense, the colonnades are open, and the views through them of the city and its trees are very pretty. These are the first open colonnades I have seen. I am inclined to prefer this Masjíd even to the Motí Masjíd of Agra; the latter is most beautiful, but this far exceeds it in simple grandeur. It is a most stately building. Several Mussulmáns were bathing their heads, feet, and hands in the tank in the centre of the

court, and we afterwards saw one at prayer. The prescribed postures are manifold: sometimes he sat on his heels, sometimes prostrated his forehead on the ground, sometimes stood praying, sometimes opened his hands as if reading from them, but it was all done with much more decency, solemnity, and apparent abstraction from outward objects, than is usually seen among Romanist votaries. The pulpit consists of three finely carved marble steps, but it was dirty, and some common pitchers were hidden underneath it. There is another pulpit of marble of a different shape just outside the mosque, this is used on the last day of Ramazán, when the King comes in state to break up the fast, and almost every Mussulman in Delhi is present; the great court, which holds about 12,000 persons, is then filled, and as the voice of the Iman inside would be inaudible to this multitude, another takes his place on the elevated pulpit, and acts as fugleman to the vast crowd present, all of whom kneel, rise, stand, and pray as one man.

Mr. Roberts saw this last October, and said it was a very fine spectacle, but then comes the thought that this worship dishonours God by denying the Trinity in Unity, and lowers the Lord our righteousness to the level of a creature. On the left hand of the Masjíd is an inclosure in which the beard of Múhammad is said to be preserved; there they would not let us enter, whereupon my husband told them it was idolatrous to consider a place more holy where the beard of a man was preserved than the mosque where they worshipped God himself, &c. The semicircular recess in the centre of the mosque contains divers sheets of paper covered with writing. The words being, in some cases, arranged in curious devices so as to form rosettes and other figures (in fact, not unlike specimens of caligraphy at home), the nature of which I curiously inquired. We found they were done by different personages (one by the King, another by the heir apparent, both of whom are great adepts in the art of penmanship), partly out of devotion, the sentences being from the Kurán, and partly perhaps to make their talents public. Divers

little boys were sitting in the colonnades reading, or rather chanting, the Kurán, at the very top of their lungs, and with no more attention than school boys learning the Latin Grammar in England. When I praised the beautiful form of the Arabic letters some time ago, I did not know the difference between these and the Persian: they are the same characters, but the Arabic are upright and much stiffer, while the Persian is a beautiful flowing character which cannot be printed on account of its luxuriant lines, so that *books printed* in Persian are in the Arabic letters, while true Persian can only be lithographed.

We went up to the roof of the Masjíd, and close beneath us saw a sport for which Delhi is famous. On the roof of several houses were men waving little flags to make their flock of pigeons fly, while elder men sat gravely by, smoking. A large hurdle was fixed on the roof for the pigeons to alight upon. When they meet another flock in the air the two parties mingle, and one invariably carries away some from the other. Each flock then returns home, and the owner who has gained some of his neighbour's birds, goes to him and threatens to sell them if they are not ransomed. It was very pretty to watch two, three, and sometimes four flocks of these beautiful birds, of all colours, meeting, mingling, and then parting again. This is a favourite amusement of the old King, many of whose bird-cages were on the top of his Hall of Justice.

We ascended the Minár, which is 150 feet high. The view of the city was very different from that of Benáres; here, although the Hindu half of the population is rather the larger, yet the character of the buildings is Múhammadan; the houses are only two stories high, instead of the lofty edifices at Benáres, and amid the multitude of mosques I only remarked the pointed dome of one Hindu temple.

The streets are the widest we have seen in any native city, many trees are interspersed among the houses, and the aspect of the country, covered with old tombs, not unlike that of the Campagna di Roma. I begin to

think Hindustan is one vast plain; I have not seen a hill since we left the Rájmahál range.

On descending the steps of the Jamma Masjíd we found a group of Afgháns, who, as usual, gazed at us, with much curiosity. In the afternoon these steps are the resort of merchants and sellers of every kind; now, early in the morning, they were occupied by men waiting to be hired, as in the parable of the labourers in the vineyard. Met many in the streets riding on fine oxen. We have done with the Ekká, or one-horse carriage of Bengal, and find instead the Byli, a similar conveyance but drawn by two oxen. Instead of the large white turbans worn lower down the country, the men of Delhi delight in the smallest and brightest varieties of head gear, their turbans being jauntily stuck on one side, generally over the left ear.

We drove through the Chandi Chowk, which is very wide, with an aqueduct in the midst; it is the main street of the city. On one side of it is a little mosque of white marble, with three gilded domes, memorable enough, for when Nadir Shah invaded in 1739, the reigning sovereign of Delhi went out to meet him, they entered the city together, and Nadir quartered his nobles and troops on the inhabitants (being much such a guest as Napoleon proved when he came to give freedom to Germany), but with the strictest order to do no injury. One morning it was bruited about that the dreaded Persian King was dead. Immediately the people of Delhi rose upon his troops, and many of the inhabitants gave up their guests to slaughter. But the lion soon showed he was not dead. Nadir gave the order for indiscriminate massacre. He drew his sword, and sat there in that little mosque, with the symbol of vengeance in his hand, till the streets of Delhi ran red with blood, and the King and his nobles came down from the palace, and besought him to put an end to the work of death. Then Nadir sheathed his sword, and the slaughter was stayed. He returned to Persia laden with the spoil of the imperial city, which had hardly recovered from this misfortune when the Mahrattas

came like a flock of vultures to prey upon the game struck down by the mighty hunter.

Passed a garden, made by the Begum Rushanára, the daughter of Shah Jehán.

Sunday, February 14th.—Mr. R. read prayers, and C. a sermon on "Peace with God," a most admirable one by Rev. Chas. Bradley. We had very heavy rain the previous evening and this morning. Strange for this country, we have had rain after every halt; at Benáres, Cawnpore, Agra, and here. We have also had green peas ever since we landed. The European vegetables flourish only in the cold weather. C. went with the rest of the party to church, a very bad sermon, though the Clergyman is zealous in having service often. At many stations, such as Mainpuri, there is no chaplain. At the latter place Mr. Unwin reads the English Liturgy, and an American Missionary preaches.

They have several small comforts in India which are not so often thought of in England. For instance, only arm-chairs are used at dinner; there are always plenty of footstools in the dining and drawing rooms, and also in the carriages, which is really a comfort. Hot water plates are used at every meal.

Monday, February 15th.—Started soon after gun-fire in a very English fog (Miss M. accompanying us), for the Kutab. The roads all round Delhi are detestable, though Mr. R. is doing his best to get them mended. The country is most interesting; full of ancient tombs and mosques.

We passed a huge ape, "sloping along," as an American would say; there are numbers of wild monkeys in the neighbourhood. About halfway to the Kutab we stopped to see the tomb of Safder Jung, the founder of the present dynasty of Oud, who called in the Mahrattas to deliver the country from the Rohillas. He was Vazir to the King of Delhi, and to this day the people speak of the Sovereign of Laknao, (who is a King of our making) as the Vazir. I did not much admire the tomb; one becomes very fastidious after seeing such admirable buildings as we have lately done.

We changed horses; a Rajah in the city having lent us a pair. Two of his Sálises ran the whole way; it is quite a pleasure to see these men run, they do it so well, very near the ground, and, at the same time, with indescribable lightness, and with a regularity of pace that looks as if they would go on for ever. A Muhammadan woman was standing at the gateway, whose whole dress consisted of a pair of trousers, and a cloth wrapped round her head and the upper part of her body, so that I took her for a man.

We arrived at the Kutab about nine o'clock, and while waiting for breakfast and for Mr. R. (who left us *en route* to inspect a piece of new road, the roads and villages being under his superintendence as magistrate and collector of the district), I went with my husband to look at this famous tower. It is truly magnificent—said to be the highest in the world (not reckoning China), being 246 feet in height. It is built of red stone in five different shafts, each crowned by a gallery of the most exquisite workmanship, and adorned with bands of colossal Arabic inscriptions in relief. It is fluted the whole way up, narrowing as it ascends. The lower story has twenty-seven volutes alternately round and angular; in the next story the volutes are all rounded, in the third all angular. The carving under the galleries I can compare to nothing but the exquisite wood carving of some of the stall canopies in the Belgian churches; at the distance at which we saw it, it looked like lace-work.

The Kutab stands near two courts of a very ancient Hindu temple. Both these courts are surrounded by ruined cloisters, through which we walked. The columns are of fantastic form, something akin to the Egyptian, but wanting their colossal size, being not more than twelve feet high, having slender columns, each differing from the others, and elaborately and delicately carved with figures of their gods, all of which the Muhammadans have conscientiously defaced. Just in the middle of the temple are three magnificent arches, the beginning of a mosque which Shaháb-u-Dín Ghori (cir.

1200 A.D.) intended to build. They are pointed much like the Gothic, and both in majesty of form and extreme delicacy of ornament are most admirable.* The contrast between the Múhammadan and Hindu architecture is very great; the former is as majestic as perhaps man in his fallen state is capable of conceiving; the latter is wholly devoid of this quality, and in spite of the beauty of some minor details, the effect of the whole is grotesque confusion. The pillars are such as one might imagine in an uneasy dream.

It seems as if no mind, unaccustomed to dwell on the Unity of the Godhead, were capable of any truly sublime idea even in temporal things; as if this, the most simple and sublime of all ideas, were needful for the education of the intellect and heart before man can conceive anything of unity and harmony, or represent them in his works. No man can imagine aught higher than that which he worships: in no ancient Greek or Roman building that I have seen is there anything to raise the mind from earth;—their majesty consists chiefly in their size; their harmony is the harmony of earthly beauty, but there is nothing which solemnizes one as a Gothic building does.

Now the Hindu mythology being far beneath that of Rome and Greece (especially as held by their philosophers and artists), their architecture and sculpture is proportionately debased; the latter is worthy of a New Zealand war club, the former is fit for the revels of sorcerers. There is something diabolical in it, and in viewing it one's sympathies are all with the fierce Mussalmans, who gloried in the title of idol-breakers. The only part of the temple I at all admired were two small domes, which the Hindus, being unable to make an arch, formed by laying the stones horizontally one on the top of the other, the top being finished with four pretty shells. In the centre of the temple is an iron pillar, with a Sanscrit inscription, the purport of which is, that as long as this pillar stands, the Ráj or kingdom has not finally departed from the Hindus. The Mú-

* Query.—Did Gothic architecture come from the East?

hammadans therefore endeavoured to melt it, but in vain, and at last desisted from their attempts to destroy it after firing a cannon-ball or two against it. Beyond the mosque is the tomb of Shamshudín Altamsh, one of the slave kings. Its date, according to Elphinstone, must be about A.D. 1240. The tomb itself, which is of white marble, and no doubt carved, has, I grieve to say, been covered with plaster, *out of respect*, and with as much propriety as when Jacob called the Queen *he* for the same reason.

On the other side, close to the kutab, is a magnificent dome, built by Akbar as a college; and passing through it, we came to the tomb of a saint, for whom Akbar had special regard. It is, as usual, within a latticed chamber, beautifully carved. The name of a young officer was scribbled on its walls; just beneath, a few months after, another hand added, "killed at Sobráon." After thoroughly enjoying this interesting walk we were returning, when we met Mr. R. We passed a kind of cupola which Lord Hardinge has very properly had removed from the top of the Kutab, as it formed no part of it originally, but was put up by the British when rebuilding the upper part of the tower, which had been destroyed by lightning.

We found an excellent breakfast awaiting us, Mr. Roberts's servants having started from Delhi about two A.M. with the requisites for it. What a hardship an English servant would think it, to walk twelve miles on such an occasion in the middle of the night! Then, being invigorated, we all returned to the Kutab. The old Chaprási who attended us in the morning was a Ját, a very simple industrious race of Hindu agriculturists who do *not* steal,—for this practice runs very much in families. The Játs are found in Sind, and are the original inhabitants and peasantry of the Punjáb and the protected Sikh States, Lodiana, Firozpûr, Patiale, &c. Dr. Wilson considers them to be the descendants of a Scythian tribe and synonymous with the Getæ. We ascended to the first gallery of the Kutab, and anything so utterly abominable as the odour of the bats

never offended my nostrils before. It made me quite ill, in spite of closing both nose and mouth with my pocket-handkerchief.

It was with some difficulty I could make up my mind to go on, as I was persuaded little more could be seen from the top than from where we were, which proved to be the case; but plainly perceiving that C. would despise my pusillanimity if I did not go, I resolved to do so. He and Mr. Roberts very kindly carried me up the next story on a king's cushion, so that I was able to walk to the top from thence, and found that the bats dwelt chiefly below. War ought to be proclaimed against them instantly. We could not see further than Dehli, but a radius of twelve miles in every direction is not a small one. The whole country is thickly covered with ruins, more or less perfect. Behind the temple are the remains of a huge Hindu fort, underneath whose protection the temple and old Hindu Dehli reposed in safety. A great part of the city still remains, containing as many ruins as houses. This fort belonged to a Rajput chief, and the Hindu legend regarding the erection of the Kutab is this: The chief, Pithora Sing, had a beautiful daughter, and as it is, or was, the custom of the Rajputs never to marry their daughters without a fight, he sent word to Udal Sing, King of Canouj, that he had a marriageable daughter, whom Udal might carry off if he could. Having, in this truly Irish fashion, done his best to get into a scrape, he bethought himself that Udal was a very powerful king, and that it would no longer be safe for the young princess to go daily to the Jamna, about seven miles off, to worship as she had been wont to do. He therefore built the Kutab, from the top of which she could see the Jamna and make Pújá to it as effectually as if she were on its banks; but I am sorry to say I do not know how Udal sped in his wooing. The Rajputs in the neighbourhood say they are descended from Pithora Sing, and there is a standing quarrel between the Hindus and Múhammadans as to who built the Kutab. On the Mussalman side are the Arabic inscriptions, and the fact that many

of the openings for light are arched, which the Hindus were notoriously incapable of doing. But on the other hand, the tower is not on a Chábutra or platform, which all Minárs are. Secondly, the style is unlike that of any other Múhammadan tower, besides which the beginning of a corresponding Minar, not far off, which is undoubtedly the work of Mussalmans, is on a Chábutra, and is one-third larger. The door of the Kutab faces the north instead of the west: the said arches might easily have been added, as they are only one stone deep: and that the inscriptions have been added after the tower was built is manifest by the fact, that another inscription near the base has been begun and left imperfect; thus showing that the original surface of the stones was on a level with the letters which are now in relief. It seems probable (as Mr. Roberts thinks) that this famous tower is a Hindu work, and that the Múhammadan invaders arrived before it was finished and added to it, and then afterwards may have intended to make it one of the Minars of the mosque which they commenced.

We saw men beneath us making salám to the iron lát or pillar. Between the Kutab and Dehli lies what is commonly called Old Dehli (but which, in reality, is Dehli the Second) and its suburbs. It was built by the Patans (as the Indians call their Afghán invaders, and their descendants, after Hindu Dehli began to decline, while the modern city is the work of the later Múhammadan conquerors, who are known by the name of Moguls, but who, in reality, were Turcoman Tartars, of the same origin as the present Turks. You will find in Elphinstone, that the so-called Mogul Emperors always spoke of the Mogul Tartars with aversion and contempt; but the Indians, not knowing the difference between the two races, and having been accustomed to *real* Moguls under Teimúr Lang or Tamalane, applied the same name to their new invaders. The Patan buildings are easily distinguishable from the other by their massive character. There is something grand in their solid simple forms and low domes. A very fine old Patan tomb is

close to the Kutab. Their mosques have frequently innumerable domes: Mr. Roberts counted eighty-five domes on one which is now inhabited by a numerous population.

During the Mahratta invasion, the people took refuge in these old buildings, where the solid masonwork enabled them to make some defence; and many mosques and tombs have thus become dwelling-places. At some distance from Pithora Sing's fort is a very fine Patan fort, built by Shir Shah, the Afghán king, *cir.* A.D. 1540; and another called Toghlakabad, built by Gheias u Dín, the founder of the dynasty of Toghlak about A.D. 1325. This king pressed the whole population into his service to build his fort; but a certain Saint Nizám-ud-Din, being at that time employed in digging a great well, the people preferred working for him. Toghlak forbade this; the people then worked for the king by day, and for Nizam-ud-Din by night. Enraged at this, Toghlak forbade any one to sell oil to the saint; but, owing to the prayers of the latter, the water of the well burnt like oil, and the work went on as well as ever.

Múhammad Toghlak, son of this perverse monarch, was a magnificent prince; but his caprice amounted to madness. He twice took it into his head to transfer the capital of his empire from Dehli to Doulatabad, in the Deccan, and twice caused the whole population of the former to transfer themselves to the latter city, and then gave them leave to return, causing by these forced marches (one of which was during a famine) the death and ruin of thousands.

If we had stayed on the summit of the Kutab all the time it has taken me to tell you what we saw from thence, we should have been roasted; for even at this season, when warm winter dresses can be worn all day, and when fires are pleasant, the sun is intolerably hot in the middle of the day, although the wind is cool. After descending this immense tower, I quite forgot my first impression of it, which was, "How short!" We rested ourselves a little, Miss M. being much exhausted; and then Mr. Roberts took me a second time through the

cloisters, and afterwards to Akbar's college, of which I made a sketch; but photography is the only way of giving an adequate idea of the beautiful and elaborate carvings with which all these buildings are adorned. The latter Múhammadan domes rise higher and higher than their Patan precursors, until they assume a horse-shoe form, and those of Shah Jehán's time, such as the Táj, are raised on a low cylinder. Mr. Roberts pointed out to me a kind of bell pattern on the Kutab, which is found in a ruder form in the Hindu temple adjoining, and is again repeated on the walls of Shamshudin Altamsh's tomb. From this it appears, that the Múhammadan conquerors made the Hindu artificers work for them.

We adjourned to Altamsh's tomb, the interior of which I sketched. It is octagonal; and the semicircular dome at each of the four corners is built in the same manner as those in the Hindu temple. We returned to the little room where we breakfasted and took luncheon. There were some beautiful pigeons in the court-yard, with feathered feet, such as I never saw before, long feathers growing out of each toe. The stable was formerly a mosque. We had a refreshing drive through a country quite crowded with old tombs and other ruins. Saw some young wheat crops full of green paroquets; they are so pretty that one forgets the mischief they do. The people here frighten away birds by shooting clay pellets at them from curious bows, with a double string, between which the ball is placed. We left the carriage close to an old bridge which has been deserted by the stream, which now flows some yards beyond it, while the bridge itself is on a little rise.

We met a whole army of ants marching in close column, each with a grain of some kind in its mouth. They were so numerous that they had made a little smooth path down the hill to their nest. Passed a large building with high walls, now called the Arab Serai: it is inhabited by Arabs, who have been long settled in this country, and are descendants of some of those Arab

mercenaries who have played such a conspicuous part in Indian warfare. One of them, a fine-looking old man with a venerable white beard, joined us. They are quite fair in comparison to the natives. As we walked through the narrow streets of the village, we saw a poor Muhammadan woman spinning; she had a small wheel, and, in a marvellous fashion, contrived to spin thread out of a mere lump of wadding. I gave her half a rupee, at which she was delighted. She had a bright, pleasing face: her whole dress consisted of trousers and veil. All, even the poorest, wear bracelets, armlets, and rings of some kind or other, sometimes of coloured clay stuck over with little beads, sometimes of brass, sometimes of silver. The Thánádár, or chief of the police of this village, joined us with his men, Mr. Roberts being his superior. He was a very handsome, delicate-featured young man (the son of an impoverished Nawáb), and wore silver rings on his toes. The police preceded and followed us, spears in hand. We entered a marble court, in which stood the shrine of Toghlak's opponent, the Saint Nizám-ud-Dín, a very fine old Patan mosque, and divers square lattice-work enclosures containing tombs of the royal family. The shrine was built about 535 years ago, by Khiza Khan, a brother of Toghlak, and a disciple of the saint. It is square, with a pointed dome, and stands within a colonnade, the ceiling of which is painted (chiefly blue and gold) on copper. Between the pillars are scarlet Pardahs or curtains. The inner wall, which immediately surrounds the tomb, is of beautifully-carved open work. We were not allowed to enter, but stood at the door. The tomb, about the size of a coffin, is on the ground, covered with a spangled stuff, and surmounted by a canopy, much like that of a four-post bed. A row of ostrich eggs hangs over it, each being the offering of some merchant; perchance Sindbad brought one. A desk for the Kurán stands at the head of the tomb.

The adjoining mosque has only one external dome. It is of Toghlak's time, and remarkable for its simple grandeur of form. The only ornaments within are fine

Arabic inscriptions in relief. There is a very fine echo in it. We then hurried to the tomb of Jehánira Begum, the celebrated daughter of Shah Jehán. It stands within a beautiful marble railing eight or ten feet high. The tomb is an oblong square of white marble, about five feet long by twelve or sixteen inches broad, and as many in height. It is open and filled with earth. At the head is a white marble screen, on which are inscribed some verses written by herself, to the effect that the humble, the transitory Jehanizá was a disciple of the holy men of Christ—supposed to be the Romish priests. Two other tombs have since been placed in the same inclosure. One is of the prince, who went to meet Lord Lake's army when we took possession of Dehli, and delivered the poor old king from the Mahrattas.

Another of these inclosures, containing the tomb of the King, Muhammad Shah, has marble doors, which Lord Hardinge has had copied to replace those which the Mahrattas carried away from the railing round the tomb of Mumtáz Begum (*i.e.*, the Táj): they are very elegant, one side is divided into three compartments, each containing a branch of lilies; the other side has one long branch running the whole way up. Another tomb opposite, of the two elder brothers of the present King, which has been finished within the last twelve or fifteen years, shows that the present generation have in no degree lost the skill which characterised their ancestors, for nothing can be more graceful than the design and workmanship. Flowers were lying on most of the tombs, and a tree or two is suffered to grow in the court, thus gradually adding to its beauty: this is generally the case in court-yards; that in the Palace has some palms. Passing through a narrow passage or two I heard Mr. Roberts say, "Now, I think, she will be astonished, she does not know what to expect," and, accordingly, I was surprised a moment after, on passing through a narrow passage, to find myself overlooking a very large well about sixty feet square, surrounded by houses of several stories, and with a lofty flight of wide steps opposite to where we stood. A crowd of people

were sitting or standing on the house-tops to our right, who looked most picturesque in their garments of many colours, with the bright blue sky and the green foliage behind them. Mr. Roberts had just said, "This is the well of Nizám-ud-Din," when, to my utter amazement, a man joined his hands over his head and leaped from the house-top into the well: another and another followed, from this house-top and from that, from thirty to sixty feet high they sprang, and before I could recover my breath, a perfect shower of men and boys came flying down into the water. At last they reappeared from their plunge, and swimming, by throwing each arm forward alternately as far as they could reach, they gained the steps, and gathering up some addition to their very scanty garment, ran round to the passage in which we stood, so that on turning I beheld a crowd of half-naked dripping men and boys looking as cheerful as they could with chattering teeth: two rupees sent them away fully satisfied. As for me the suddenness of the act and the novelty of the scene completely bewildered me, and my husband and Mr. Roberts were quite pleased at the success of their secret plot. Some of the leapers were little boys of twelve years old.

From thence we walked past many fine buildings of which not even the name is known, some of them with painted domes, to the tomb of Hamáiún erected by his son Akbár. The sun was just set as we reached it: nevertheless there was light enough to enjoy the view from the stately terrace of the surrounding country, with its noble domes and feathery palms. This tomb is of red stone or granite, peculiarly simple and grand, just fit for a warrior king. There is no inscription whatever on the tomb itself. It was curious to find the Masonic symbol of the two triangles interlaced, inlaid most conspicuously on the building. The old Arab said that two knobs in the centre of these figures, one on each side of the centre arch, were meant to represent eyes. I should like to know if this were built by an European architect, or whether there were freemasons in India at that time. I wish you would ask

Mr. Vernon about this, as he is learned in the history of his craft. Almost all the Arab masters of ships are freemasons. Some vulgar Europeans have defaced this magnificent monument by foolish inscriptions and drawings worthy of an ale-house. Such creatures ought to be sent to the treadmill, for they sadly require chastisement and employment.

We re-entered the carriage, feeling convinced that to see the environs of Delhi would require weeks, and afford ample work for both pen and pencil, with calotype to boot, to give anything like an adequate idea of them. We drove under the walls of Shir Shah's fine old fort, which it was too late to enter, and our way home was brightened by incessant bursts of summer lightning fluttering behind the ruins as we passed. I omitted to mention that in the morning we saw the ruins of an observatory built by Rajah Jye Sing: he is the same who built the one at Benares. We were exceedingly tired, but delighted with our expedition.

Mr. Roberts is an excellent guide, for he takes an interest in, and understands everything, and there is, besides, something so frank and pleasant about him that we felt as if we had known him for years.

After all our fatigues poor Mr. Roberts had to go to a Hindu wedding. He could not avoid it, as the Rajah, who gave the marriage feast, and whose little brother of ten years old is the bridegroom, had sent us the pair of horses which took us on from Safder Jang's tomb.

Tuesday, February 16th.—Mr. Roberts brought home divers chains of tinsel ribbon, with false stones, and a little bottle of atta, from the feast. The Rajah bewailed the trouble and expense of the marriage ceremonies, both of which are very great. The entertainments last eight or nine days, or rather nights, at the end of which the bridegroom is conducted in state to visit the bride, who in the present instance is a little girl of seven years old. The ceremony is indissoluble, but the bride is not brought home to her husband's house for six or eight years more, though, if he die in the interim, she is considered a widow, and prohibited

from marrying again, a custom productive of a thousand evil consequences, and of great hardship to the poor girl. Mr. Roberts asked the Rajah why he did not break through the custom he lamented, of lavishing so much money on the ceremony. His answer was just the reason given all over the world for most of the foolish and extravagant acts committed: "Oh," said he, "So-and-so spent so much on the marriage of his son or brother, and if I did not do the same I should be considered stingy." The procession is to take place this evening.

About five o'clock we drove to a house in the Chandí Chouk, belonging to one of the native sub-collectors, a Mussalmán, who had prepared seats for us, whence we could see everything. The Chandí Chouk is a double street, and divided down the middle by a stone watercourse, the edges of which were crowded with people. The procession was passing down the side furthest from us, and turning at the top of this immense street, it paraded before the bride's house, which was a little way above us, and then came close under our windows. It was more than a mile long! The balconies and flat roofs of the houses, which are generally low, were covered with people; here was a variegated group of men and children, there a bevy of shrouded Muhammadan women, the first I have seen, and the appearance of the crowd was that of a bed of tulips.

Just as we had seated ourselves numbers of empty palkís were passing, then a crowd of Tonjons, some empty, some with one or two children in them. Many of these were gorgeously dressed, in brocade or velvet, with Greek caps of gold and silver, and some of them were borne by four men in scarlet, and attended by a man on each side, with Chouries of the tail of the Yak or Thibet Ox, to keep the flies off. All the friends of the bridegroom's family do him as much honour as they can, by sending their led-horses, elephants, vehicles of every description, and their children richly dressed, to form part of the procession. The ladies of the King's harem were there in bullock carts, with scarlet hangings, to see the show. His Majesty had also sent his guards,

and his camels carried small swivel cannon, which were fired at intervals. The led-horses formed a very picturesque feature in the procession; some of them were painted; a white one had his legs and tail dyed red with henna, and splashes of the same on his body, as if a bloody hand had been repeatedly laid on his side. Then came a whole body of men clothed like soldiers, at the Rajah's expense, with a band that was executing a Scotch melody. Then appeared a whole tribe of magnificent elephants, their faces elaborately painted in curious patterns, and gaily caparisoned in scarlet, green, and other bright colours.

On a small baby-elephant, most richly adorned, sat a little boy, with an aigrette of jewels in front of his turban. His dress was a robe of lilac gauze, edged with gold, reaching to his feet, and most carefully spread out, fan-wise, on each side, as he sat astride on his elephant. Then came the little bridegroom, who was a mass of gold. He sat alone in his howdah, with a careful servant behind him; his turban was covered with a veil of gold tissue, which he held up with both hands, that he might see all that was going on. Bearers of peacock fans, and others with gold pillars, walked by him, while his elephant was as splendid as he could be. A few other elephants closed the procession, the beginning of which now passed under our windows on its return. It consisted of huge trays filled with artificial flowers, the effect of which, as we looked down the street, was extremely pretty, like a parterre of the gayest colours. Then there were moving pavilions, with beds of flowers in front of them, peacocks on the top, and bands of musicians inside. Such music! fancy flutes in hysterics, drums in a rage, violins screaming with passion, and penny trumpets distracted with pain, and you may have some idea of it. A crowd of women and boys, of the poorest of the people, then appeared, carrying little flags.

Eastern processions are like Eastern life, they comprise the greatest contrasts of poverty and magnificence. They seem to think everything, no matter

what, helps to make a show. After, and among the moving flower-beds, came trays of huge dolls, and others of little puppets, one set of which represented a party of European officers at dinner, with their Khitmadgars waiting behind them. Another was a little regiment of soldiers, such as children play with at home. Suddenly the mob rushed in upon the bearers, and down went the trays; one snatched a great doll, which, in the struggle, had a leg pulled off; he seized the dissevered limb, whirled it round his head like a shillelah, and valiantly defended the rest of his prize with it. The trays were seen swaying about till they were torn in pieces, and the fortunate ones rejoiced in having got a bunch of flowers, or perchance a doll's limb. I believe they are stuffed with some kind of sweetmeat, and the people think it lucky to get any fragment of these trays, which are always given up to be scrambled for, after they have passed the house of the bride. It was the first time I had seen the natives in a state of excitement, and I certainly thought they managed the scramble with much good humour, and nothing like the angry fighting that would have taken place in England on a similar occasion.

After this appeared several Nách girls, splendidly dressed in red and gold, their muslin petticoats full of gathers, and very wide, and their long hair hanging down their backs, each carried on a canopied platform, by men. One of them was very handsome, but they stood in theatrical attitudes, beckoning, smiling, and joking with the populace, and had a boldness of manner most unpleasing in a woman. By this time it was dusk, and the blaze of torches opposite the bride's house was very pretty, as seen through the trees, of which there are a good many in the middle of the street. We returned to the carriage, and drove to a spot opposite the house; the bridegroom soon arrived, and looked most brilliant by the glare of the torches. We watched him slowly entering the gateway, and which was immediately shut, reminding us strongly of Mat. xxv. 10. It was very interesting to *see* it.

Wednesday, February 17th.—Mr. Roberts told me that when he was encamped at the Kutab a few months ago on his usual cold weather tour through the district, a young man came to see them, and foolishly amused himself by firing with ball in the direction of a village. He aimed at a dog, and kept following it as it ran, of course not seeing anything between him and it; the consequence was that when he fired he killed a donkey and a cow with one ball. Compensation for the cow was accepted by the owner, a Brahman, but in a short time he brought back the money, and said that his fellow Brahmans threatened to expel him from caste, if he accepted any remuneration for the death of so sacred an animal, and nothing could induce him to retain the price, for they look upon the death of a cow as a sacrifice.

Mr. Pfander told us at Agra that the Hindus despise Popery for its very affinity to their own system, saying that if they are to have idols, they may as well keep their own. I saw a speech made by an educated Brahman the other day, in which he dwelt upon the numerous points of similarity between Romanism and Hinduism, and came to the conclusion that it was of no use making each a slight change. The general tenet of the Hindu is, that each nation is right in having a religion of its own. The Muhammadans utterly abhor what they consider to be the open idolatry of the Romanists. They never speak "*candidly*" of image-worship in any shape. One cannot but acknowledge that the spurious liberality which leads some of our highly cultivated infidels to plume themselves on their philosophical spirit in looking with serene and self complacent indifference on all religious distinctions, is really far more opposed to Christian feeling than the natural impulse of an uncultivated mind,—say that of a child or a Muhammadan—who sees, as if by instinct, that if one religion be true, the opposite must be false, and, therefore, detests it; and who could, by no possibility, be made to comprehend the state of mind which does not approve of idolatry, yet thinks it "very en-

thusiastic," narrow-minded, and bigoted decidedly to condemn it. The *cultivated* natural mind is still more at enmity against God than the uncultivated one; it has turned away from the light, and has added the bandages of sophistry to its own natural blindness. It is among the former class that the majority will be found, who

"non furon rebelli
Ne furon fedeli a Dio, ma per se foro."

C. drove me in a buggy before dinner, the first time I ever was in one. A two-wheeled carriage appears very unsafe. Buggies are the same as gentlemen's cabs in England. The cantonments always appear to me the ugliest and most uninteresting part of every station. The Bungalows, though very comfortable and prettily furnished within, are very ugly without, being one-storied houses with verandahs on two or three sides, and immense thatched roofs.

The next day, Thursday, February 18th, our kind friends persuaded us to stay and dine with them, and then drove us about four miles to overtake the palkí. The roads were so bad between this and Loodiana, that, much to our regret, we are obliged to leave our comfortable palkígárían and proceed in palkís. C. has bought a duli or litter for himself, and one for the Ayah whom I have engaged. These are much larger, lighter, and, in some respects, more comfortable than a palkí, being merely charpais or bedsteads made of tape, and with a frame-work for the curtains; they are carried by four men, like a palkí, but the bearers do not require to rest so often. Eight bearers are allotted to a palkí, four of whom work at a time. Each palkí or dúli has a Massalchi or torch-bearer, and our baggage is all carried in Petarrahs or square tin boxes with pyramidical tops, which are slung at each end of a bamboo, each bearer carrying two. We now had ten men for the palkí, four for each dúli, three Massalchies, and seven Petarrah carriers, making twenty-eight in all.

We have laid a private dák which is rather cheaper

than when the post-office supplies the bearers; the latter receive five annas a stage; under the post-office they get rather less. Seven pence seems rather little for carrying a heavy burden ten miles, but here the people live well on a rupee and a half or two rupees a month. Since leaving Dehli we give them one rupee a stage as "bakshish," *i. e.* present, but they seem quite satisfied. You may judge how much less expensive a palkígárí is than palkís, as the former holds two, and only requires ten men to push it.

This was my first night in a palkí; I slept very well, though not so comfortably as in the gárí; when we went evenly the motion was by no means unpleasant, but when the bearers ran it was like winnowing corn in a sieve, such jolting could only be adequately described by the muse when "she on dromedary trots." We arrived early on Friday, February 19th, at Ganúr, where I wrote this, and dear C., who had hardly slept at all from the badness of the roads and an alarm of robbers which was given during the night, and which made him walk a good way, blunderbuss in hand, now got a little rest. Arrived at the Dák Bungalow Karnál on Saturday morning. I was a good deal tired, and looked forward to staying there quietly until Monday afternoon. Mr. and Mrs. —— called and hospitably insisted on our coming to them, which we agreed to. It is curious to see the different characters one meets in this passing from house to house, and their different tastes and occupations are no less marked. Sometimes the lady of the house is devoted to flowers, another gives herself up entirely to her children; our present hostess was extremely well educated and scientific, and studies mathematics and astronomy, &c. &c.

This is the first house we have been in since leaving Calcutta in which there is no daily family worship. Mrs. —— told us of a family in which religion is an interdicted subject. Fancy *interdicting* the subject of astronomy, and yet of what consequence is that compared to the inquiry whether God has given a revelation of his will to man. It is ludicrous that a man should

call himself a *free* thinker with such fetters on his mind! The next morning she maintained an opinion, which nothing but total ignorance of the subject could render excusable, viz., that Sir William Macnaghten deserved to be assassinated for his treachery! and listened with incredulity to my husband's testimony (he being almost the *only* person now alive who was fully acquainted with the circumstance) that no treachery was ever meditated by Sir William. Some people are so fond of their own prejudices and opinions, that they will not examine anything that is alleged against them.

On Saturday night a large hornet stung C. severely, just below the ancle. We consulted the homœopathic book, and in consequence applied dry heat to the wound, in the shape of a lighted cigar, which C. held as close as he could bear it to the skin. It increased the pain very much for a minute or two, but in about half an hour it seemed to have drawn it all out, and left nothing more than a slight feeling of uneasiness without any swelling or inflammation. The next day a little blister rose on the spot, but altogether the dry heat proved itself an admirable remedy. It is also employed for snake bites or scorpion stings, first, if possible, stopping the circulation about the wound, so as to prevent dangerous effects on the whole system. Brandy, wine, or eau-de-luce, should then be administered; a small dose every five minutes to counteract the lowering effect of the poison on the circulation. When the patient shivers and stretches himself, and the stimulants begin to affect his head, the danger is past. The skin around the wound should be moistened with oil, soap, or anything else which can be got, and the wound carefully wiped; the heat must be kept up by having two irons in the fire.

Monday, February 22nd.—Karnál was formerly a very large station, and very healthy, but like every other place in India, subject to occasional epidemics. Lord Ellenborough was here during a week of rain, when fever was prevalent: he hastily decided that it was an unhealthy station, and removed it to Amballa, leaving

the barracks, go-downs, storehouses, and other buildings (a church included), erected at incalculable expense, to go to ruin. Only three families are now stationed here. Just opposite the Dák Bungalow is an old Serai of the time of the Moghul emperors, built for the accommodation of travellers: it is a square enclosure, with lofty walls and handsome gateways. We left Karnál about five P.M. Just as we were leaving, Mr. —— was about to hold his Kacheri, or Court, under an awning on the steps of the house, and a great crowd of natives were waiting to give evidence.

While we were at the Bungalow on Saturday, two men with dancing snakes came to the door. They blew their little pipes vehemently, but one snake remained inactive; the other, a copra capello, raised its hood as if angry; the man patted and soothed it, and it then waved itself about to the music. Then came a beggar —on horseback! who certainly had no one "der für seine Bekleidung sorgt."

We arrived at Umbala, in spite of the bad roads, for breakfast on Tuesday morning, and it was most pleasant to see Captain Dawe's kindly face at the door of my palkí. It was the first kenned face I had seen since Benares. We stayed with them till the following evening. They sing at family worship, which I like much. Ambala is a large station, but I saw nothing of it, and I believe there is nothing to see. The Dawes give 100 rupees a month for their bungalow, which is large, with about an acre of garden. A very nice small bungalow can be had at Dehli for 50 rupees.

From starting late, we did not reach Kanakaserai until two o'clock P.M. on 25th, at which time the heat is very great. The country is intersected by ditches full of water, and the road is wretched, being a succession of high ridges: the country is of such bad repute north of Dehli, that an escort of Sepáhis is usually given to those who are marching. One was offered to us, but declined, as we were going Dák. We had a sawár, or trooper, instead: these men are changed at every station like the bearers.

Just before reaching Ambala, I had my first view of the Himalaya Mountains. At the distance we were, they gave one the idea of a low line of hills, owing probably to there being no manifest irregularity or boldness of outline. I do not believe there is a green field in India at this season, except of wheat: the grass has disappeared, and in the place where it ought to grow is dust. We have met several persons: one or two ladies riding early in the morning, which is a pleasant way of marching; they go about ten to fifteen miles daily. Met some Sepáhis and a baggage elephant near Paltársi.

This morning we saw a thief, or what had been a thief's body, hanging by the heels from a tree close to the road: he had crept into a camp, stolen something, and on going away, knocked down a Sepáhi sentry with a bludgeon. A patrol of European soldiers came up at the moment, cut the marauder down, and then hung him up *in terrorem*. After this we passed Sirhind, formerly an extensive city, but one of the Sikh Gurús (or spiritual teachers) having been cruelly murdered here by the Muhammadans, the Sikhs destroyed the place, vowed it should never be restored, and since that time every Sikh who passes carries away a brick, which he throws into the Jumna. The ruins are very extensive and solid. The travellers whom we now meet are all armed. At one Chouki, the bearers were not forthcoming. The headman or chowdi, therefore, walked on with us, to *try* to get some at a village near. In talking to him, C. found that he had heard the missionaries at Loodiana preach. He said he believed there *was* only one God, and gladly accepted some tracts, one of the Gospels, and a copy of Dr. Wilson's "Confutation of Hinduism, in Urdu." Having dined, we left Kanakaserai about half-past six: it seems from an inscription written on the wall, that in the room we occupied, the measures were agreed upon December 13th, 1845, which led to the battles of Sobráon, &c.

February 26th, 1847.—We reached Loodiana in the night, but I slept in the courtyard of the hotel (a bungalow so called) until six o'clock, when C. woke me to

take tea. We walked in the little stiff garden, with its young cypresses looking like paint-brushes with their tips spoilt, and enjoyed the pure fresh morning air, and then proceeded to the Compound of the American mission, where we were most kindly received by the Rev. Mr. Janvier, of the American Presbyterian Mission, and soon after by his wife. Dressed and breakfasted. Mrs. Janvier is a young and very pleasing person. The more we see of Mr. Janvier, the more we admire his meek and consistent Christian character: they have a dear little girl of three years old. C. went to call on Colonel Speirs, who commands the station. In the evening we walked to the Mission burial-ground—a little simple enclosure. We went over the house formerly occupied by Mr. Newton, and walked on the roof, and then went out of the Compound gates. On one side of the arch is written, "Jesus said, I am the door; by me if any man," &c.; and on the other, "I am the way, the truth, and the life," in English, Urdu, and Panjábi. We saw a catechist working in his garden, and spoke to him, found he was a Bengáli named Haldhár, converted about twelve years ago, and therefore probably an older Christian than either of us. The Mission Compound is a very large enclosure, contains four houses (each with a good space around it), and also the chapel, school, and printing-office. It is in a very pleasant, open situation, away from the smoke of the town.

Saturday, February 27th.—My husband's second in command, Lieutenant Bean, and his Adjutant, Mr. Adlum, called. In the evening we attended a prayer-meeting at Mr. Rudolph's; but, as usual, my deafness prevented my profiting by it. Mr. Rudolph is the German missionary who is not yet ordained. I was introduced to Mr. Porter, whom C. formerly knew. Two or three officers and their wives were present. The morning family prayer at all the missionaries' houses is in Hindustaní; the evening in English. Most of the servants and people employed in bookbinding attend.

CHAPTER V.

Baptism of a Convert—Saleh Muhammad—Hasan Khan—Firozshahar—Afghan Dinner—Our House, and Servants' Life—School—Public Spirit of Missionaries—Hubiq Khan—"Don't tell me lies!"—Captive Children—The Nizam-u-Doulah—"You write Book"—Aliwal—Cowardice—Hushing-up—Dust-storm—Sermon on the Mount—Death of Akbar Khan—A Birsaker—Tract Distribution—Converted Devotee—Temperance—Marriage of Orphan—Afghan Dress—A Jezailchi—Blood Feuds—Old Soldier—Afghan Ladies—Raising a Regiment—Hasan Khan's Journey—Garden—Illustrations of Scripture—Pets—Phankahs—Drawing a Camel—Bribery—Depravity of Hinduism—The Nizam-u-Doulah—Afghans and Sikhs—Firozshahar—Honesty by Vocation.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 28th, 1847.—I did not go to the morning service, it being Hindustaní. C. went and was much pleased, the preacher, a Bengálí, gave an excellent sermon. A woman was baptized, she is the wife of a convert, and the Missionaries have known her for two years past. My husband was much pleased with the simplicity and seriousness with which she gave her answers.

As we walked in the verandah in the afternoon, Mrs. Janvier told me of the native Church here; it consists of about sixteen, whom they consider real converts, besides some of the people employed in bookbinding, and the orphan girls who attend the public services. They are all, except one, the fruits of the Mission. C. accompanied Mr. Janvier to the native Church in the city. In the evening we all partook of the Communion at the Mission Chapel, where the service was partly in English and partly in Hindustaní. The American

Presbyterians allow any strangers who choose to partake of the Sacrament; they give an invitation and a warning, and then leave it to the communicant's own conscience; "but they exercise very efficient discipline in this respect over all who are regular members of the congregation. About fourteen native Christians communicated with us, and the minister who administered the Holy Ordinance was a Bengálí, Golak Nath, an old pupil of Dr. Duff's, but baptized here.

Monday, March 2nd.—Sáleh Muhammad called. I do not like his face. He was the commandant of the guard whom Akbar Khán commissioned to convey the hostages and prisoners to Turkistán, and who was bribed to bring them into the British camp. He had deserted from us at Bámián in 1840, so that he is a double traitor; but my husband received him civilly, considering the service he had rendered, and not the base motives thereof. This man has lately taken to drinking. He is fat, self-indulgent and crafty, without firmness. He brought a friend of his to recommend to C., and some half dozen rough-looking followers. The Afgháns seem fully as tall and strong as any Europeans. They are much less ceremonious than the Hindustanís, and make a very slight salám, just raising the hand to the head carelessly. C. gave one of the attendants a small Bakshísh, he just took it without any acknowledgment whatever. Sáleh Muhammad prefaced his visit (as is the custom here from an inferior, or from any native short of a Rajah) by sending a Nuzzar, which in this case consisted of a round tray of pomegranates with scarcely any seeds. They taste, I think, like raw peas, but are sweeter. In the evening, a much more interesting visitor arrived in the person of my husband's devoted friend and follower, Muhammad Hasan Khán, who sealed his fidelity to the British with his blood, and lost everything by so doing. My husband and he met outside and embraced *straitly*. He is a noble-looking man, with lofty features, piercing black eyes, and a most beautiful and varying expression.

Just as I was writing this in came Hasan Khán again.

The other night he was richly dressed, to-day he wore a shawl, turban, and white chogah with white cotton gloves. This snow-white dress contrasted well with his dark complexion and jet black beard. He told us of the difficulty which he had here in obtaining any remuneration for his losses; they were as great as those C. encountered on his behalf at home. At last he said to Mr. Currie, the Secretary to the Government, and some other person who had made promises to him: "If I have done bad service give me a paper saying so, and I will never trouble you again; but if I have done such and such things then reward me, or I will kill some of you, or be killed myself." His eyes were fiercer when he related this than you can well imagine; and yet in speaking to us his expression is peculiarly sweet. He was with poor Major Broadfoot at Firóshahar, and had a horse shot under him. Major Broadfoot said to him: "Now you have done great things with Mackenzie, do as much with me and I will write him an account of it." Hasan Khán said he never saw such confusion as in that battle. He kept by Broadfoot as long as he could, but at last completely lost himself, caught and mounted a Sikh horse which was running loose, and for some time rode hither and thither, not knowing where the Europeans were, or where the Sikhs—for there was nothing but dust, noise and smoke, until he came to the place where the Governor-General was sitting. Colonel Garden, the Quarter-Master General (who was suffering great agony from being struck in the side by a spent ball), and several other officers, were with him: Hasan Khán sat down among them. Sir Henry Hardinge remained for some time in deep thought, with a very sad face, and at last burst out into an exclamation to Colonel Garden. Hasan Khán asked what he had said, and Colonel Garden told him. "Had one of my sons fallen, I could have borne it, but the loss of Major Broadfoot is irreparable."

The I——s, who were with us, greatly admired Hasan Khán. Sálch Múhammad sent me an Afghán dinner. This consisted of three or four round trays, each contain-

ing a Pillau surrounded by smaller dishes: I made a point of tasting them all. The Pillaus were very simple, with no spice, and coloured with saffron, which looks better than it tastes. There were divers dishes of Kuftas, which are just rissolles (only bun shaped) with sauce, in which I strongly suspect there was a spice of assafœtida, of which seasoning the natives are very fond. However they were not bad. There were vegetables not unlike green slimy sea-weed, which C. pronounced *very* good, and the rest of the party "not *very* bad," and little saucers full of sují and milk, extremely like pap. Sují is a preparation of the very heart of the wheat. There were also some excellent sweetmeats—one a kind of compôte of apples, the other made of apricots.

We have bought a cow for sixteen rupees and a half, which is reckoned high. She is very pretty, small, but such a high caste looking thing, with head and legs like an Arab horse, eyes like a gazelle, a deep hanging dewlap, and a hump between her shoulders which is very becoming. I never saw such beautiful cattle as in this country. It is necessary for every lady here to be her own "milkman," as Lizzy would say, and to keep her own fowls and sheep, bazár mutton not being fit to eat, as, from want of pasture, the sheep which are not shut up and fed on gram and bhusá, are driven to act as scavengers, in common with pigs and páriáh dogs; besides which, when you buy mutton, you generally get *goat*. C. breakfasted the other day with Hasan Khán, who sent me some of the breakfast, Pillau as before, two kinds of Afghán bread—one, like bad pie-crust, the other like a bannock with butter in it. The Shahzádah Shahpúr sent to know when C. was coming to see him, and accompanied his message by a tray of sugar candy.

Saturday, March 6th.—We got into our house, which is just opposite the Janviers, and has a verandah on three sides. A short distance from the house is a row of mud rooms, one of which is the cooking-room, and the others are for those servants who, having no families

here, do not return to the city at night. The east verandah is generally full of people; the orderlies, bearer, tailor, khalási (or tent-pitcher), and any stray people, sit there. All the principal rooms have fire-places: the bed-room contains nothing but the bed, which is a four-footed frame, the foundation for the mattrass to rest on being broad country tape, inter-woven, which is very elastic; and I think when the hot weather comes we shall be obliged to take off the mattrass and sleep upon that. We have two Khidmatgárs, who are properly waiters at table, but who act as cook and butler; likewise a Massalchi, who helps them; one Bearer, who is housemaid and valet; one Ayah, who cleans my room, makes my bed, and waits upon me; one sweeper; one Bhisti, or water-carrier (the sweeper takes care of the fowls); one Dhobi, or washerman, to whom we pay twelve rupees a month, *i.e.* twenty-four shillings, for washing everything we choose to give him; one chowkedár or watchman, who *sleeps* in the north verandah until we get our guard; one Khalási, or Lascar, to take care of the tents and to do anything which is required. Each horse has a groom and grass-cutter. I must explain that godowns are store-rooms, of which we have four of different kinds. When Jacob comes he will be general superintendent; see that the fowls are fed and horses get their allowance of grain, and that nothing is wasted.

We get up at gun-fire, *i.e.* early dawn: when dressed, I go to the store-room and give out flour, sugar, potatoes, rice, &c., for the day, and order dinner. C. has already long before gone to parade, which he attends morning and evening; then I write till he comes home. We have prayers before breakfast, which is about eight o'clock, dinner at three, tea at seven, prayers at nine, and go to bed directly after.

The weather is already too hot for me to leave the house in the daytime, but in-doors it is very pleasant: it is now, March 11th, 74° in this room, at half-past ten A.M., but outside the house it is 82° in the shade. Boxwallahs, or Kapráwállahs (literally clothmen), often

come; they are like pedlars, and have every kind of wares, from European muslins, and even velvets to the merest rubbish.

We went the other day to see the printing-establishment, which is on the Mission premises. They print Persian, Hindustáni, Panjábí, and English. I saw, among other Panjábí tracts, "Malan's Deux Vieillards." They have also a bookbindry. We also saw the boys' school, where boys of all ranks receive an excellent education in English and Hindustáni: we heard them go through part of their ordinary studies, by reading, parsing, and explaining a passage of English prose. They showed a very good knowledge of grammar, and also of arithmetic; Mr. Rudolph teaches them.

The American missionaries are full of public spirit. During the Sutlej campaign they printed Sir H. Hardinge's Panjábí proclamations, there being no other press in India which could do it, and no English press nearer than Dehli. This involved great personal labour, as the missionaries themselves are obliged to correct the press, and even in a great measure to act as compositors, nevertheless they refused all payment, and I never heard that the Governor-General showed his sense of obligation by any donation to the mission.

Saturday, March 13th.—Did I ever tell you that in this country, if a woman and man walk together, no matter how wide the road is, the woman always walks behind? The Hindu women do not veil their faces; only sometimes, as one passes, they draw their veils across, but they are not muffled up as Musalmánís are. A poor Kashmirí came here the other day, by name Habiq Khán. He was very kind to our officers when they were in captivity, and lost everything in consequence, and was obliged to leave the country with Pollock's army, and is now living here on whatever he can get, instead of being rather a prosperous man as he formerly was. His melancholy countenance quite touched me. He brought a little girl with him about ten years old, dressed in trousers and a veil, with a little ring in her left nostril, such a Jewish face, and so

grave. She returned the next day to bring me a handkerchief which her mother had worked: a little slave-girl came to take care of her, a poor merry-looking Hindustáni girl of fourteen or thereabouts, who had lost all the toes of one foot. She was the daughter of a Sepáhi, who had fallen in the Kábul passes; her mother had died in the snow and she had been frost-bitten. This good Kashmirí (Habiq Khán) found her, took her home, cured her feet, and has kept her ever since. We found Habiq had seven daughters, and that they could work; I sent for one, who being grown-up, was covered from head to foot, wearing linen boots tied at the knee, and being a complete bundle of clothes. She is now working for me, and has rather a nice face, but is very dirty. All the officers of irregular cavalry nourish beards: Captain F. called here the other day with a beard longer than my Khitmadgar's.

I am giving you miscellaneous scraps of information, so I will mention that all the bath-rooms contain several large earthen pitchers and water-bottles of the same material, with round bodies and long necks, all of which are filled daily by the Bhistí, who brings the water in a goat-skin slung at his back. Those huge Etruscan vases, of which I never could make out the use, were, doubtless, for the bath-rooms of the ladies of those days, for they are exactly of the same shape, only mine are plain red.

March 16th.—We go on so quietly that there is but little to relate except regarding our visitors. The other evening a very fine looking Afghán called. This was Haider Khán, a nephew of Turábaz Khán, the old Momand Chief, and the very man who conducted Captain and Mrs. Ferris in safety on their perilous flight. As a reward this man, the son of a chief, and a gentleman both by birth and manner, is now superintendent of Major Mackeson's camels on a salary of twenty rupees a-month. He told my husband he did not care so long as he was treated with respect, and had enough to keep life in him; but he was so ashamed of the smallness of the salary that he wrote to his uncle that

he had an appointment of 120 or 150 rupees a-month. The old chief wrote back "Don't tell me lies; I have heard that you only get 20 rupees:" whereupon his nephew, in his answer, asked "if he would believe his enemies rather than himself?" All this our visitor related with the greatest simplicity, showing what a complete absence of the very idea of truthfulness there must be among his people. He had alighted and left his horse at some distance from the house, out of respect; C. called to the groom and made him bring the horse near. Haider Khán then seized the bridle and endeavoured to lead the animal further off before mounting; the matter ended by C. making him get up where he was. The Arab we bought at Cawnpore is only four years old, and its paces quite unformed. It is a dark grey and very strongly made,—such a nice creature. It cost 1200 rupees; a good horse is much dearer here than in England.

March 17th.—We heard last night that about fifteen children of Sepáhís and others who perished in Afghánistan have been sent to the care of the missionaries. They and about ninety others, among them a European boy, have just been recovered from the Afgháns by the agency of Murtezá Shah, the same who was the instrument (with Ali Reza Khán Kazzilbash) of bribing Sáleh Muhammad to bring in the ladies and officers to General Sale's camp. C. went over to Mr. Rudolph's and saw the poor children, who can speak nothing but Persian. One poor little girl has lost both feet: C. and one of the missionaries carried her over to the Orphan-House, where she was to sleep. The boys and girls made bitter lamentations on being separated from each other, but my husband explained to them that it was only for the night. To-day I sent the little girls some pomegranates, and begged Mrs. Rudolph to provide a good meal for them at our expense. In the evening Mrs. I. and I walked over to the house and saw them, nine from Afghánistan and eight of the Orphan School; the latter quite busy helping the Pillau which they had cooked, the odour of which was excellent. The Pillau was

brought in a large cauldron and then ladled out, first into two great dishes and then into brass plates, each of which served for two or more children. A table-cloth was spread on the floor, and they all sat round it and ate with their fingers.

The new comers look as if they had been well fed, but some of them are in a bad state of health, and several have lost some of their toes, or been otherwise injured by the frost. A native lamp, which is just a piece of wick lying in oil, was all the light they had. The two youngest of the quondam captive children were eating together, there was but one morsel of Pillau left on their plate, and neither liked to take it; at last, the elder one made it into a ball, popped it into the little one's mouth, and then coaxed her in the native fashion by stroking and patting her. It was very pretty to see the affectionate way in which it was done. Mr. Rudolph asked a blessing on the meal, and I inwardly prayed that they might soon be led to feed on the bread of life, to which, poor children, they are yet utter strangers.

March 18th.—After dinner, Usmán Kháu, the Nizám-u-Doulah, or Prime Minister of the late Shah Shujah, called, a very noble looking elderly man. He it was who warned poor Sir Alexander Burnes of his danger, and got nothing but an insolent reply for his pains, which, however, did not prevent his putting himself at the head of the King's Hindustáni Paltan (or regiment), and fighting so gallantly, that had he been properly seconded by Colonel Shelton and the British force, the insurrection would, in all probability, have been nipped in the bud. He was afterwards imprisoned in the Bálá Hissar by Akbar, and left his country with Pollock's force.

In spite of his fidelity and rank, and although he was present at all the battles during the last campaign with the Sikhs, yet he has only within the last two days got any reward at all, and now it is only 500 rupees a month! The people in office here say they have written home for a larger pension for him.

There was a ceremonious struggle on parting: C. insisted on turning his slippers, which he had (as usual) left in the verandah, the right way for him to put them on, and then helping him up on his horse.

The other day C. rode out to Basián, to see Major Mackeson. It is thirty miles off. He rode one stage on a Sawárí (*i.e.* riding camel). In coming home the next evening it was dark, and his horse fell with him and sprained his ancle by lying on it. I wish you could have seen Hásan Khán's concern when he heard of the accident, how he examined the foot, patted it, and helped C. about in the most tender manner. Arnica, however, was the means of curing him in two days.

I must tell you a story which Mr. Cameron wrote us. A friend of his has just arrived in Calcutta, travelling for pleasure. A Parsí on board the steamer thus addressed him:—"You civil?" "No." "You military?" "No." "Then you write book." Is not this a good classification of Indian travellers? To skip to quite a different subject,—a conductor of Artillery was showing my husband a house in the 50th lines. You must know that each regiment has a kind of camp allotted to it, where (if it be a Native corps) the Sepháhís build mud huts for themselves—a line of huts being appropriated to each company; if a European regiment, they have barracks, and the whole, with the officers' houses, are called the lines. (We have just received a note directed "Missionary Lines!"). Well, as I said, a Conductor was showing C. the 50th lines, and in so doing remarked that the fall of the barracks last year, by which so many perished, seemed like an evident judgment from heaven upon them, for, said he, "in my whole life I *never* knew so wicked a regiment." It is remarkable that when the Sikhs attacked Loodiana in 1845, they burnt that part of the cantonments, but did not touch the barracks, and by thus leaving them uninjured that dreadful catastrophe took place. The regiment continued as depraved as ever after this awful event.

On Saturday 20th.—My husband rode out with two other officers to see the field of Aliwál, which is about

fourteen miles distant. He returned to breakfast, and told us of an instance of shameful cowardice which he had just heard of. When the Sikh battalions were in full retreat, four regiments of our cavalry, which were quite fresh, ought to have charged and routed them. Perry's Ghúrkas had previously taken the village of Aliwál, where the Sikh left wing had entrenched themselves. The Sikhs retreated in confusion towards their right wing, which was stationed at the village of Bundí, when the four regiments mentioned made a faint charge, and after riding over a few stragglers suddenly halted. The question ran along the line—"Who commands us?" No one assumed the responsibility—of course the men became discouraged, and when Colonel Bradford of the 1st cavalry galloped forward, asking who would follow him, only a few of his own men and two subalterns (one of whom was killed) responded.

Young Mr. Blackall, an uncovenanted civil servant (son of Colonel Blackall) had ridden out from Loodiana on purpose to be present, and acted as Aide-de-Camp to Sir Harry Smith, but has been refused even the medal he had earned, "because it would be a precedent." One would think the oftener gallantry served as a precedent the better. Lord Hardinge took care to procure the medal for Prince Waldemar and his suite, who were merely spectators—why not for a private gentleman as well as for a prince? This young man for whom, in spite of his gallantry, nothing has been done, rode up to the Political Agent, Captain C., and entreated him to take the responsibility of ordering the four regiments to advance. He refused, saying—"He did not wish to burn his fingers by intermeddling." A person named R——, of the —th cavalry, afterwards abused Colonel Bradford for charging, adding with exultation, "However, none of us followed him, except two Griffs, one of whom got killed."

These are not solitary instances of cowardice. The Colonel of Her Majesty's — foot, before the guns opened on the Sikhs the night previous to the battle of Sobráon, received orders through Lieutenant J— S— to support

the batteries, and drive in the enemy's picquets. He at first refused to obey such orders, unless they were given in writing, and then Lieutenant S. returned with the order *written*, desiring the brigade containing Her Majesty's —nd to do so and so, Colonel —— having previously detached the regiment to a little distance, said *that* regiment was not in the brigade, and he could not do it. Lieutenant S. then told him bluntly that he must recall the regiment, but nothing was done, and Lieutenant S. advanced without any escort, and put his guns in position, and it was then discovered that there were no picquets to be driven in.

Colonel Wheeler's brigade behaved extremely well—save a Sergeant-major, who was discovered flying out of shot as fast as he could. In consequence, however, of his name being, by some extraordinary mistake mentioned in dispatches, he was presented with an unattached Ensigncy; but on his applying to General Gilbert for an Adjutancy, the gallant old man, who knew the facts, refused to forward his application.

Her Majesty's — behaved very well at Sobráon, and the other battles, but not so at Mudkí. At the latter, their Colonel called out to the commanding officer of a Company's regiment, "I hope your men do better than mine, sir: I can't get these scoundrels" (begging your pardon for repeating the words) "to move an inch."

March 24th.—Last evening we took a walk by moonlight in the garden, where the perfume of the orange blossoms was almost too powerful. Indian gardens are very like those gaufres we used to get in Paris, being divided into squares by little ridges. They are intersected by little canals, and have ridges of earth raised round the roots of each tree or shrub to keep the water in. As we returned Habíq Khán, the poor Kashmírí, met us with his whole family, wife, grown-up daughters, little girls and all. He came to beg C. to state his case to Col. Lawrence, the resident at Lahore, and as he was pleading, his wife, who had an infant in her arms, stooped down and laid hold of my husband's feet. He raised her, and told her not to do so to man. Her

garments were white and clean, those of the daughter dirty, as usual with Kashmíris; trusting to the darkness, she did not hold her veil close, and by the light of the moon she looked very pretty as she smiled at me for noticing her baby. The little girl, who so often comes, drew a pretty scull-cap, worked in gold and silver, from under her veil and offered to me, and the father would scarcely take anything in return for it.

March 25th.—It was very hot and sultry. Mrs. I. and I had headaches; the children were sick, and there was every appearance of a storm. In the middle of the night the I——'s were obliged to take refuge in the house. We made a quilt into a bed for one child, and put the other into a basket. Mrs. I. had half of my bed. Mr. I. got a Charpaí, and C. slept in the palki. The wind was blowing with such fury that C. sent the whole guard and the watchmen to hold the tent-ropes, for fear the tent should come down before the I——'s could get out of it. It was a dust-storm, and had perfectly filled the house with sand. Everything was a mass of fine dust, so thick that some papers which lay on my table were all but invisible. Towards morning rain fell and it became calm, but the condition in which we were on rising was lamentable; water was turned to mud, our brushes and combs might as well have been dragged along the road; and we were all occupied half the day in washing our hair. Rain fell at intervals, and it is now much cooler.

Hasan Khán came here on Sunday morning, and while talking said to C., in a soothing way, "Your religion and ours are very much the same." C. said "No, there is a great deal of difference," and lent him a Persian Testament, marking the Sermon on the Mount, which Hasan, who is a very poor scholar, promised to get read to him. He came again the other day and began the subject, by saying he had heard it read, and it was "*very* good; but," added he, "the Sáhib Lóg do not live according to their book. I have only seen one or two that do so." C. told him it was very true, but that still there were some here, and many at

home, who tried to *walk after* the Word of God. To walk is the literal Persian expression. Is it not strange that the inconsistency of nominal Christians should be so palpable to a Múhammadan, and yet that they themselves remain so blind to it?

March 27th.—Much cooler and very cloudy, so we hope for more rain. A Boxwalla has just been here: they are a sort of pedlars, and have from two to six coolies or porters carrying their boxes. When anything is wanted, one must send for a Kaprawalá or write a note to one of the two or three shops in the city generally kept by Armenians. They contain a little of everything.

We get four quails for threepence, and a brace of wild ducks for a shilling. Atta Múhammad an Afghán, whom C. formerly knew as a merchant, but who is now Náib Rassaldar, *i. e.* native second in command of Captain Fisher's Horse, called last night; he said Afghánistan was soaked in blood. When we first arrived Hasan Khán informed us of Múhammad Akbar's death. It was said that he had been poisoned by Shujah-u-Doulah, the murderer of Shah Sujah, but it is now known that he died of fever brought on by excessive drinking, for when he ceased to be a Ghází, he sought intoxication from wine instead of fanaticism. Our friend last evening told us that when he was dying he sent for his father-in-law, Múhammed Shah Khán Ghiljye, and said to him—"While I lived I have protected you, and no one could hurt you, but my father hates you, so now look to your own safety." Múhammad Shah Khán followed his advice, betook himself to the hills, and is now in open rebellion. The road between Kábul and Peshawer is therefore closed.

I was much amused at our visitor's gesticulations; he was an immensely broad-shouldered, powerful man, not so tall, but probably as thick as Og, King of Bashan, and when he was descanting on his own patience and meekness, he crossed his arms on his breast and leant his head and bushy black beard on one shoulder with such a ludicrous expression of extreme gentleness and

sweetness that he reminded me of Friar Tuck enacting the devout monk. C. laughed outright; he told me that just at that moment he thought of a story which Captain Fisher had related of this very man. Two parties of Sepáhis were fighting—the Náib Rassaldár went out to quell the tumult, and in the *mêlée* got a cut across his shoulders with a whip. This roused his ire to such a degree, that, seizing a huge tent peg for a club, he laid about him with such fury that both parties ceased their strife and fled from him with might and main. Not satisfied with this, he pursued them with increasing rage, when the guard was ordered to seize him, but were speedily sent flying back again by this perfect Berserker. Captain Fisher, not knowing who it was that was making this terrible uproar, despatched a whole troop to capture him, but it was of no use, he demolished the troop, scattered them, and marched about like a lion rampant, I suppose until the rage went out of him. Now the recollection of this with such a huge meek face before one was too much for any one's gravity. He is a very good-humoured man, but Afgháns, like Highlanders, when roused, are untameable.

Mr. Porter came in to get a cup of tea on Sunday, after evening service. There is a great mela or fair going on here, and we have lent our tents to the Missionaries—the large one to preach in, the small one to distribute books and tracts from. Mr. Porter told us that the people come most eagerly for books, asking for particular ones, such as the "Epistle to the Romans." A Summary of the Gospels in verse, published at Madras, seems a great favourite. Many of them, to show the exact book they want, recite a page or two at the top of their lungs. He says they sometimes find natives who, from reading the Scriptures, are nearly as well acquainted with them as the Missionaries themselves, and others who are *intellectually* Christians. Once, at a place about seven marches from this, he and his native coadjutor gave a portion of Scripture to a Fáqir. This man had been all over India on pilgrim-

ages, seeking peace and finding none; the word of God proved itself like a two-edged sword, for about two years after he came to the Missionaries, professed the faith of the Gospel, and has been for the last five years a Catechist at Sabathu. All the Missionaries here are teetotallers, and Mrs. Janvier told me that in America not one minister in a hundred of any denomination has intoxicating liquor of any kind in his house. We might well take pattern of them in that particular, especially in Scotland, where the abominable custom of giving a glass of whiskey to half the poor people who come to one's house is a fruitful source of sin. How many thousands perish annually from drink in our own beloved land, encouraged by those who take wine and beer in moderation; and how very very few either of gentlemen or ladies do take wine in real moderation! How many are as fit for work, as clear-headed, as even tempered, as fit for meditation and prayer, after dinner as before! How much time after dinner and after lunch is wasted, because we have taken a glass of wine, and cannot therefore apply to study or business! I have long thought we should abstain from wine and beer (for many ladies in India drink both) in order to redeem the time—to keep our bodies in *subjection*, and because, by denying ourselves this expensive luxury, we should be able to minister more largely to the wants of others; for I suppose there are few men in India whose cellars do not cost them from 60*l.* to 100*l.* a year at the very least, without reckoning any "company."

Friday, April 2nd.—Mrs. I——y and I went over to the chapel, to see one of the orphan girls married to a teacher in the Sunday school: they are both nominal Christians. There was dinner at Mr. Rudolph's in one room for us and for two of the native catechists and their wives, and on the floor in the next apartment a feast for the bride and bridegroom, the orphan girls, and divers others. It was pretty to see them enjoying themselves, and to mark the difference of expression in the little captives, who now look as merry as any, and

seem at home. Colonel Lawrence has proposed giving 200 rupees to the school, for the board and education of each of the rescued children.

Wednesday, April 11th.—Jacob arrived early on Monday, to our great satisfaction. Yesterday, Hasan Khán came while we were at dinner, and one of his men laid a covered tray on the floor, which excited my curiosity, especially as Hasan Khán said nothing about it. When we had finished, the cover was removed, and a very handsome Afghán dress appeared, laid on the top of a tray of sugar-candy and roses, which Múhammad Hasan had put in hand directly he heard of C.'s arrival in the country. He then began to dress him in it: it consisted of a purple silk skirt, a dark cloth coat, exquisitely embroidered in gold, red paijámahs, a shawl girdle, and a green turban. It is a most becoming costume. All the assistants cried in chorus, "Mubárak bâshad!" "May you be fortunate!" which they do on putting on anything new, or on mounting a new horse. Baedoollah always devoutly says, "Bismillah," "In the name of God," when C. put his foot in the stirrup; a thing few Múhammadans would do to a European. I never saw any gold embroidery equal that on this dress: it was done in Múhammad Hasan's own house, under the superintendence of a Kashmirí tailor. Of course we shall have to give them some handsome return for such a present, for it could not be refused without a complete breach with Hasan Khán, who looked so gratified on the occasion that it was quite pleasant to see him. He said, "as they were both well made men, he had had the dress cut on his own pattern, and that was why it fitted so exactly."

The Afgháns are certainly a very handsome race. Hasan Khán's Múnshí, or "man of letters," came in to read a letter of thanks from his patron to Mr. Mills, of the Indian House, comparing him to Plato and Lokhman, to which Hasan Khán listened with a face of simplicity that convinced me he knew as much of one as the other. The said Munshí and another attendant had most beautiful features; I never saw a more perfect

nose than the Munshí's, and Múhammad Hasan's Peshkhidmat, or henchman, whom he sent the other day with his magnificent donation of eighty rupees for the poor Highlanders, was one of the finest specimens of manly beauty in its full maturity which could be imagined. Hasan Khán then told us that one of my husband's old Jezailchís was with him, Shábad Khán by name: he was one of those fifteen who were cut down in the attack on the Shah Bagh at Kábúl; thirteen were slain outright, but this one recovered, and C. showed me a frightful scar across his right wrist.

When he was introduced, C. warmly shook hands with him, and he in return pressed his old commander's hand to his forehead and eyes. He was greatly pleased when I brought my copy of "Eyre's Journal," and C. read the names of all his Jezailchís which I had written on the fly-leaf.

Hasan Khán then began to recapitulate Shábad's enormities; how he would spend twenty rupees in a day, and never send any to his aged father and mother; how, if he were not a man of his own tribe and his own place, he would have cast him off entirely, and he shook his garment vehemently; how he had beaten him, and said to him, "Begone, let me never see you more!" but that he stuck to him like his girdle. During all this time, Shábad Khán, who was sitting by, made such gestures of injured and belied innocence, that I could hardly refrain from laughing; at last he said, "You had better kill me, Khán, than give me such a bad character; besides," added he, "not a word of it is true!" Hasan Khán did not seem at all disturbed at being thus accused of coining about a dozen falsehoods, but went on to relate, that this man accompanied him to Calcutta, but on their return, another retainer of his being about to join him, who had a blood feud with Shábad, he told him of it, and said, "You had better depart, for he will kill you."

Now, Múhammad Hasan having sent his enemy on a message to Kábúl, Shabád Khan has emerged from his retreat and rejoined him; but when his foe comes back

he must vanish again. My husband said, "This is an abominable custom; cannot peace be made between them?" Hasan Khán said that it was very bad, but it was the custom, and peace could not be made unless blood was spilt.

I went away to dress, and on my return found a Rassaldár had also called, and C. was showing them some of my sketches of the Nypalese Sirdár and others, which they admired, and cried, "Wonderful! It is a great science! The Feringhi are wonderful people! Wonderful that the Mem Sahib should do it herself. Wah! wah!" and then wagged their heads wisely.

In our drive passed a camp of Sepáhís on furlough: they always go in bands for safety; four or five have been murdered and robbed here since we came, so these have sentries.

Wednesday.—The senior Súbádar of our regiment came,—a fine-looking, white-bearded old man, to whom, at C.'s request, I gave a rose, and told him that, as my father was an old soldier, and I hoped my husband would live to be one, I felt an affection for old soldiers in general. This small speech C. translated, and the old man was greatly pleased, and told us he had two daughters (married to native officers) and five sons. It is a great compliment for a native to speak of the female members of his family, for they never do so except to those of whose respectability of character they have a high idea. I never saw more willing and obliging servants than ours; they have never yet made the least difficulty about anything: our household is almost exclusively Múhammadan, and the two Khitmadgars have been up to Afghánistan and Bokhára, which has enlightened their minds.

Thursday morning, C., Mrs. I. and I were at breakfast when Múhammadan Hasan Khán's ladies arrived. They came together in a close palkí, not muffled up, and one of Hasan Khán's retainers carefully shut the doors after them. One was young and pretty, with a very sweet mouth, something like Lizzy's, only fuller lips; she had very lively, bright, expressive, large dark eyes,

tinged with antimony, beautiful white teeth, with rosy lips, a colour in her cheek, and a complexion not darker than a Spaniard's or Italian's. She wore a little scull cap, embroidered by herself in gold and silver braid, her front hair in little thin curls pasted on her forehead, the rest of her tresses hanging behind in two plaits. She had a sort of loose shirt of rose-coloured satin reaching to the hips, with full sleeves and fastened at the throat, very wide green satin trousers, so full that they looked like a petticoat, and a row of silver bangles six inches deep on each arm, finished by a gold one, silver chains round her neck, pretty gold earrings, something like the Genoese filagree, but the top of each ear disfigured and made to hang over by the weight of half a dozen large gold rings. She had a crescent-shaped ornament of enamels and pearls (over the left eyebrow) and a little pearl thing like an earring top stuck in one nostril. She wore a large yellow gauze veil, and the palms of her hands were stained with henna. Her companion was older, with handsome features, though rather too much marked. She was dressed in the same manner, except that she had no cap, and the bosom of her purple satin tunic was covered on each side with half rupee pieces, put on just like military medals, close to each other. The veil was deep red bordered with gold, and like the other's large enough to envelope her whole person. She is the mother of a beautiful little girl, Hasan Khán's only living child. He has lost four, two boys and two girls. They were very affectionate and lively in manner, and we got on very well, especially after Mrs. Rudolph came over to interpret. And it was evident that Hasan Khán gossips with his wives of everything he sees or hears. They inquired what relation Mrs. I. was to my husband, and whether I had any sister, and thought it very sad she should be in England when I was here. I showed them different pieces of work which they admired. We looked at each other's dress, they examined my rings and hands, seemingly surprised that they were not stained. At last, each gently took hold of the skirt of my gown, pulled it up

a little way, and seemed to marvel at the corded petticoat, *that* they then raised a very little, and on seeing my under garments cried approvingly "ah!" I never was more amused.

They would not take tea, but ate some pán and stayed about an hour and a half. We sent all the men away from the verandah, and deposited them in their pálkis. They did not seem to mind the man who came with them seeing them, perhaps he is a kinsman, but he took care to summon the bearers only when they were safely ensconced in their box. Hasan Khán rode up just at that moment, I think he wondered what his wives had been doing so long. His Munshí comes to read Persian with my husband in the evening. They have been reading the Sermon on the Mount in "Gladwin's Persian Munshí;" and the scribe not only admired the Persian style exceedingly, but showed a perfect comprehension of the meaning of that divine discourse. He said the style of the Persian Testament was very inferior, that was full of awkwardnesses, but this was most beautiful.

I send you a copy of a letter I have just written.

"Loodiana, April 15th, 1847.

"My dear Mr. ——,

"Having extracted a quantity of information from my husband during our evening's walk yesterday, I sit down to fulfil my promise of giving you an account of 'raising a regiment.' The first thing C. had to do was to understand half a dozen contradictory orders, one of which told him he was to get one-third of his native officers from the Line; another said that such men having been found useless, had been sent back by the officers commanding the Sikh regiments, which had been raised in the first instance. He was directed to form his regiment half of Sikhs and the other half of Mussalmáns and Hindus; *Brahmans excepted*, as they are generally at the bottom of all mutinies and conspiracies.

"He found on arriving that hardly any but Múham-

madáns had been enlisted, with the exception of one hundred men, the very refuse of the Ambálla Police Battalion lately disbanded, many of whom were of the caste very properly excluded by Lord Hardinge, but now forced into the regiment by his express order.

"He then sent proclamations in Panjábi and Hindustáni, throughout the neighbouring villages and country (as he was directed to do), stating that such a regiment was to be raised—the advantages of enlisting, seven rupees a month pay for Sepáhi, &c., &c., and inviting men to enter so glorious a service. Not quite 350 men were collected when we arrived, and desertions were incessant, as many as ten in one night. C. made the men a speech, in which he set forth the disgrace of deserting, and I suppose hinted at the penalties thereof.

"They have since diminished, although a few days ago one of the cooks eloped, which he must have done, like Lydia Languish, for love of the proceeding itself, as he could easily have got his discharge. In all new regiments desertions are very frequent at first, owing to numbers enlisting who do not know their own minds.

"Lord Hardinge's idea in raising these four new regiments, was, that they would absorb the old Sikh soldiers; and, in order to carry out this plan without expense to the State, he disbanded thousands of our faithful Hindustánis. Hardly any of the old Sikh soldiers choose to enter our service, their habits of military license unfit them for our discipline—their national and military pride disinclines them to serve their conquerors, and above all, they are agriculturists, and always returned to their field-labours during their periods of furlough; they require, therefore, stronger inducements than we have to offer, to make them quit their plough for the sword, or rather the musket.

"Moreover, they all wear their hair, at full length, which length I am assured commonly extends from three feet to six feet, and sometimes even to eleven feet!—four feet of hair is frequent. The whole is formed into a knot on the top of the head. Now, "here's a

coil" which effectually prevents a man from wearing a very shallow forage cap; and, as Lord Hardinge gives them leave to keep their hair and beards, neither of which they ever cut, and at the same time insists on their wearing this obnoxious topí; the veterans positively refuse to have anything to do with a service which makes a saucer-cap a *sine quâ non*.

"Some of the finest recruits draw back, and will not enlist when the topí is shown to them; and truly the effect of it is most absurd. C. has risked the safety of his Glengarry bonnet, by sending it to head-quarters, with a request to be allowed to give similar ones to his men.

"All the refuse of Loodiana apply for service; two thieves gravely offered themselves the other day, and when C. could not refrain from laughing in their faces at the effrontery of their proposition, their tribe being notoriously a caste of thieves, they burst out laughing too. If he like the appearance of any that come, he has them measured; he has fixed the standard at five feet seven inches, and takes none under that, except for special reasons, as in the case of a gallant little Ghúrká, who was at Charékár, in Mr. Haughton's regiment, and who, in company with a fellow soldier, volunteered to carry intelligence to the garrison at Káhúl, and performed the task, passing throught the very heart of the enemy. He was severely wounded, and afterwards served with the Sappers and Miners, who, subsequently to Captain Laing's death at Behmárú, were under my husband's command. You cannot imagine a stronger contrast than that between the little square, sallow-complexioned Chinese-looking Ghúrka, and the tall, flexible Rajput Havildar-major.

"If the men are of the proper height, they are sent with a roll of ther names, ages, &c., to the surgeon, who pronounces on their fitness for service. They are then put to drill, and when perfect in facing, marching, extension motions, &c., ought to get muskets and learn the manual and platoon exercise. I have only just found out that the manual exercise consists in learning to handle

the gun in a dumb show—the platoon exercise in learning to fire it.

"Every thing that is required for the men must be indented for; that is, C. signs an application for such and such things. If it is an 'emergent indent,' he gets the articles, but may be obliged to return them if the military board does not think them needful.

"The military board, in their corporate capacity, are odious to every one, from the difficulties and obstacles they oppose to everything. The only public personage who equals them in unpopularity is the unfortunate military auditor-general, whose title is the signal for a chorus of vituperation, for he is always cutting people's lawful pay, retrenching the same sums two or three times over, and recovering from three or four different persons that which only one is answerable for. C. has applied for muskets, numbers of his men being now ready for the manual exercise, but there are no belts in the magazine here, so that they cannot get any.

"This being harvest time, when the whole population are fully employed, recruiting goes on very slowly. Different native commissioned and non-commissioned officers are out in the district recruiting, and each recruit receives two annas' worth of food a-day. Now, when they arrive at Loodiana a large proportion are found unfit for service, and the auditor-general always disputes the payment of money expended in this manner, although the expense is unavoidable. This, however, is not so much his fault as that of the rules by which he is fettered.

"No pay abstracts of either officers or men have yet been passed, but the Treasury advance whatever money is needed, on the responsibility of the Commandant;* and Captain W. has had so much trouble and expense owing to these arrangements, that he ends a most humorous note of grievances to my husband, by saying, 'Catch me raising another regiment for them, that's

* When the regiment received the first issue of pay it was *eight months in arrears*, but they were afterwards paid, like the rest of the Bengal army, every month.

all!' It is indeed very hard work, especially where, as in C.'s case, he has it all to do by himself. He rises before dawn to go to parade, and often cannot get back to breakfast. Then Native officers, Havildars, Sikhs, Afgháns, and Ghurkas, come pouring in; official letters, indents, *ad libitum*, have to go out; and in the evening he is at parade again until tea-time.

"The new Adjutant has not yet joined. The Commissariat dapartment is thus managed: A chowdrí is appointed at the head of the regimental Bazár. Advances are made to enable him to furnish funds to such shopkeepers as are willing to settle in the regiment, and he is responsible for the quality of the provisions sold. The Sepáhis are generally required to supply themselves from their own Bazár; and, as they pay a little more than they would do in the town, the extra profit induces the Baniáhs to go with the regiment wherever it may be ordered.

"C. turned out the first Baniáhs who came, for cheating the soldiers. They consequently endeavoured to form a conspiracy with all the other shopkeepers in Loodiana, to prevent his having a Bazár at all, and the men not understanding the advantage of one, said they would rather receive their two annas daily to buy for themselves. C. managed to get two or three old Sepáhis, who had turned Baniáhs, to settle in his lines, and took much pains to explain to the native officers, commissioned and non-commissioned, the use of a Bazár, desiring them to propound the same to the men. He also issued an order on the subject, which, after being read at three successive roll-calls, so entirely convinced the recruits that they rushed tumultuously to the shops, and well nigh plundered them.

"They are now marched up by companies, and each receives his allowance in due order; and, if the shopkeepers give them credit beyond the amount of two annas per diem, it is at their own risk. Some of the men, principally the Hindus, save a good deal out of their subsistence money. C. means to have ten Baniáhs,

one for each company. Each shop contains everything the Sepáhis require in the way of food.

"All the native officers who have been out recruiting are in disgrace, for they have brought in the scum of the country, and pocketed the public money, by the following process: They send word they have enlisted one hundred men, and require subsistence money accordingly; then they bring in fifty, and declare the other fifty have deserted *en route,* and within ten days twenty-five of the remainder have taken their leave. For the latter desertions there is no doubt that the topí is greatly to blame. C. says he feels inclined to sing the old song of 'Rogues all,' from morning till night, and declares that the vulgar proverb 'mad as a hatter,' is fully exemplified in the present case."

I insert a fragment of another letter on the same subject.

"Loodiana, May 13th, 1847.

"My dear Mr. ——.

"I must add a postscript to my Chapitre des Chapeaux, as I think my letter touching the Frontier Brigade and the Topí may be justly styled.

"In the first place Lord Hardinge, considering the Frontier Brigade as a Political Body, has placed it under the Political Department, at the same time constantly referring matters relating to it to the Commander-in-Chief and military authorities, who, rejoicing in the conviction that everything will get into confusion without their superintendence, refuse to have anything to say to it. C. applied for tents. The Governor-General directed that the regiment should only have *half* the allowance, because *when completed,* more than half would seldom be assembled at once, as it is his intention to employ them in treasure-parties and gaol-guards. Luckily C. had got the tents before this answer arrived, but if he were to leave, he would have to restore all but the scanty portion allowed.

"C. has represented that the regiment must be collected together and disciplined before they can possibly

be detached on guards or treasure parties, and in the meantime one half of them cannot lie in the open air—the hot winds are blowing—the rains are coming on, and, of course, the men will desert.

"He then applied for hutting-money. The regiment is at present occupying some old lines, and the mud huts of their predecessors could easily be put in repair and thatched for them at a very small expense. This was refused, although granted to all the regiments of the line, to which Lord Hardinge is so anxious to assimilate the Frontier Brigade. It was stated that the men must do it at their own expense, but the political authorities might afford them any help in their power by convict labour, &c. The men have not received a farthing of pay beyond bare subsistence money (two annas a day), so how can they do it at their own expense? and it turns out that no convicts can be spared, and the political authorities have no other assistance to give.

"Again the Governor-General writes that Khalásís are not authorized* for these corps, and has required the commanding officer of one of the other regiments to pay twelve drummer-boys himself, saying that he had no authority for enlisting them, but allowing them a drum-major had been inserted *by mistake* in the complement of the regiment; I should say that the drummer-boys were the natural and necessary consequents of the drum-major, and that therefore Government ought to pay for their own mistake. They also refused buglers, but afterwards allowed two per company, and lo! no less than three of their own documents, previously issued, authorise the entertainment of both Khalásís and Buglers! How can raw recruits be expected to pitch and take charge of their own tents, especially when all the other regiments have Khalásís to do it for them? The Commanding Officers have been invested with the powers of Joint Magistrates, and a Munshí is

* Long afterwards, in consequence of vehement representations, Khalasis were at length allowed.

indispensable, not only to take down proceedings but also to write all Hindustáni letters and papers connected with the regiment. The last orders from head-quarters disallowed the Munshi, so that C. has to pay his salary as well as that of the Khalásís out of his own pocket. The men have not yet got their arms, and the pay abstracts of February are not yet passed; and altogether in point of pay, and especially of pecuniary liabilities, C. is in a worse position now than he was at Peshawur in 1840, besides having far more fatiguing and harassing duty."

Hasan Khán, who constantly comes to talk or consult with C. to the great trial of his equanimity, for he sits for hours when my husband is overpowered with public business, told him the other day how anxious he was to be rejoined by his wives who are in Afghánistan—by one of them in particular. He said she was of noble birth, and her wisdom and prudence something extraordinary. He said he kept his wives very retired, and never allowed them to pay visits. The pretty one, who came the other day, is the daughter of a man whom he does not consider his equal in any way, and whom he does not respect, and during the four years she has been married, he has never suffered her to visit her father. She and his other wife were, therefore, very much astonished when he told them they were to pay a visit to me; but then, added he to C., "You are like my brother, or my other self." C. showed him the passage in Titus, where women are exhorted to be keepers at home, and the Munshí read it to them. He came again the other evening and said he was going to Simla to pay a visit to the Lord Sahib. He asked for letters to Colonel Garden and others, and said he thought it probable he should be requested to raise a thousand horse in the district of Peshawur; but added, "they won't obey me, I must have some European gentlemen, or otherwise all these Afgháns will be at sixes and sevens. Now I shall tell them that I won't serve under anybody but you." C. advised him not to say anything of the sort.

He came yesterday, the 16th, to take leave. He wore boots, and a tight fitting embroidered "chapkan" (coat) with pistols and sword. As he sprang into the saddle and dashed away, his Munshí and attendants checked their horses to shake my husband's hand. The Munshí had a round shield slung at his back. One of the other horsemen had a long scarlet spear, and there were one or two fleet men on foot, and as they went off at full speed, there was such a pawing and prancing, such curvetting, caricolling, bounding, and beháding of horses and men as you never beheld. They teach their horses to rear and prance for effect, and very good the effect is in a picturesque point of view. My husband was advising Hasan Khán to lay by some of his pension. "Oh," answered he, "it would be a shame for me not to spend all the money I have." This exactly expresses the usual Eastern idea.

Thursday, April 15th.—We went to Miss Eckford's wedding, which took place at ten o'clock A.M. The heat was extreme. All the gentlemen were as usual in full uniform, and nobody wept, which was a great comfort. I walk in the garden every morning before sunrise, and most delightful it is, the air is so pure and fresh. The garden is on a slope, and consists of four wide parallel walks intersected by as many narrower ones, each path being bordered on both sides by channels for water, and by trees and bushes of roses, pomegranates, hollyhocks, &c., the intermediate squares (the gaufres) being occupied by crops of vegetables, barley, and other things. This is the season in which roses are in the greatest profusion, and we get a beautiful bouquet daily, The pomegranate-trees are lovely with their gorgeous blossoms, and the scent of the double jessamine is quite overpowering. I do not know if this jessamine exists in England.

Do you remember that we used as children to amuse ourselves by sticking the fallen blossoms of the jessamine into those which were growing on the bush? This same freak has been performed by nature in the flower I speak of, and you can pull the inner one out; each has

seven or eight petals. I often have a light wicker chair carried into the garden and enjoy reading. It makes me think of that verse—

> "O God, how good, beyond compare!
> If thus thy meaner works are fair,
> If thus thy beauties gild the span
> Of ruined earth and guilty man,
> How glorious must those mansions be
> When thy redeemed shall dwell with thee!"

Innumerable passages of Scripture derive fresh force in this country; for instance, in reading the first Psalm the other morning, "He shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of waters, &c.," on raising my eyes I beheld every tree in the garden planted by a water-course, without which, in this burning clime, it would not bring forth its fruit in due season, but its leaf would wither; and I felt how forcible an emblem it was of the absolute necessity of never failing supplies of the water of life, for the spiritual life and fruitfulness of the plants of the Lord's vineyard.

The other day I saw, for the first time, the Eastern mode of watering a garden. The well is at some distance at the top of a little rise; a bullock skin is drawn up by a pair of little oxen, who run down a short slope with much glee and thus raise the water; they are then loosened from the rope and walk up the hill again, while the water is poured into a channel from whence it flows down to the garden, and runs from one little sloping channel to another; the málí or gardener carefully removing all obstructions from its path. It makes one understand the expression, "He watereth it with his foot;" for with the foot you easily open a passage through the little ridges of earth, or bar the progress of the tiny stream. So ought we to remove obstacles—our besetting sins, our worldly pleasures which hinder the free course of Divine grace in our souls.

I was much amused yesterday in watching the patient, quiet camels I was sketching. All creatures in India appear to me much better sitters than at home,

and have a much greater faculty of keeping still: cows, camels and horses will remain some minutes in the same attitude without moving an inch, so do the people: the very birds sit tranquilly and meditate on their spray. A state of violent action and excitement, and one of perfect repose, seem the two alternatives under which men and animals naturally exist in the land of the sun.

Our young Arab Motí is the most quiet, sleepy, lazy creature possible, as almost all Arabs are when not roused. He is as gentle as a lamb, and lets me stroke his eyes, and pull his ears, and coax him as much as I like. I have divers pets: a pretty little tiny red calf which I feed every morning; it nibbles my fingers and licks my hand with its rough tongue, and then makes a demonstration as if it would toss C. Then there are two handsome Panjábí black goats, very large, nearly as high as the calf, with long hanging ears, who come for a bit of bread every evening, and the pretty little kid of one of them. The ears are white, and the rets of the creature perfectly black and like the softest velvet. They brought me a new-born kid this afternoon, whose ears I measured: they were fully twelve inches long, and will be eighteen in all probability when it is full grown. One of my goats is of a peculiar breed, and has what they call bands,—two pendants, like small ears, from its throat,

I have also a dumbá, or Afghán sheep, that was brought on a charpaí, carried by men, all the way from Firozpúr. Its tail is more than a foot wide, and consists entirely of fat, which is considered a great delicacy. It is a very handsome white ram that eats out of my hand, and follows me into the house.

It is becoming warmer daily. Our phankahs are put up, and we have one pulled while we are at dinner; we must soon have it all day. The poor people in Calcutta had the thermometer at 96° under a phankah more than a month ago; and at Allahabad Mr. W. wrote us a fortnight since he was sitting without his coat, although his phankah was going. Citrons, which were

hanging ripe on the trees at Benáres on the first of February, are still quite small and green here, and peas are not yet entirely over. We have some fields close to the garden, but the country generally is most barren.

C. drove me the other evening into the country, and congratulated himself on the excellence of the road, which, after all, was such a break neck one, that our old Swiss coachman would have pronounced only fit to go bird-nesting. The country was just a waste of sand, like driving through a desert. We met many people returning from their labour,—many of the women with great loads of straw on their heads; some of them tall and handsome, and all of them with an excellent carriage and free step, their dress quite classical.

Hasan Khán has left C. in charge of his household. On the first of the month he is to get his private signet, draw his pay, and supply money to his people. It makes one's heart ache to think that such a man as Hasan Khán should be a Múhammadan. I was interrupted by a dust-storm, which made it nearly dark and so hot that I fell asleep; and so overpowered was Mr. I., that after tea he lay down on the floor and went to sleep, too. I must tell you a story, which was quoted from Baron Arnim in a number of the "British and Foreign Quarterly Review," and which I thought of the whole time I was drawing the camels yesterday.

In order to illustrate the characteristic modes of acting of the English, French, and Germans, Baron A. said, that one of each nation was required to draw a camel: the Frenchman went to the Jardin des Plantes, and the next day brought you a clever though not very accurate sketch of a camel; the Englishman takes his passage by the next steamer for Egypt, and there studies camels thoroughly, and makes drawings from nature in every possible attitude, for a year or so, at the end of which time he presents you with a painting so perfectly true to nature, that it is the camel itself; the German shuts himself up in his chamber, in order to educe the

idea of the camel out of the depths of his moral consciousness. By the last accounts he was still at it. Is not this an admirable little tale? In the same review, a Frenchman gravely asserts, that the reason why so few railway accidents occur in Germany is on account of the "*Esprits épais*" of the people!

The other morning I saw two officers shooting quails, the place of dogs being supplied by beaters, who take up their position ten paces from each other and then close in, thus putting up the birds; they had also hawks with them. I saw them throw a dead quail into the air, and the hawk caught it before it fell; but it is a cruel sport, I think, to let loose one creature upon another; and moreover, the beaters greatly injure the corn-fields, and the poor people are generally afraid to complain.

It is impossible to describe the corruption of some of the courts in this country. The munshís, chaprásis or messengers, and other officials about a European judge, agent or magistrate, extort bribes from all who have causes, sometimes under pretence of speaking to the Sáhib, sometimes under pretext that the bribe is for the Sáhib himself. If none, or not sufficient, is given them, they prevent the proper witnesses from being called, keep them out of the way, and with unimaginable dexterity defeat the ends of justice. A man will give himself the airs of being high in favour and having great influence with his master, simply from the fact of being admitted into his writing-room, and will pretend he has pleaded the cause of a suitor, when he would not dare to open his lips on the subject. Of course an indolent man in office is the cause of unspeakable injustice.

It is, I believe, almost impossible to find a native who is either truthful or pure-minded. How can they be so with their impure creeds? You know the tendencies of Múhammadanism, but you are not aware of the unspeakable abominations of Hinduism, which are intertwined with all their religious rites. The "Philosophy of the Plan of Salvation" shows that man can

never be better than that which he worships, and if so, how thoroughly must the native mind be polluted by a faith which, I suppose, surpasses all others in depravity. On this account it is ruin to a child to be kept in this country, unless the mother can have it always with her, and yet, knowing this, half the parents in India commit the sole charge of their children, even girls, to native bearers. The bearers are, however, a shade better than the women. I could not repeat the dreadful stories I have heard of the early depravity and knowledge of wickedness acquired by children from their Ayahs, *even* under vigilant superintendence. I think it a plain duty for every one who can *by any means* afford to have a European nurse for their children as soon as they begin to speak; and the next best thing is an Afghan bearer, who will keep the child in order and not spoil it by excessive servility.

On returning from a drive we found the Nizám-u-Dowlah here in the midst of his prayers. He and two of his people were kneeling facing the west, each on his praying carpet, one behind the other, the Nizám being the fugleman. They took not the smallest notice of us or of anything else until they had finished. By-the-by, did you see that letter in the Record showing that praying to the East is an old Pagan custom, mentioned by Victorius on his rules for building heathen temples, that half of the sky being considered propitious and the other unlucky. The Nizám-u-Dowlah belongs to one of the most aristocratic branches of the Clan Popalzye. His father and grandfather were both Wazirs; one of his sisters married Shah Zemán, and another Shah Shujah. The latter, who was called the Wafá Begum (the sincere or honourable lady or princess) was his principal wife, and distinguished herself by her fortitude, wisdom, and spirit during her husband's captivity in the hands of Ranjit Singh. She was Shah Shujah's very soul; the Nizám spoke most warmly of her, and then added, "We were of one milk," meaning children of the same mother.

A few evenings after he brought his nephew, the

Shahzadeh Súltán Husein, son of Shah Zemán, to see if my husband could procure a more equitable division of the pension allowed by Government to the family of the late Shah. The pension is only 2000 rupees a month; and of this the ladies take half. The Prince very naïvely said, "I have no objection that women should have food, and all that is necessary, but it is not right that they should take half, and leave hardly anything for eight sons, bearded men." It is curious that all these Afgháns, many of them like the Shahzadeh, personally unknown to my husband, should come to him for advice and assistance. The Prince was most simply dressed, with a plain white turban, his manner was shy, with a shade of awkwardness, and it is no wonder, if a son of the Sovereign who shook our Indian Empire to its basis should feel awkward in so strangely altered a position.

The difference between the Afgháns and Sikhs in manner and appearance is very marked. All the Afgháns of any rank that I have seen, are perfect gentlemen, in manner very courteous, but with none of the exuberant ceremoniousness and obsequiousness of the Hindu. The Nizam-u-Dowlah is one of the most dignified men I ever saw; the Sikhs, on the other hand, are rough, rude, unpolished, noisy soldiers, with loud voices.

A Sikh Colonel, Gajít Sing by name, called here the other day. Both he and his cousin were fine looking men, but with much less high caste features than the Afgháns. They were both dressed in gigot-fashioned white trousers, white muslin jacket, and the Colonel had a pair of gold bangles on his wrists.

Almost all Sikhs, Afgháns, and Hindus have very delicate hands and feet, in comparison to European ones.

The I——s left us for the hills yesterday. Our baggage has at last arrived, which is a great comfort.

It is now hot enough to use the phankah all day. Do you know what a phankah is? It is a wooden

frame about three feet deep, covered with cloth, with a double flounce of calico at the bottom. It is slung from the ceiling, as low as can be done without knocking any one's head as he passes under it, and is pulled to and fro by a rope which generally passes through a hole into the verandah, where the bearer sits. It makes the room pleasantly cool. We have also Tattis, which are semicircular screens of thatch, made of sweet scented grass, called Kas, and fitting the doorway on whichever side the wind blows. This Tatti is sprinkled incessantly with water, and the hotter the wind of course the more rapid the evaporation, and the cooler the house.

We have had rain lately, which has made the mornings and evenings delightful. The house is kept closely shut from seven or eight o'clock in the morning till seven in the evening; but although the outer air is like that of an oven, I do not feel it at all too warm in the house; thanks to these admirable contrivances.

Dr. H., of Tait's Irregular Horse, has just paid us a visit. He told us, as so many others have done, that there never was such confusion as at Firozshahar. The battle began about half-past three P.M., consequently it soon was become dark; there was no moon, and the only light was from the Sikh camp, which was on fire, and their magazines, which ever and anon blew up. He said there was no reason for attacking that night, as there was not the smallest chance of their running away. The Governor-in-General was seeking the Commander-in-Chief, the Commander-in-Chief the Governor-General; nobody could be found, and the conflict and confusion went on until near daybreak.

It was Dr. H. who, on the morning of the 23rd, recognized poor Major Broadfoot's body. It was lying just within the entrenchments, in no way mutilated, with the face perfectly calm and placid, and he it is who has lately caused the spot to be marked by a pavement of bricks with his name, otherwise it would soon have been obliterated. Colonel Ashburtham was anxious to mark the grave of Major Somerset in a

similar manner, and three graves had to be opened before it could be ascertained which was the right one. The Doctor told me that before the battle of Múdkí, the Sikhs declared they would not stop at Delhi, but would march straight on to London. *After* it, they were not quite so confident.

He said, that in spite of Lord Gough's want of generalship, there was a great charm in him: his fine person, sweet expression, frank kind manner, sincerity of heart, are very winning. His example did very much for our success. He was always in the thickest of the fight, ahead of every one, waving his cap, and cheering on his men. The soldiers at Firozshahar were so much exhausted, that Dr. H. himself saw an officer ride up to a scattered party of Europeans, and exhort them to come on. Their answer was, "It's of no use, it is not in us, sir. We are done up." Many of the 62nd were fainting before they came under fire, having been marching from seven in the morning until three, P.M., when they came into action.

A regimental Khálasi, whose vocation it is to be trustworthy, stole eight rupees from the doctor, whereupon all the other Khálasies went in a body to the doctor, to say they hoped he would be punished, for he had brought disgrace upon their name. Strange to say, there are whole classes of men in India whose vocation it is to be honest, or rather perhaps, trustworthy.

The Mahájans or native Bankers often send a common bearer from the bazar some hundred miles with a bag of gold, and unless the bearer dies of fever or is murdered, the money is as safe as if under charge of a regiment. So it is with Khálasis; and my husband tells me he would entrust uncounted money to any amount to any Sepáhís from the Line whom he has in his regiment, and feel quite at ease regarding its safety, just as you would to a Highland cadie in Edinburgh; exceptions are wonderfully rare. They are ploughing part of the garden, and manage the matter very simply. A plank is first tacked on to two bullocks, a boy stands

on it as they drag it along, and this is sufficient to make this light sandy soil quite smooth. The bullocks are then fastened to the plough, made of two pieces of wood nearly at right angles with each other, and caused to describe an oblong, inside which they patiently proceed, diminishing it every turn like a coil of rope, thus making no regular furrows, but turning up the whole ground.

CHAPTER VI.

Afghan Zenana—Making an Impression—A Beauty—A Demoniac—Mussalman Husband—Pictures—Camera Oscura—Hasan Khan's curiosity—Reception by Governor-General—Sirfraz Khan—Stoddart and Conolly—Persian Horse Dealer—Lights—Dust Storm—Nil Gao—Hot Winds—Unlucky Dream—Wounded Artilleryman—Fatteh Jang and General Pollock—Life in the Harem—Polygamy—Manly Boys—Afghan Supper—Salt on Sunday—Messenger from Muhammad Shah Khan—Afghan Claims—Akbar Khan's Treachery—Feather Jacket—Our Soldiers still Captive in Afghanistan—Bangstrie—Afghan Sheep—Cure for Industry—Prosperity of annexed Sikh States—Hindustani Language—Murteza Shah—Rudeness to Native Gentleman—Remarkable Storm—Sepahi's Wife—An Afghan on Fighting—Faithful Afghan—A Mantis—Bribery—Unserviceable Arms—Bengal Army—Suffering of the Regiment.

MAY 4th.—On Saturday one of Hasan Khán's people came to tell us the youngest Bibi had been very ill the last three days, and had sent to the Bazár for some medicines, which of course had done her no good; I promised to see her in the evening, and Mrs. Rudolph agreed to accompany me. We drove in at a narrow gateway, got two or three vehement jolts in entering the court yard, and stopped before a one-storied house with mud walls and no windows. Mrs. Rudolph and I were ushered in, and found ourselves in a good sized room with bare rafters and painted walls, full of little arched recesses, about four feet from the ground, which served for shelves and cupboards. A mattrass, covered with a sheet, lay on the floor, and on it the poor little wife who had paid me a visit; she was very ill, her face

drawn and pinched, unable to move without pain; she was dressed in a very wide pair of scarlet trousers and a short transparent little shirt of figured net, with wide sleeves, her black hair hanging down behind in one plait; a dirty elderly woman, with thick cotton veil, which may once have been white, and dark trousers, tight halfway up to the knee and full above, was sitting by her and coaxing her. I took her for a servant, but found she was her mother; two stout dirty boys of nine or ten years old, and several servant girls, one of them a very pretty young thing, were sitting around on the floor. The other wife, Bibi Jí, conducted me to an arm-chair in the middle of the room close to a little Phankah, but as I could see nothing of my patient at that distance, I speedily sat down on the floor by her side; they then brought me pillows and bolsters to lean upon. I gave her some medicine, and ill as she was she could not forbear taking another look at my petticoat, which is a source of great wonder to them from being corded. Bibi Jí brought us some tea made with cinnamon, which we both agreed was much nicer than when made our fashion. The tea-leaves and cinnamon are put into cold water, and placed on the fire to boil very slowly; it is taken off directly it begins to boil, and boiled milk and sugar added.

The room was painted with flowers on a white ground, a sort of imitation of Florentine mosaic; it has three doors opening into the inner court where the women sleep in the open air, cook, &c., and on the opposite side as many leading to the outer court, which, when the women occupy this room, are kept closed, with thick wedded curtains of yellow cotton, bordered with red, over them. As, however, the doors are very rudely made of planks, they have many chinks most convenient for the women to peep and listen through. At the head of the bed stood a rude lamp, a kind of vase, with four wicks, lying in oil, which require to be constantly trimmed; it stood on an old deal box to make it higher, and when I asked for water it was brought by the Pesh Khidmat, who seems to manage everything

in his master's absence; he came only to the door, but he must have seen in very well.

Sunday morning, by five o'clock, a message was sent that the poor Bibí was worse. Mrs. Rudolph and I went again, and tried some remedies with apparently no good result; Mrs. Rudolph was obliged to go home, but before doing so she asked the poor sick girl how she expected to be saved, and on her making no answer, told her she ought to pray to God to enlighten her heart by His Holy Spirit, and then gave her a short sketch of the way of salvation by Christ. Leila Bibí kept her eyes shut with a kind of stiffnecked expression, and Mrs. Rudolph afterwards told me she always found that it was a very unwelcome subject, for they are sensible of having no sure ground of salvation, and do not like to think of it. How often is this the case with nominal Christians! Like the ostrich hiding her head in the sand, they hope to escape danger by escaping the sight of it.

When, however, Mrs. Rudolph returned with me in the evening, Leila Bibí's manner to her was very cordial. I stayed with her until half-past one P.M., leaving her better, although her strength was greatly prostrated. The Bibís brought me all sorts of eatables; they made me lie down on quilts in the middle of the floor, and pulled the Phankah over me, and in the evening they made a khána or dinner for us of pillau, and an excellent dish called Phirni, ground rice boiled in milk till it is of the consistency of arrowroot.

Every day since, I have been to see my poor patient, morning and evening, sometimes staying with her two or three hours. She has had very restless nights, and has eaten nothing the last six days. Mrs. Rudolph goes with me as often as she can, generally early in the morning.

Yesterday (Tuesday) she read the 53rd of Isaiah, and some of John, in Hindustani (which Leila, having been brought up at Loodiana, understands perfectly), and spoke of the sinfulness of our hearts, and of the only way of salvation. Leila Bibí said nothing, but

one of the others listened most attentively. The mother and Bibí Jí walked about entirely unconcerned. When Mrs. Rudolph is not with me, Jacob or my husband comes to interpret; Jacob stands at the door, and the old mother speaks to him openly, but I observe they are much more particular with C. He modestly stands on one side of the door and the female speaker on the other, so that although they make up for it by peeping after him, he cannot see them. The Peshkhidmat always stands by, and all the younger members of the family post themselves against the walls, so as not to be seen. One or two are pretty intelligent girls, and they all receive me most affectionately.

It is pleasant to see how harmoniously they seem to live together, each vieing with the other in attending on the invalid. Bibí Jí is a heavy figure, and not very "quick at the uptak." By-the-by, I remarked that Leila Bibí's little sark is sewn at the throat, so it is evidently not taken off every day. Their persons and hair seem clean, but their clothes are worn until they are almost worthy of a Romish saint. The *men* of any rank are much more particular. They use only one sheet on their beds and none over them, as they sleep in their day clothes; they seem very decorous in uncovering themselves before others; this was shown in many ways by the poor invalid when we were putting hot flannels on her, &c.

Now that Leila Bibí is getting better, they all show me every mark of kindness and gratitude, squeezing my hands, patting and stroking me; and, last night, two of them shampooed me. Leila Bibí makes signs for me to sit on her bed close to her, and then puts her arm round me, and her dumb thanks, putting my hand to her forehead and eyes, are very pretty. There seems little practical distinction of rank between the mistresses of the family and the servants, except that the former have a few gold ornaments, and wear very wide trousers and transparent jackets, with purple net veils thrown over the left shoulder and reaching to the ground behind; while the latter have blue cotton shirts,

cotton veils, and ludicrous trousers, tight nearly to the knee and full above. One or two have a petticoat instead. They have their hair hanging down in braids behind, and one long curl on each side of the temple. Bibí Jí has silver bangles on her feet. An old fat servant sometimes comes in dressed literally in sackcloth. Bibí Jí brings everything eatable with her own hands, fetches water for the medicines, &c. Several that I at first took for attendants turn out to be friends, for it is the custom in case of sickness for some of the friends of the invalid to go and stay in the house, rendering all needful aid till amendment takes place, and a good custom it is. In England we can so easily buy service, that we have forgotten the privilege of *rendering* it.

Last evening the invalid was much better and quite cheerful. One of the maids, a merry-looking girl, hearing I was not quite well, took the Homœopathic Book and pretended to read in it to find out my case. The other day they asked me to read to them, having a great admiration for an art, which none of them possess. I read a small piece of Laurie, and then a passage from a German Homœopathic Book. The latter they pronounced "sakht," or hard. As C. was to receive Hasan Khán's pension for him, two receipts in Persian were prepared and brought to Leila Bibí to be stamped with her husband's private seal. She is evidently the favourite wife. A red little box was placed on her bed, with one hinge off; she unlocked it, (such a wretched padlock!) with a little key which hung on the sash of her trousers. The seal was rubbed with Indian ink, and the maid tried to make an impression and produced a great black blot. I tried with no better success, so the seal was confided to me that the Sáhib might make the impression himself. The Pesh Khidmat followed me home with two fresh receipts, but neither he nor the "Sahib" could succeed; so they were obliged to have two others made out and bring the Munshí, who sealed them properly in a moment by putting on very little ink, and not letting

any go into the hollows of the seal. This is the way all letters are authenticated; they are written by a Munshí and stamped with the seal of the person sending them, which seal bears his name and often his title. This of course opens a wide field for forgeries, especially as it is easy to wash out either the writing or the signature, and substitute others, both being in Indian ink on thick and very glossy paper.

Hasan Khán has a private store-room hung round with arms, among them I saw a shield, a cavalry sword, and the blunderbuss C. gave him. Some large chests I suppose contain clothes and resais, but Orientals seem to have no sense of order. The family possess only pewter spoons, and one or more very blunt clasp knives, and a red and white German glass. In order to return Hasan Khán's present, I sacrificed my amethyst bracelets and gave one to each Bibí. The little sick one's face lighted up with pleasure, and I really think it did her good.

Wednesday, May 6th. — Yesterday year we left Dresden. It seems three years to us, so much has been crowded into it. When I went last evening to see Leila Bibí, I found a whole family of strangers there. She, who seemed to be the principal person, was one of the most lovely creatures I ever saw; eyes, nose, mouth and teeth were beautiful, with a very fair skin like an Italian, perfect eyebrows. and eyelashes such as they almost all have, like a *thick* silk fringe. She was very becomingly dressed in snow-white pajamahs and veil, and a purple net shirt. This morning the Pesh Khidmat, as usual, brought a lamentable account, but I found my patient no worse. I took a cup of sago with me, and gave her a few spoonsful, as I was afraid of her remaining any longer without nourishment, and I dared not tell them to feed her, lest they should force her to eat, which they were much inclined to do. She called me her "bahin" or sister. I made Jacob ask a grown up brother of Leila Bibí's to bring his mother to our house, saying I wished to explain something to her about her daughter's illness, which I could not do

through any one except my husband. "Oh," said the brother very naïvely, "I'll come instead: I have just arrived at Loodiana, and I want to know all about my sister's illness." It ended by arranging that both were to come. You may be sure that I pray earnestly for guidance whenever I prescribe for my patient or give her anything, and, as C. suggested that it would be well to do so openly, I told them as well as I could that God only could make her well, and then knelt down and prayed silently for a few minutes before giving her the medicine. I thought it the only way I could take to give Him the glory of her recovery.

A very strange thing has happened to the son of Mrs. Rudolph's Ayah. The boy, who is I believe twelve or fourteen years of age, returned from the Bazár the other day howling and crying in a fearful manner. Mr. Rudolph went to see him; he was sitting with his knees up to his chin, crying out that a spirit was within him, and Mr. Rudolph said he never saw anything more frightful, or more exactly like the account of those possessed by evil spirits which the Scriptures give us. The people here all believe that in these cases, which are common, the person *is* possessed, and accordingly they have been keeping a light burning before the boy, and making offerings of flowers to the evil spirit within him. Mr. Rudolph's opinion is exactly the same as my husband's, viz., that in Heathen countries such as this, Satan still exercises a power which we know was formerly allowed him, but of which he is now in a great measure deprived in Christian lands.

May 7th.—The brother came by himself after all; and C. told me, showed both delicacy and feeling in speaking of his sister's illness. He feeds her tenderly with his own hands. She got better the next two days, and on Saturday evening we found them all quite joyful, as they had heard from Hasan Khán, that he had been extremely well received by the Lord Sáhib, who had given him very handsome presents, and promised him three medals, one for Afghánistan, one for Gwálior, and one for the battles last year.

The next morning, Sunday, to my great amazement, as I drove into the court Hasan Khán himself appeared; he must have ridden day and night from Simlah directly he heard of his wife's illness. He led me in; she seemed better, but shortly spasms came on, and she suffered greatly. This obliged me to stay with her till half-past ten, by which time *sepia* had relieved the violence of the pain. You may imagine I watched Hasan Khán very closely to see how Múhammadan husbands behave. He was most attentive to his poor wife, raising her up, giving her water every few minutes, and holding her head. He was dressed exactly as the women are, *i. e.* with very full trousers, muslin short shirt and scull-cap. Like all the Afgháns, he rushes about in the most energetic manner; and then, when his wife was a little easier, sat down and gossipped with the other women most sociably. He is well obeyed; he told his little child to go to me, and it came instantly, for the first time. He seems very fond of her. He gave his little wife some sago, and though she made wry faces he caused her to take the whole, just as if she had been an infant. He is particularly pleased with a telescope which Lord Gough gave him. The Jungi-Lord (or war lord, as they call him) went to get the glass himself, and said, "I have used this five and twenty years, and I give it to you because you are an old and brave soldier."

May 14th.—I have been to see my patient every day. Her brother is still there, but comes no more within the Zenána. It is droll to see Hasan Khán feel his wife's pulse. He does it with a face of such preternatural gravity, as plainly shows he thinks it incumbent on him to make up for perfect ignorance by wise looks. He is very much grieved at C. not being well, and has been here five or six times to see him. He told my husband that they had held a consultation regarding my "science," whereby I read in a book and gave medicine, and they agreed they were all cows compared to me!

He sent us a breakfast the other day, and then came

to see us eat it. It consisted of a lamb roasted whole, just as it is described in Exodus xii. 9, a huge pile of rice, and some minor dishes. After breakfast, we showed him some electro plate, and C. endeavoured to explain the electric telegraph and the railway. The telegraph he found it very hard to credit; I am sure if any one else had told him of it he would not have believed a syllable.

We gave him two electro-plated curry dishes, with which he was greatly pleased. Hasan Khán was charmed with the blotting-book Miss J. embroidered for me, and seemed as if he could not examine it enough. All the natives are curious in embroidery. The Afgháns, also, seem fond of pictures, and understand at once what they mean—the Hindus never do; but if they see a lion drawn on a very small scale, probably take it for an insect. Hasan Khán greatly admired a little print in Anderson's "Maehrchen," of a hare running over the snow.

My husband tells me that the Hindus have no eye for beauty, whereas the Afghans have a very quick perception of it, and admire Europeans exceedingly; it is the same with our melodies, with which the Afgháns are delighted, but the Hindus prefer tomtoms to Mozart.

I do not perceive the Jewish caste of countenance so strongly as I expected; on the contrary, I should say there was no characteristic difference between Europeans and Afghans, save the darker complexion of most of the latter.

Yesterday I sent a buggy and requested Leila's mother to come to me, as I wished to speak to her. It soon returned covered all over with a white cloth, out of which, after the Sais had been sent away, the Pesh Khidmat extracted the mother and little Padímah Begum, Leila, and Bibí Jí, who had all crammed themselves into the buggy. Hasan Khán soon after arrived, and when C. reproved him for letting his little wife come out in the heat, he said, "What could I do? She *would* come."

I made her lie down, and afterwards showed them my Camera Oscura, arranging it so that they could see everything in the outer room without being seen themselves. Hasan Khán was as much delighted with it as any of them. He made Leila Bibí sit by him, and showed it to her. They had the satisfaction of seeing my husband in this fashion.

He takes very little notice of Bibí Jí, who, though a most good natured creature, looked extremely discomposed. He had been all the time either looking through the Camera himself, or showing it to Leila Bibí; so to comfort the other, I showed her my store room and my saddle. I then showed them our dressing rooms, one of my patent trunks, and divers other things that were new and strange to them; they particularly admired a black tulle dress, and above all a looking-glass, into which they all looked and smiled at themselves, and arranged their veils with great satisfaction.

Hasan Khán is every bit as full of curiosity as his women. While I am prescribing for his wife, he examines my gloves, bag, purse, and handkerchief; he generally brings me my bonnet and shawl himself, and always walks by my buggy to his gate. He has twice daubed me with sandal wood oil, the scent of which can hardly be got rid of.

He told C. that he went to Simla with his heart burning, determined to speak out. He says that he has rendered greater services to Government than any other Afghán, and thinks his pension ought to be made equal to that of Ján Fishán Khán (who has 1000 a month) and five rupees beyond it, just to give him the pre-eminence. "The pension I have was given me for my services in Afghanistan. I expended 2000 rupees in arming followers during these last fights, and I have got nothing for my later services but medals. When the Lord Sahib gave me his hand, placed a chair close to himself, made an oration in my praise, and gave me the pán (betel nut) and perfume himself, which is always done to a king, all this *shut my mouth.* I only asked for a letter in his own writing stating the services

I have rendered, and said that I wanted my family from Kábul."

Lord Hardinge has promised him this letter, and is going to write to Dost Múhammad to desire him to send down the Khán's family.

So great was his indignation at getting no substantial reward for his recent good service, that he said he could have "torn the presents in pieces." Never was there a more fiery soul than dwells in his lean and wiry frame, at the same time he is full of strong affection. He kisses his little child's hands, and pats her most tenderly. It is pretty to see the small thing when he desires it to keep still, sit down and lay hold of one of his feet to coax.

He told us the other day, that after the battles last year, his sister "*of the same milk*," who is in Afghanistan, heard a false report that he was killed. She wept so much, that to use his own words, "darkness came on!" and she is blind. I find that the beautiful creature I saw at his house sometime ago, is a sister of Leila Bibí, married to Safdar Jang, a son of Shah Shujah's, and so utterly vile a character, that Hasan Khán never suffers his wife to return her sister's visits. He said, "I am a respectable man, and therefore do not prevent the sisters seeing each other; but I am of one of the first families in Afghanistan, and I should think myself disgraced if I crossed the threshold of such a man's house."

I am happy I am not an Afghan child. It is generally spoilt, and sometimes cuffed. Bibí Jí, who never makes her little girl do anything she is told, the other day gave her two or three slaps in anger, and carried her off hanging by one arm.

The other day we had a visit from a brother of Aminullah Khán, the chief who ordered my husband to be blown from the mouth of a gun. The brother, Sirfraz Khán, is a most respectable-looking, gentlemanly old man, who is at the head of Prince Sháhpur's household, and never suffers him to spend a farthing beyond his pitiful income of 400 rupees, *i.e.*, forty pounds a month.

He came to consult my husband about a disagreement between Nadír Shah and Teimúr Shah, two of the princes; and also on the best means of getting an increase to Sháhpur's pension—asking his advice whether the Governor-General should be written to at once or not. A strange position of confidential intimacy for two men who had stood in such opposite relations to Aminullah Khán.

Atta Múhammad, who often comes here, told us the other day, that he had seen an Afghán who had been at Bokhara at the time of the murder of Stoddart and Conolly, who told him, that had General Pollock informed the Amir that if the two officers were not given up, he would despatch a force to Bokhara and take the city, they would have been sent in with all honour. This is exactly what C. always said, and what Isák Manáhem, the Bokhara Jew, also told us; adding, that the people of Bokhara not only expected us, but would have welcomed us with joy. Thus these two gallant men were sacrificed by Lord Ellenborough's timid policy.

May 18th.—It is now a fortnight that my husband has been wholly unable to attend parade, or even write a public letter, except by dictation. I am thankful to say he is getting better; but he grieves at not being able to get to his regiment, as without his personal superintendence *les choses ne marchent pas, au contraire elles boitent terriblement.*

A Persian horse merchant called the other day. When our friend Major Mac Donald was in Persia, and so ill that he was thought to be dying, some of his servants deserted, and others plundered him; this man nursed him as if he had been his brother, so we felt bound to show him as much kindness as we could.

I met with a strong trait of honour the other day in a poor wood merchant. Jacob had bargained for some wood, and, I thought, had beaten the man down perhaps a little too much, so I sent him about sixpence more than the stipulated price. He would not take it, saying he had agreed to the price named, and could

not go back from his word. I intend to employ him.

I have never told you about the lights we have. Candles are very dear; those from Patna, which are excellent, are a rupee a pound, even on the spot. We generally burn ghi, which is boiled butter, as it is cheaper than cocoa-nut oil. About a quarter of a pound of ghi is put into a burner with water in it (shaped like a tumbler, with a long stalk and no foot), in which is a little tin thing holding two wicks made of twisted cotton. The burner is stuck into the candlestick instead of candle; it has a glass shade round it, on the top of which is a tin cover full of holes, to prevent the light being puffed out by the Phankah. All the furniture we have—and I do not think we shall need any more—has cost us about two hundred rupees. This includes blinds to all the doors, and what they call Jhámps or awnings of bamboo and matting, on two sides of the house. We were obliged to buy the chairs by twos and threes as we could find them, and could not get a table nearer than Amballa, 100 miles off.

I went to see Leila in the Palkí yesterday evening just as a storm was coming on; by the time I got there we were assailed by clouds of dust, and rain soon fell. The roof of Hasan Khán's state-room was in such a condition that the rain came in on us as we sat. You have no idea what a dust storm here is. The hot wind blows with fury, and the air is so thick, that the Quartermaster Sergeant on his way hither yesterday morning went two or three miles out of his road; a Sepáhi came to his assistance, but they lost each other in the dust. We have had a shower almost every ten days, which I believe is not usual. The rain cools the air delightfully for two or three days after.

Hasan Khán speaks with great contempt of his wife's family, just as Rob Roy did of Glasgow bodies. His brother-in-law came with him the other day to read a letter, but though a chair was placed for him, he did

not sit down, and retired to join the other attendants as soon as he had finished reading.

I forgot to tell you of the "Niel Gow" I saw sometime ago. You will fancy I was charmed with sweet sounds—no such thing, a níl gao is literally a blue cow. They are of a bluish slate colour, and made more like the elk than the cow, and have that peculiar appearance as if the back were weak or broken. They are found in all the forests of India; the male has short straight horns.

Even after sunset the hot wind is now as scorching as if you were standing close to a huge kitchen fire, so you may have some faint idea of what it must be in the day time. The house doors and windows are never opened until dark. Hasan Khán chose to have himself cupped at the back of the neck the other day, under no reasonable pretext whatever. He came the next morning to see us, and appeared so cast down, that C. asked what was the matter. "Aí Mihrbání" (O dispenser of favours), sighed he, "I have dreamed a dream."—"Well, what was the dream?" "I dreamed that I broke a tooth, and that is a very evil portent." My husband expounded to him that dreams generally arose from indigestion, and said we have a scientific book written on dreams, which explains the causes of them. "Ah!" said he disconsolately, "so have we, and it gives the meaning of each dream, and this is a *very bad* one."

We have been much interested in a poor artillery man who had both hands blown off some time ago, and his eyes much injured. His sight is now quite recovered, and there is much reason to hope that this misfortune has been the means of bringing him to God. He was always extremely well conducted. He told Captain Conran the other day that he had just been thinking what a blessing it was that he had lost his two hands. For a man to say this spontaneously, shows, I think, that he has had his eyes opened to see those great realities which make all earthly afflictions as dust

in the balance. I sent him the "Pilgrim's Progress" and "Bunyan's Life," and Captain C. told me it was interesting to see him holding the book open and turning the leaves with his *elbows*. An Afghán came who had behaved most faithfully during the disasters at Kabúl, so we kept him all day and feasted him at night. He is a most intelligent man, thoroughly understood the whole Afghán business, and marvelled at the incomprehensible blunders of the English commanders. He is of the Ishák Khail near Kandáhar, and is the first Afghán I have seen who wears his hair long. He was well dressed, with a turban, half of his hair brought forward over one shoulder and half over the other nearly down to his waist, "like the hair of women," Rev. ix. 8. By-the-by, I must tell you a fact I do not think you have heard. When my husband was sent by Akbar to negotiate with General Pollock, he was present in the General's tent when an Arab arrived from Fattih Jang, who was then holding out the Bálá Hissar against the Chiefs, after the death of Shah Shujáh. He sent to say that it was impossible for him to hold out more than a month, as his ammunition was failing, and that if the British did not aid him by that time he must surrender. General Pollock said: "Tell him that within three weeks my guns shall be heard in the Khurd Kábúl Pass." Having thus pledged himself, he was bound to redeem his own and the national honour, but he did not do so—Lord Ellenborough can best give the reason. Fattih Jang held out for *five* weeks, and then gave up the fort. Is it any wonder that such a proceeding blackened our faces in the eyes of the Afgháns? Do you remember what Mr. Clerk wrote? "Deploring as I constantly do the *hatred* and *contempt* in which our name as a nation is now held throughout Central Asia," &c., and can you wonder at it?

Loodiana, May 26th, 1847.

The hot weather has now so completely set in, that for the last month I have never left the house save

before seven A.M. and after seven in the evening. From my frequent visits to Hasan Khán's family, where I can go when it is cool, I see, as you may suppose, a good deal of "Life in the Harem," and would undertake to refute authoritatively, as I always felt inclined to do on *primâ facie* grounds, the fine theories of Mr. Urquhart regarding the superior happiness of Múhammadan women. What *can* a man know of the matter? Did he go about visiting in the form of an old woman? Had he friends and acquaintances in half a dozen Zenánás? Would any Mussalmání woman speak freely to a Feringhí, even if he did obtain speech with her, or are the Turks to be taken as competent and impartial witnesses as to the relative happiness of their wives. It is presumption for him ever to talk of a Mussalmání's feelings: I will flap him out of the field with the end of a purdah. I do not think their secluded life makes them objects of pity. They are hardly more devoid of excitement than I am myself; they see their female friends and their dearest male relations, and the tie between brother and sister seems to be very strongly felt by them; but it is not in human nature to be content with being only the fourth part of a man's wife. They are far from viewing the matter as we do, and I should suppose Hasan Khán's Zenáná a favourable specimen, as both Leila Bibí and Bibí Jí seem very good-tempered and very friendly to one another. Still, as no man can love two or more women equally, and as no woman can bear that another should share her husband's affections, I plainly see there are heartburnings innumerable, even in this family. Leila Bibí is the favourite: she is a very pretty, merry, clever little creature, who laughs and talks with Hasan Khán much as an English wife would do. He is evidently very fond of her, but he takes not the smallest notice of poor Bibí Jí, who says nothing, but has an expression sometimes in her face which pains me to see. Luckily for her she does not seem at all a sensitive person; she is a good, warm hearted creature, who is very much obliged for any little kindness, but not very bright.

But then she has a little girl, and Leila Bibí, who has been married four years, has none. It is the old story of Hannah and Peninnah over again: the one is so anxious for children, and the other indirectly boasts of hers, by always talking of children and pitying people who have none.

It is surprising how we manage to talk, considering my want of knowledge of Hindustání. The other morning I was alone with Leila Bibí and a servant. Leila Bibí asked me about marriages in our country; I explained the ceremony to her, and then she said, "Only one Mem Sahib to one Sahib!" "*Of course* only one." The servant loudly applauded so excellent a plan, and Leila Bibí said, with a little pout and in a pitiful tone, "My Sahib has got six! four at Kábúl, and the Governor-General has promised to apply for them!" I fear when they come there will be great difficulty in reconciling the claims of the 'auld love' and the new, the one of noble birth, whose wisdom and prudence her husband extols so highly, and the young pretty creature, who now has things all her own way, as much, at least, as any one can have under such a disciplinarian as Hasan Khán,—for with all his warm feelings, the savage nature of the lion peeps out whenever he is in any way provoked.

Leila Bibí's brother, a very nice polite boy of eleven years old, who is very kind to little "Fatima" (whom he coaxes and pets as if he were her nurse), and as gentle and quiet as a tame mouse, let one of my books fall this morning: Hasan Khán picked it up, and then deliberately gave the poor boy a slap on his cheek as hard as he could. The child said nothing, though I am sure any English boy of his age would have roared. I was so angry that I shook the Khán by the sleeve, and only wished I could have spoken Persian enough to have "flyted" him. By-the-by, every Afghán is a living refutation of the favourite English idea, that boys must be sent away from home to make them manly. All the great men of our own country in the sixteenth or seventeenth centuries were brought up at home; and here,

under our own eyes, we see one of the most manly races in the world brought up in the Zenáná almost exclusively among women, and therefore as boys wholly devoid of the bearishness and odious manners which characterize most English boys from ten to twenty. The only bad result of the presence of the boy in the gynæcium is, that they talk of *everything* before him just as if he were not there; and although very modest in behaviour, they are much more unrestrained in speaking of many subjects than any of our own countrywomen I have ever known, though I have heard wonderful stories of what "Indian" ladies will say.

The Khán was eating his supper when I arrived the other evening, in the court-yard, with a white metal tray with three or four dishes on a teapoy before him. He had a chair and a spoon brought for me, and we ate lovingly out of the same dish, he picking out bits of meat (very nice roasted mutton cut in small pieces) with his fingers for me. When he had finished, Bibí Jí, who waited on him, brought a little thing like a teapot without a handle, made of metal, and enamelled in blue, green, and white: he drank water out of the spout of it, which is the usual Afghán fashion. He is very polite to me, brings all I want, and always escorts me to the gate on foot. I thought how amused you would have been, could you have seen me gravely eating kabobs with Hasan Khán, or driving home in the buggy, with one Saís to lead the horse, another (Baidullah) to take care of me, and escorted by Leila Bibí's brother on horseback, and the Peshkhidmat with a blazing torch on foot, all at full speed.

I happened to go one morning to the house of one of the native Catechists, when they were engaged in family worship. The Catechist prayed most fervently in Hindustaní, and it was pretty to see his little children, an old grey-headed woman, with his wife, and the wife of another Catechist who is absent, all scattered about the floor, with the head, in the Native fashion, resting on the knees, an attitude that would give most Europeans a fit of apoplexy.

Our Havildar Major is from Oude. C. explained to him the other day that we had no holy days, except the Sabbath, and that ought to be consecrated wholly to God. He said, "Ah! in my country we also observe the Sunday—we eat no salt on that day."

That gentlemanly old man, Sirfrás Khán, came to see us the night before last, and brought with him a Saiad, or holy man, the bearer of a letter from Múhammad Shah Khán, who saved my husband's life at Sir William MacNaghten's murder. Since the death of his son-in-law, Akbar, whose property, to the amount, it is said, of seven laks, he carried off, he has been at open war with the Amir, Dost Múhammad, who has lately taken and razed his fort of Baddiábad (where the hostages and captives were confined), and obliged Múhammad Shah to fly to the mountains of the Kaffirs, in all probability descendants of Alexander the Great's army, and inhabit the Hindu Kush range, to the north of the plains of Jellálabad and Laghmán (Hindu Kush means Hindu killer, the mountains being nearly inaccessible, but with delicious valleys between). The poor Khán in extremity writes a loving letter to C., reminding him that they had always been friends, and wishing to know if that friendship continues. According to their custom, when they are doubtful as to the relation they stand in towards any one, he had given the Saiad a token, whereby he should know my husband's disposition towards him.

The Saiad began,—"Múhammad Shah Khán says to you, when you were in peril of life by the fort of Mahmud Khán, how did I behave?"

C. immediately answered, "When the sword was raised to strike me, he put his arm round my neck, and took the cut on his own shoulder."

And thus the Saiad knew that he was willing to acknowledge the service, and not as some of their own countrymen would have done, deny that he had ever seen such a person. C. told him that Múhammad Shah Khán had been a bitter enemy, but always an open one, and therefore he would meet him in battle without

enmity, and if he came to his house would treat him as a friend, and make a feast for him. Is not this like a little bit of the olden time?

C. has been writing letters vigorously the last two days, endeavouring to get justice done to some of the many Afgháns and refugees who have received little or no thanks at our hands for their fidelity and services. They all viewed Shah Shujah as our tool (which he undeniably was), and in sacrificing everything in his cause they served us and not him. I will just give you two or three instances of the way in which they have been rewarded by our short-sighted economy.

First, there is the Shahzádeh Shápur, who, after being proclaimed King at Kabúl, and being foolish enough (the gallant boy was but sixteen) to trust to the repeated assurances given to him and the friendly chiefs that the army would at least winter at Kabúl, found, when too late, that he had been made a mere stalking horse, and was left to shift for himself as he best could. After the retreat of the army the Shahzádeh was attacked and plundered, and it was with the utmost difficulty that he succeeded in escaping with life and honour to Hindustán, where the Government assigned him the paltry allowance of 400 rupees a month for his mother, himself, his brother Nadir, and a host of ruined dependents.

Again, Ali Reza Khán, the Kazzilbásh, whose exertions as Chief-Commissariat Agent at Kabúl were the means of supplying the force, came here yesterday from Lahore, quite weary with waiting for justice. The Government owe him the sum of 30,000 rupees, which he cannot get paid; he lost in our service between two and three laks, and although he has a pension of 400 rupees a month, it is wholly swallowed up in paying interest for money, which, owing to his Government bad debt, he has been obliged to borrow.

Then again, there are some Afghán soldiers of Sáleh Múhammad's to whom Major Pottinger gave a paper, pledging the Government to employ them permanently, in reward for their services in the liberation of the cap-

tives. When they got to Kabúl they were talked into accepting, or rather *ordered to receive, four months' pay* instead of perpetual service; and now, when having nothing else to live on, they apply for employment, and produce the paper given them by Major Pottinger, they are told that their claims, which are still *morally* valid, cannot be listened to, because they are of five years' standing. How could these poor men apply when Lord Hardinge was in Calcutta, and they had no one to speak for them? Why, for the sake of saving a few thousand rupees, should the Government act as petty pedlars, chaffering about strict dues, and evading *all* claims that are not *legally* valid, and many that are so, instead of rewarding in a liberal and generous spirit (which would be the best policy) those who have sacrificed everything to their fidelity to our cause? As Hasan Khan truly said, "It does not become a great Government to *dole* out its gifts and rewards."

That long-haired Afghán, who came the other day, told us that on the retreat from Kabúl he had escaped by passing himself off as a servant of Shujah-u-Doulah, and he himself heard Akbar Khán cry out in Persian, "Cease firing! Do not touch the English!" and then add in Pushtu, "Slay them! Slay them!" This he related as a piece of information, not knowing that C. was aware of it. Major Pottinger, soon after they had been given up as hostages, turned to my husband and said: "M., remember, if I am killed, that I heard Akbar Khán desire his people to slay the English in Pushtu, though he was calling to them to stop firing in Persian."

May 26th.—A present from Ali Reza Khán came; we had before told him that it was impossible to accept it on account of the Government regulations, but he wished me at least to *see* the things. It was grievous to be obliged to refuse them, they were so pretty,—a beautiful Kashmir shawl, with pattern all over it, a green Kashmir scarf, and a little poshtin or jacket made of drakes' feathers, so pretty and glossy! Ah! what sacrifices public duty requires when one may not take

a little jacket of ducks' feathers! Atta Mahamúd brought me a very pretty piece of pink crape sometime ago, and was so grieved at our refusing it, that yesterday, determined we should take something, he sent us half a small cheese which he had just received from Lahor. On C. telling the messenger he was much obliged and would eat it, the man answered in their usual primitive fashion, "Stuff yourself well!"

One of C.'s orderlies belonged to Woodburn's force, when, near Ghazni, Captain Woodburn and most of his men were cut to pieces. This man was among those taken prisoners—was carried about to different parts of Afghánistan as a slave, and was in the mountains just above Istálif at the very time General M'Caskill took that place. He said that all the mountains in that part are full of Hindustáni, Ghurkás, and even some English prisoners, Sepáhis, camp followers, &c. The Subádar of his own company, who, at the time of Captain Woodburn's murder, killed several Afgháns with his own hand before he was captured, was kept in chains and extremely ill treated for a long while, and at last sent off with many other of our unfortunate men to Balkh, in Turkistan, *where they now are*. It was in vain that Major Pottinger urged General M'Caskill to wait only three days at Istálif, when all these prisoners would have been brought in, he would not take the responsibility of doing so; neither would General Pollock, fettered as he was by Lord Ellenborough's vehement injunctions to retreat, take the responsibility of allowing him to remain. It is very odd that people have no fear of "responsibility" for doing *nothing*. The fact is they fear *blame*, for *responsibility* must be borne whether they like it or not. The consequence is that, to our great disgrace, numbers of our faithful soldiers and fellow-subjects are pining in slavery to this very hour. The orderly himself only escaped with a comrade of his a year and a half ago; they entered the Amballa Police Battalion, from which they were transferred to our regiment.

June 2nd, 1847.—Thermometer 87½° with Phankah

and Tatties. We heard yesterday of Sir John Davies's expedition against the forts at Canton—the Chinese having of late been behaving in "*ane bangstrie*" manner; that is a word I have stolen or adopted from Mr. Cameron, who found it lately in an old Scottish document, and truly says, "it is too good to be allowed to perish." Is it not a delightful word? You seem to see the Chinese banging about and making a huge noise like doors in a high wind, and then you see the very dust fly out of them as they get the banging their bangstrie doings brought upon them.

Shahpúr Shahzadeh has twice sent us a present of early melons; they are small, but very nice—some with pale-green pulp especially. I do not know if there are such in England. One of my poor goats has been seized by a wolf close to the house, in broad daylight, and bitten on the neck. They tied up the wound with nim leaves, which are very healing. The Ayah gave the alarm, but the wolf got off. Last year one carried off an infant as it lay sleeping by its mother outside the house; the poor goat, I am happy to say, is recovering. The Nizám-u-Doulah paid us a visit last evening. He made some observations about my industry, for I was working at something for C.'s horse. C. said that sometimes he thought I did too much. "Ah!" said the Nizám, "for a person of intelligence it is a grief not to work; but let her take two or three pearls, pound them very fine, and then mix them well with water, containing a little gold and a little silver; let her drink that, and it will cure her of that hot zeal of heart which makes her overwork herself. Thus it is written in books of Grecian science." I could hardly believe that this exceedingly clever, clear-headed man (whom Sir William Macnaghten always spoke of as the most intellectual, sound-minded Asiatic he had ever known, in which verdict my husband fully coincides) should have gravely recommended so droll a prescription.

You see I have but very small incidents to relate, but I think even trifles are worth recording if they help to give you an idea of the people or country. I am

often reminded of that excellent distinction between stupidity and ignorance, "on est âne par disposition, on est ignorant par défaut d'instruction"—for the Afgháns, though fully equal to Europeans in natural capacity, make the most ludicrous mistakes as to what is possible or not, simply from being too ignorant to form any judgment in the matter. They therefore jump to a conclusion (Dean Swift would say, "like the ladies in England"). For instance, nothing but a firm trust in my husband's veracity induced Hasan Khán to believe the possibility of an electric telegraph, and yet he shortly afterwards inquired if we had not a machine which enabled us to see *through* mountains, and would have believed any one who had confirmed his precocious idea that we had such a thing. I have just heard a very shocking thing which proves the opinion of the European soldiers as to the behaviour of H. M.'s 62nd. Poor things! there was great excuse for them. Of the men of the 62nd, who, on the corps quitting India, volunteered into other regiments, four committed suicide, stung to the quick by the taunts and jeers of their new comrades. One was in H. M.'s 10th, another in the 53rd, a third in the 80th, and a fourth in some other.

The people of the annexed Sikh states on both sides the Satlej are prospering under our rule. One proof of it is, that waste lands, which were the common property of everybody, are now become so valuable for agricultural purposes, that they are incessant objects of litigation. The people here used a short time since to import grain for their own use; now, like Sind, they export. Traffic is so much increased, that the value of the ferry tolls has risen immensely; and Hasan Khán told us that he had been talking to some people from the Jalander Doáb (which is situated between the Satlej and the Biás), and they all declared that their falling into the hands of the British was the most fortunate event that could have happened for their interests. They seem to look upon taxes as ridiculously low; and, although on this side the Satlej I believe the assessment

is nominally rather higher than it was before, yet, of course, a man would rather pay £10 than be assessed at £5 and plundered of £20, which was pretty much their condition when under the Lahore government.

The servants are a constant source of amusement to me. For instance: the other day I peered through the screen, and found the bearer in the next room lying flat on his back in the middle of the floor, and pulling the Phankah in that fashion. They often pull the string with their toes. The heat the last few days has been very great: it was 90° in this cool room at half-past nine last night.

I take three lessons a week from a Munshí. Hindustani seems to me a very harsh language, full of gutturals and aspirates: the German *ch* is the softest of the Urdu gutturals, and there is one which I despair of, —in fact, they say none but an Arab can pronounce it properly: then there are innumerable specimens of b'h, t'h, d'h, gh, and kh, and double aspirates without number. The word for "good," which is the only way of saying thank you, is "Ach-ha," which, if properly pronounced, sounds very much like a sneeze. The verb is sent to the end of the sentence, as in German; the verbs are simple and easy, with a very full complement of tenses. The prepositions and verbs vary their gender like nouns and adjectives; and the nouns and adjectives are declined like in German. Hindustáni is a mere *lingua franca* for the different races which inhabit this great peninsula. It is composed of Persian and Hindui, and to the south it has Mahratti and to the north Panjabi words mixed with it. They say Persian is a very beautiful language, but most of the Afgháns speak it as they do Pushtu; so that it gives a stranger about as much idea of the sound as the broadest Scotch would of polite English. I am learning to write the Persian characters, but, as usual, find it much more difficult to read them.

Saiad Murtezá, who was sent by Alí Reza Khan (at Mohan Lal's suggestion) to Bamián, to negotiate the release of the hostages and captives with Sáleh Mú-

hammad, was with us yesterday. He is a Kashmiri, and except for some defect in the shape of the mouth, is an extremely handsome man, full of intelligence. His young grown-up son, who is very gentlemanly, wrote a few lines as a specimen of penmanship,—an art much prized in this country. He also embosses words, flowers, and birds on paper, with his thumb nail, in a most skilful manner. The way in which Murtezá Shah happened to be here yesterday was this:—He lent a certain man 5000 rupees, and received a house in pledge. Now his debtor refuses to pay, and Saiad Murtezá cannot sell the house to reimburse himself, as it does not legally belong to him. If he bring the matter into Court, he will have five per cent. to pay as fees, and five per cent. more as a reward to the judges for doing justice. Is not this last a very wonderful regulation? The Court here is said to be one of the most corrupt in India; and thus, although Murtezá Shah's papers are most clear, the agreement being witnessed by the Kotwál (or native Mayor) himself, his chance of getting justice would be very doubtful; for not only is the Deputy Commissioner completely in the hands of natives, but he never makes an example of a man who is convicted of perjury, and therefore false witness flourishes.

Under these circumstances, Murtezá Shah went yesterday morning to the Deputy Commissioner to consult about this suit. C. happened to be present. Murtezá Shah, like all the Afgháns, spoke freely, as one man would to another, but in a very moderate manner, and with great courtesy, as his manners are excellent. Captain ——, with the impertinence but too common among Englishmen towards the poor, their servants, and all whom they imagine to be in any way beneath them, would hardly listen, leant back in his chair, repeating, "I can't do anything, I can't do anything," and at last cried imperiously, "Jao!"—Go. Murtezá Shah departed instanter, without even making him a Salám. C. overtook him at the gate, made him get into his buggy, and brought him here. The Saiad's

remark was, "What a vulgar tyrannical man!" I really think that neither Scotchmen nor Irishmen (I mean gentlemen) are so overbearing and discourteous as the universally-by-foreigners-disliked English. There! I feel better for that long German adjective, for it vexes me to see our national reputation thus tarnished by the behaviour of men who, as the Spaniards say, "have neither formality nor politeness."

The Nizám-u-Doulah, who would be remarked in any society for his perfect manners, and whose family might vie with any in Europe, speaking of the English authorities and officers here, said, "I never go near any of these people, for they don't know how to behave." And his brother-in-law, Atta Múhammad, described their behaviour in a very lively way, saying, "Whenever they see a man with a turban, they cry, 'Oh, *here's* an Afghán or a Kashmirí,' adding a most significant shrug, which implied, 'to worry me out of my life." Is not this the same complaint that we have so often heard from every class of persons abroad? and it has always gratified me greatly when foreigners who knew enough of the British to distinguish between them, remarked as Herr K. did, that the Scotch were so much more courteous and "zuthuend."

Khán Sahib, a nephew of Ján Fishan Khan, brought a letter from his uncle to my husband, which out of respect was sprinkled all over with little triangular bits of gold leaf. He sent me "many compliments on account of my virtues, affability, and excellent qualities." I could hardly reply with proper gravity when this speech was translated to me.

Sahib Khán is going on to Pesháwur to seek his fortune, and on taking leave yesterday, asked C. for some money, as he had none for his journey. They always ask each other for aid when they want it: C. of course gave him some, for if he were to ask any money from Ján Fishán Khán, that gallant Chief would borrow it at a high interest, and lend it to him without any. Murtezá Shah, too, though he knows that my husband has little means of being of service to him, volunteered

the other day to supply him with any sum he might want.

Last night we had a dust storm, which convinced me that the accounts I have heard of people having candles for two or three hours in the daytime were in nowise exaggerated. It was about six o'clock in the evening, and the sun of course high, when it suddenly became very dark. I had just time to shut my ink bottle, and throw a handkerchief over my work, when it became so dark that we went groping about as at midnight. The dog ran up against me without seeing me, and I only found where my husband was by his voice; it was impossible to see one's own hand. It lasted about two hours. C. told my poor old Ayah that thus would the Day of Judgment come, suddenly as a thief in the night. She seemed awe-struck. He afterwards spoke to Vazírá, the Sirdár bearer, who is a Múhammadan, and to one of the Phankah bearers, a Hindu, on the same subject, and told them of Christ as the only Saviour of men. They both listened with apparent interest and awe. Vazírá said he knew that Jesus was a great prophet, but this all Múhammadans grant; they even believe that he was miraculously born of a Virgin. C. added, that idolators on that dreadful day would have no friend. The bearer said "that is Truth."

I had a drive yesterday morning with C. very early, and saw a magnificent tree, called Amaltás, with broad leaves and a rich gold coloured flower, like a Brobdignag laburnum. We passed a drove of asses laden with melons; just as one happened to fall out of the bundles, C. called to the driver to make him remark it. The man immediately picked it up, ran after us, and thrust it into the Sáís's hand. Was not this very courteous? It is curious to see Hasan Khán with Súrmá on his eyes, and the soles of his feet stained with Henna. An orderly, who escorted me in my morning walk the other day, had his eyes carefully tinged with the Surmah, and the palms of Múrteza Shah's hands were dyed with Henna. Old men frequently dye their beards red, which has a most ludicrous effect.

On returning from my early walk a few days ago, I found a graceful little creature in nearly tight blue trousers and white veil, who after making salám, stood with her hands joined together as if to make some petition. I inquired who she was. Sepáhi Kí Bibi, answered the khidmatgars, bearer, ayah and orderlies with one voice. A soldier's wife, or rather "lady." When I asked what she wanted, every man answered in chorus, laying his hand on his stomach, to signify that it was empty (their invariable gesture, as I afterwards found, whenever they want either pay or a present). I jumped to the conclusion that she was sick, but fortunately Jacob explained that she wanted me to ask the Sáhib to make her husband a Jemádar. I told her that I could not interfere in anything regarding the regiment; that if the man was a good man he might promote him, but that even all the good men in the regiment could not be made Jemádars: that she might wait and speak to the Sáhib herself, but that he was not pleased when people came to ask him for promotion. When he returned, she wisely said nothing about the Jemádarship, but only complained that the subsistence allowance of two annas a day was not enough for her husband, herself, and two other wives! which one could easily believe. C. told her that he had applied for the pay for his men, and as soon as the answer came from Calcutta they would get their arrears, which I dare say consoled the poor little woman.

The Bábú (as C.'s regimental English writer is styled) is a Turk, born at Hirát. He generally wears the high black Persian cap, just like a pastile, but once or twice he has appeared in a preposterously huge white turban, which looked exactly as if the sheepskin cap were the bud, which had expanded into this monstrous flower. He has received an English education, and, as one of the results of education without religion, is an infidel, if not an Atheist. Jacob one day lent him a tract, in which there was a verse of Newton's beginning, "Oh, sinner, art thou still secure." He threw it from him with every mark of anger, and walked out of the room

without saying a word. But Jacob loses no opportunity of speaking to him, and returns to the charge again and again. I forgot to mention that the sand storm the other evening was of a deep red colour, something like a very red fog in London. This is a rare thing, and Mr. Blackall tells me it has much disquieted the superstitious natives. His old bearer said, he had never seen a red storm since the Siege of Bhurtpur; but another added, that there was one just before the Gwalior Campaign. By-the-by, what do you think of a military man in high office here, and who has seen service, spelling campaign without a *g!* Báedullah cut his wrist very badly yesterday, but that excellent *Matico*, or "Soldier's Herb," stopped the bleeding at once. One of Hasan Khán's men happened to bring a tray of melons from his master just as C. was bathing and bandaging the wound. Báedullah, who had suffered a great deal of pain, and doubtless felt weak, walked away with a languid, feeble air, which in such a huge creature was a little ridiculous. The Afghán, who had watched the whole operation, looked after him with much contempt, and then turning to my husband, said: "These Hindustánís are so 'Názuk,' tender. In Afghánistan we get wounds of all kinds from our enemies, wounds from swords, and from guns, and from stones, and never care a bit. Here we are obliged to be quiet for fear of the Sáhib Lóg (the lordly people, *i. e.* the British), but if it were not for them we would soon make short work with some of these folks." C. told him that Afghánistan was soaked with blood, and that from every man's blood a voice went up before the throne of God. He seemed struck by that, and when C. asked him if that was not more likely to bring down a curse than a blessing upon a country, he at once acknowledged that it was. By-the-by, both Hasan Khán and Murtezá Shah's son have accepted Persian Testaments. C. also sent one to Múhammad Shah Khán. If it does him no good, it may fall in the way of some one else.

A man came here the other day who rendered good service to my husband when he and the other hostages

and captives were on their way to Bámián, and as they then believed, to almost hopeless slavery in Turkistan. His name is Amed Khán, a brother of Mahmúd, the Herâtí servant of Major Pottinger, and afterwards of Major Broadfoot. When the insurrection broke out at Kabúl, the two brothers, who were on leave in Kohistán, became objects of much suspicion, and saved their lives by enlisting with Saleh Mahomed. They thus came to be among the guards at Bámián. He begged C. to take no notice of him, as it would render him suspected, and then quietly managed to supply Jacob with such provisions as he could get—sometimes a few eggs, sometimes a fowl, &c. He is now a Sáwár in Captain Quin's regiment of Irregular Horse.

Jacob caught one of the most monstrous creatures I ever beheld just outside the house. It is not very unlike a locust carved in ivory, only it has six legs to its body, and four more smaller legs to support its huge head. It has hideous nippers, with which it laid hold of a pen and shook it most fiercely. C. declared, from its ugliness and malice, that it must be the soul of a Pope, or an Inquisitor-General. I was told it was a species of Mantis.

I told you that one effect of an officer putting himself into the hands of natives is, that he is sure to be accused of bribery. I have just heard a fresh proof of it. Captain J., whom my husband believes to be a most honourable man, is yet considered corrupt by all the natives; for not only was he completely infatuated by a very clever Munshí, but when this man was convicted of having taken bribes to an enormous amount, and sentenced to a lengthened imprisonment, Captain J. had the imprudence to continue his monthly salary of 100 rupees, and of course all the natives say that he dared not do otherwise, lest the Munshí should betray him.

So great is the vanity of some people, that they seem to consider it a personal insult if either a hint or a proof is offered that any of *their* people are dishonest

or corrupt; and as they choose thus to identify themselves with their underlings, they are most completely identified with them by general opinion.

A committee sat the other day to examine the arms supplied for the use of his regiment. The President of the Committee, after carefully examining them, remarked that they were only fit to be broken up. The muskets were old and worn out, so that it would be impossible to fire them; out of 360 only 188 could be found not *utterly* useless. The sewing of the belts gave way at the first touch, and the sheaths of the bayonets were so bad that the first shower of rain would complete their destruction. Imagine supplying a regiment with such arms and accoutrements. At the first meeting of the Committee, the President was the only officer there, the two juniors, according to the custom of the Bengal army, thinking it too much trouble. C., being accustomed to the strict discipline of Madras, where, if an officer did such a thing, he would be reprimanded in orders, or ordered to attend every day, at twelve o'clock, at his commanding officer's quarters, in full uniform, for a week at least, expressed his astonishment to Major F., who is an active and excellent officer, but who, having been brought up in this lax school, was astonished at C.'s astonishment, and asked if he really meant to say that he always attended a committee when appointed to it; and, when answered in the affirmative, declared that, of all the committees he had been on, he had never attended more than two or three.

Such is the lax discipline of the Bengal army. Yet the *men* are naturally so martial, and at the same time so docile and so gentlemanly, that their efficiency is unimpaired by it, and they are undoubtedly the finest Sepáhis in India.

June 17th.—Will you believe that in this weather, with the rains just setting in, and the thermometer at 91° in our cool sitting-room, C. has just received an order to return all the extra tents which he got for his men? In all regiments one tent is allotted to each com-

pany; but Lord Hardinge chooses to allow only half that number to the Frontier Brigade, and as they have no huts, C. retained the full number of tents, which he had got possession of before this absurd order came. By the end of this month he expects his regiment will be raised to its full complement, 800 rank and file, who are to be crammed into five tents, each tent being fitted to hold only eighty men.

Dr. Walker, the surgeon of the regiment, has made an official report to my husband of the great hardships the men have suffered from being exposed to the heat and sand-storms in tents, and from having no hospital. It has produced numerous cases of ophthalmia. Even the sick have no shelter but a tent; a dust storm comes and blows it down, and they are left exposed till morning. Dr. Walker is in temporary charge of the 70th Native Infantry, who are properly sheltered, and he gave the following abstract of the state of the two regiments, showing the suffering entailed on our poor men.

The daily average in hospital for the week ending June 11th, 71st Native Infantry, 13¼; 4th Frontier-Brigade, 26.

The ratio per cent. (the 71st having its full complement) was, 71st Native Infantry, 1⅝ per cent.: 4th Frontier-Brigade, 4 per cent.

In the 71st hospital there is only one case of ophthalmia, caused by an accident, In the 4th regiment of Frontier-Brigade hospital, there are six cases of ophthalmia, none arising from accident.

CHAPTER VII.

Jacob's Illness—Committee on Flour—Three Kinds—A Wedding—Hasan Khan's Friendship—Rudeness—Jacob's Death—Last Letter—Funeral—Sufferings of Regiment—Rains—"Nelson"—Temperance—Panjabis on Female Education—Retrenchments—Serai—Prince Teimur—Little Bird—Scenes in the City—Insects—Cleaning Cotton—Blacksmith—Paying the Regiment—Elephants—New-born Afghan—Old Ayah—Munshi's English—Fort—Disgrace at Baddiwal—Kashmiris—Inquirers—Soldier—Harmony among Christians—Newspapers—The Prince of Spies—Sepahi and Peasant's Wife—Shah Shujah—Legend from the Kuran—Snake—Elephants—Full Dress Night Shirt—Government Regulation and Coffins—A Charm—Barsati—Fireworks—Selling Children—Murders—Shiahs and Sunis—Compliance with Native Superstitions—Cat Hunt—Loose Horse—The Four Friends—Mussulman Orthodoxy—The Ramazan—Afghan Noble in Distress—Anakims.

JUNE 18, 1847.—Poor Jacob was taken suddenly very ill yesterday, with violent fever, and I grieve to say he is not any better to-day, although there has been a favourable change in the weather, the first rain having fallen last night, and some more this morning. As, however, the hot wind has disappeared, we can no longer use the Tatties, and are therefore hotter in the house (the thermometer is 91°), though at the same time we have the pleasure of having most of our windows open. We had a fresh breeze until ten o'clock, which was a great comfort.

June 19th.—Yesterday the hot wind came back, so it was cool and comfortable in the house. We were in great anxiety about poor Jacob, but to-day he seems decidedly better, though still very seriously ill. Three

native officers are now sitting in this very room in committee, upon a brass dish of flour, which is placed at their feet. One of them is the old senior Subádár I told you of; another is a Hindu, with only a little moustache, fat and sleek as a banker (I think he must be of their caste); the third is a very intelligent-looking man, with high marked features, a Sikh. C. is just now making a speech, to which the Chowdrí listens with his eyes cast up like a martyr, the Havildar-Major with his eyes cast down like a schoolboy hearing his next neighbour fearfully lectured, and the three officers with much attention, and I hope edification.

The Havildar Major amused me by making what I suppose was a statement of facts, and when he had finished, curling up all his toes backwards. You cannot imagine what an expressive action it was.

Three different kinds of flour are made from the same wheat. The wheat is ground between two stones; the coarsest part, which makes brown bread, is called "Attah," and is that on which the people principally live; the finest, which is very white, and reduced to an almost impalpable powder, is called "Maidá;" and the most precious of all, which is merely the heart of the wheat, which from its hardness, instead of being reduced to powder is more like very fine grain, is called Sují. Their relative value a little time since was exactly 3, 5, and 7. Three sirs of Sují being worth seven of Attah. We now get 22¼ sirs of Attah for the rupee. The sir is equal to a quart. Sugar is almost as dear in England, about 1½ sir of sugar candy, or 3 of very fine soft sugar, for the rupee. There is no loaf sugar.

C. was obliged to go the other day to his Adjutant's wedding: I declined on account of the heat. It is quite à l'Indienne, for they only met three times before they engaged themselves. Mr. B., the Chaplain, who was deprived of his license for a time for licensing the marriage of a lady with her own brother-in-law, is so scrupulous in unimportant points, that he insisted on this unfortunate pair being married before twelve o'clock. Imagine such a thing in this weather. There

was a breakfast with quantities of champagne, and from which C. escaped as soon as he could, and the evening concluded with a Polka party, which lasted till *after dawn,* even the bride remaining until that hour. If any one were made to undergo all this, what cruelty and slavery it would be thought.

I must give you a trait of Hasan Khán's generosity, and his attachment to my husband. C. happened to mention our debts, he asked some questions as to their amount, and then said gravely, "You must take 200 of my 600 a month until they are paid off." When C. replied that he could not think of such a thing, but that it was more than many a brother would do, he answered very earnestly, "Don't say such words to me, but take the money." How many of one's friends would offer a third of their income to free one from debt?

The Nizám-u-Doulah came this evening in great indignation and perplexity, having just received a notification, worded in the most uncivil manner, from the Deputy-Commissioner, that, owing to instructions from Láhore, "Múhammad Usmán Khán, pensioner," was to have his pension stopped till further orders, without affording the smallest clue to the reason of this proceeding. C. promised to write immediately to Láhore on the subject. Captain —'s missive was peculiarly insulting from the position of the seal (a huge official seal), stuck at the top, as if it had been a King writing to a Kuli, common politeness requiring the seal to be placed at the bottom of the page, or at the back of the letter.

Hasan Khán on hearing of this, although he does not like the Nizám-u-Doulah, expressed great indignation at such treatment, and seemed to think no one's pension was safe under such a Government.*

Captain C. took tea with us, and exhorted us not to give up hope about our good Jacob, whom the doctor considers in great danger.

Sunday, June 20th.—We sent to beg Mr. Rudolph to pray for Jacob in the congregation: his pulse was

* The Nizam soon after got back his pension, as there was no ground for withholding it.

now soft and intermittent, though very quick, and his mouth partly open. Late in the evening Mr. Porter and Mr. Rudolph came to see him, and I am sure they prayed for him, though he was too weak for them to pray with him. He is moved out into the open air every night, as he prefers it; but the heat is so extreme, that I can hardly bear to go out even at nine o'clock. I think the house far cooler.

On Monday night C. was roused by the servants (three or four of whom were sleeping or watching round (Jacob) by the alarming intelligence that he was quite delirious. We both got up and found that what they call symptomatic hydrophobia in a slight form had set in; his strength was extraordinary, his teeth clenched, his eyes wild, and he endeavoured to bite those near him. C. spoke to him of Jesus, which quieted him; we gave him Belladona, and you may imagine how earnestly we prayed that Satan might not gain any advantage over him. He had but one more slight paroxysm after this. He would not suffer his dear master to leave him, but held him by the hand, and when C. asked if his faith were strong in Christ, he squeezed his hand and nodded. He then struggled greatly to say something to Baedullah, who was sitting by him. He pointed to his heart, and then to heaven, as if he wished to exhort him to believe in Jesus if he would be saved; and full well did Baedullah know his meaning, for when C. asked him if he understood what Jacob meant, he answered, "Oh yes, this is what he has been saying to me for many days." What a happiness to have spoken so fully and so conscientiously of the only way of salvation to those whom we love, that we need only remind them of our former exhortations when we come to die! How great would have been poor Jacob's anxiety, if he had deferred speaking to his old friend until sickness prevented him doing so. This was almost the last time he spoke.

I saw him at four A.M., and at six on Tuesday morning Dr. W., finding him greatly exhausted, recommended wine. Dr. C. soon after arrived. They wished

him to have a vapour bath. Two of the bearers, Mrs. Rudolph's tailor, and I, set to work immediately, and soon finished a large flannel bag, in which Jacob was put, one end tied round his throat, and the other round the neck of a large pitcher of water, which was set on a portable stove at the foot of his bed. The bag was soon filled with steam, and thus he had a vapour bath while lying on his bed. He perspired profusely, but without any good result. They covered him with two quilts, and shut up the doors of the room; but the fever only increased; they put on a large blister, and at night put another at the back of his neck, and gave him an opiate; but from the moment the homœopathic treatment was left off he grew worse, the fever returned, the inflammation extended, and the next morning C. roused me about half-past three A.M., thinking he was actually dying.

He lay apparently unconscious, the mouth half open, and breathing very hard. We continued giving him arrowroot by spoonsful every two hours, and water every now and then; he had sometimes great difficulty in swallowing, I think from weakness. This little office, which a few days before I had performed half shily, thinking the attention from my hand would gratify this faithful servant, I now felt to be an honour, for it was ministering to one who was soon to be a sharer of Christ's kingdom and glory.

Quartermaster Sergeant Wharton, who, as usual, was here at his office, fed him more cleverly than any of us, and all the servants tended him in a manner which showed how much he had won their affection. The Native doctor of the regiment, who had sat up with him all night, was most gentle and tender to him,—much more so than Dr. W., who, though kind, had I should think never been ill himself, by his ungentle movements. C. had told the servants the grounds of our strong confidence that Jacob would soon be in glory. Baedullah assented to everything his master said, as a matter of course. Vazirá, the bearer, listened earnestly, but spoke not; while the poor old Khalási

answered in a melancholy tone, "We are only khidmatgars; we are only khidmatgars (servants); what should we know?" The two doctors said all must soon be over, and left. I think the effect of the opiate wore off, for there was more intelligence in the eye; and he seemed to see us, and to hear the texts which we spoke distinctly in his ear, in hope of giving him support and comfort, but he could give no other sign.

We sat by the bed alternately or together till about eleven or twelve o'clock, when C. persuaded me to lie down. Hasan Khán came, and nearly shed tears. C. told him how it was that we knew Jacob's salvation to be secured; and an expression passed across the Afghán's face; as if he did not feel himself in a state of safety. As C. left the room, he followed him, and said earnestly, "Read to him out of your book; it will do him good; read to him from your book." C. explained, that although he had not been reading, yet he had been repeating short passages from that Holy Book, which satisfied Hasan Khán. I slept a little on the sofa, for I was very weary, till C. bade me come quickly. The hard breathing had become softer, the pulse lower, and just as I got to his bedside, the eye fixed, and with a gentle sigh our good faithful Jacob breathed his last on earth. C. said, "Jacob is in heaven," but I could hardly believe he was gone; only the chest was quite still. The Native doctor and bearer both wept; C. closed his eyes, and we bound up the falling jaw, and then I came away that they might straighten the limbs. The kind Sergeant washed and dressed the poor emaciated body.

I had been reading the Hymns on Death in Montgomery's "Christian Psalmist," while sitting by him in the morning, and that one—

> "In vain our fancy tries to paint,
> The moment after death,"

expressed exactly our feelings. There was nothing but joy when we thought of him who was once our servant, now being a son and heir of God, entered into his inheritance, and walking with Christ in Glory. "His

name shall no more be called Jacob, but *Israel*, a Prince with God; but for us, no one can tell how we shall miss his cheerful, loving service—his watchfulness for our comfort and interests—his hearty sympathy with us, and all whom we loved—and his constant reference to the things of God. Sometimes he would bring a hymn to show me; sometimes a passage of Scripture which he did not fully understand:—he was unwearied in endeavouring to make known the Gospel to all the servants, and to every one who came within his reach; and he had won the love of all of our people by his kindness and helpfulness. There was only one inconsistency I had ever remarked in his Christian character, and that was too much attention to dress; but since he rejoined us, it had several times struck me how entirely this had disappeared.

Some of the texts wherewith we endeavoured to comfort him were:—"Let not your heart be troubled," &c., John xiv. 1—4; "Fear not, then, thou worm, Jacob," &c.; and "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee," &c.; "Behold the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world;" "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ," &c. &c. Near the last, one of us was almost always with him, thinking that it might be a pleasure to him to see always one whom he loved close to him. The last book he had been reading was the "Life of Harriet Newell," and in it we found a copy of an unfinished letter to his brother-in-law, which he must have written a day or two before he was taken ill. I will copy most of it for you:—

"I am happy to say my dear master keep prayers twice a day . . . . my time passes more pleasantly than ever. I read and conversing with my fellow servants, who I am sorry to say they are all heathens and Mamodons (Múhammadans). I have been sick about fortnight, and had 4 dozen leeches, so I am suffering with pain, sometime is better, sometime is worse, but I do not know whether my time is at hand. Therefore our duty to watch and pray always—the day will

soon come, and you will see 1 Cor. chap. xv. ver. 52, 'in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump, for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed.' When the followers of the Lamb are collected from the east and west, from the north and south, then that blessed Lord come to judge the world, and there is no scape from Him. He will judge us according to our works, therefore, my dear Peter, this is a time to go to Jesus, who died on the tree for our sins, so let we all go to Him only. I am absent from church 2 or 3 Sabbaths on count of illness, so I went to church last Sunday. Pray do go to visit my dear sister often. Oh that Jesus would support her under all her trials —we are poor children wandering in this wilderness without parents. So I begin to think I am a very sinful man, so I myself looking to Jesus where is my *resting place,* that is to say, where is my sweet grave. 'O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law; but thanks be to God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.' . . . . I am nothing to say the kindness of Captain and Mrs. M. towards me. . . . . Can it be possible that I should never see you in this world? Have we then parted to meet no more this side eternity? we probably have. But what is this short separation? nothing when compared to eternal separation, which will take place at the last day between the friends and enemies of Jesus. My dear Peter, listen, I entreat you, to a brother who loves you, who ardently wishes for your everlasting happiness. Make the friend of sinners your friend, now while an opportunity is presented. Oh! let not the adversary of souls cheat you out of an interest in the Saviour. I hope we shall meet again, even in this world. Such be not, I hope we shall meet in heaven after death, no more to part. But we never shall, unless our hearts are renewed, and we made the friends of Immanuel in this present life. . . . . May

Lord bring you all out of Popery, to the Church of Christ."

All that I have changed in this has been the spelling of a few words; the style is untouched: you will see how well he wrote English. By-the-by, when the front of his head was shaved, we were both struck with its fine intellectual conformation. Is not this letter a precious testimony of his faith? I wrote to good Captain C., who came as early as it was possible that evening, and both rejoiced and wept with us.

A young half-caste—a soldier's son who attends the Mission school—came to me for medicine, and I took him in to see this now empty temple of the Holy Ghost: and C. spoke earnestly to him in Hindustáni on the only way of salvation. They had brought the coffin, and we all helped to lift the body into it. I put a clean pillow-case on Jacob's own little pillow, and we rested his head on it. They brought me a large plaintain leaf, with nearly all the remaining flowers in the garden, and we put them on his breast, and over his body. I had taken a last grasp of his hand before; it was now quite cold. Captain C., dear C., and the servants, then lifted the coffin on to the little Charpaí, and carried the whole into the open air. It was a satisfaction to perform these last offices with our own hands; and the next morning my dear husband nailed up the coffin himself. The face was still unchanged. Hasan Khán came again in the afternoon, and earnestly entreated C. by no means to allow the body to remain in the house all night; but when he found him immovable, although he told him that all bad things came to a corpse, meaning evil spirits (little knowing how the Lord watches over the tabernacle of his saints), in the height of his friendship he valiantly said he would come and watch it himself. He would no doubt have come armed to the teeth, if C. had not told him that we meant to spend the evening in considering the word of God and in prayer.

The servants were evidently full of superstitious fears,

and the old Khalási was overheard saying to another, "When he departed one of the Bamboos which supported the Jhamps (*i. e.* a kind of screen of matting,) was carried away," evidently believing that the soul had carried away the stick. "Yes," said the other, "and what is more, all the Bamboos fell down." The fact was, that a little whirlwind came which blew down one of the Jhamps. The chapter we happened to read to-day was Isaiah lvii.; nothing could be more appropriate, if we remember what Owen says, that "The righteous is taken away not only from the evils of judgments, but from that of temptation and sin, which oft times proves the worst of the two:" that he did "enter into peace," or go in peace, is our firm belief. Captain C. stayed with us all the evening, and the next morning at five o'clock the funeral took place. The Quarter-Master Sergeant, Wharton, who said he was so accustomed to such scenes, that he felt quite ashamed of not feeling Jacob's death *as he ought*, the Sergeant-Major, and two other Artillerymen, bore the coffin. A company of Artillery wished to volunteer their attendance to show their respect for Jacob's character, but C. thought it best to decline this. Múhammad Hasan Khán came with Abdulrahmán, son of a brother-in-law of the Nizam-u-Doulah, who out of respect arrived counting his beads, and repeating the prayers for the dead, so that he would not even shake hands with C. I put on a white dress, feeling that there ought to be nothing gloomy about Jacob's funeral, and a black silk scarf over my head. Major Fisher, and the two doctors, and good Captain C. came; Mr. Porter was the Minister on the occasion. The chapel was filled; many of our servants and of Hasan Khán's attendants were present, as well as the orphans. Múhammad Hasan Khán and Abdulrahmán sat on each side of me; the former offered to kneel when we did, but C. motioned to him to sit still. Abdulrahmán sat with his fingers in his ears the whole time; yet even on him the impression was so far favourable from the simplicity of the worship, that he remarked to Hasan

Khán when it was all over, "After all there is not much difference between us and them." At any rate he saw that we were not idolators. Mr. Porter read the 15th Corinthians, expounding as he went on. That beautiful chapter never seemed to be so full of beauty and comfort before. A hymn was sung and Mr. R. prayed.

We then resumed our march to the little burying-ground. C. helped to lower the head into its last resting-place until it shall rise again in glory. Then Bishop Heber's Hymn, "Thou art gone to the grave," was sung, that and the whole service being in Hindustaní, and it was all over. I gave each of the four Sergeants a copy of Mc Cheynes, "This do in remembrance of me;" writing in it, "In memory of Jacob Augustine, who fell asleep in Jesus, June 23rd, 1847," telling them that I had given one to him, and had found it in his desk after his death. Captain C. stayed to breakfast and dined with us, which was a great comfort. The rains came on that very evening. Hasan showed such real feeling that his visits were quite comforting.

In the afternoon the hills were distinctly visible from our house, and a most beautiful sight they were, the highest range capped with snow, and appearing quite near, though more than 200 miles distant. C. took me out for a drive. In the night we had a tremendous storm of thunder, lightning, wind and rain, and we heard the next morning that C.'s poor men had been obliged to hold on outside the tents while it lasted, to prevent them from being blown down upon them. It is great cruelty keeping them in tents at such a season. Dr. Mc C. visited our hospital tents the other day, and was so shocked at the suffering and discomfort, that he offered a vacant ward in his hospital for their accommodation, and I am happy to say they are now there, with cool and lofty shelter, and with accommodation for the native doctors and attendants, and room for the medicines, of all of which there was an utter want before. Dr. Handyside, of "Tait's Horse," on visiting

them one day with the Regimental Surgeon, Dr. Walker, found those who had blisters on, with the blister completely *dressed with sand.*

June 29th.—The change in the weather is most delightful; we can now go out before sunset, and have only used the Phankah once for the last six days. It rains every day, sometimes furiously, but part of the day has always been fine. It is pleasant to see a varied cloudy sky as at home. I am very much pleased with the climate of Loodiana, which is considered one of the most healthy in India. Almost every one pitied me as we came up the country for going to "such a wretched station;" but I have seen no place I should prefer to it. It is only a few days that the thermometer has been 90° or 91° in the house; the average has been 85° (with Tattís and Phankah of course), which is by no means unpleasant; the mornings have always been cool enough to go out before sunrise, and the nights have been very bearable after ten o'clock. We have had no Phankah at night. In Bengal, the hot weather sets in two months sooner; the nights are often most oppressive, and the close stifling heat directly it ceases pouring, is not only most unpleasant but very unhealthy. The rains are the unhealthy season throughout the lower provinces. But the height of the thermometer really gives one no idea whatever of the heat which one feels. The other morning it was so chilly that I sent for a light shawl at breakfast, yet it was 79°. It is now 82°, a cloudy day with fresh breeze, a most pleasant temperature. We are sitting with all the doors and windows open, it is so cool—and though during that dreadful heat on board ship when we were becalmed, the thermometer was only 86°, yet I never felt so suffocated.

The Loodiana landscape is greatly improved by the sudden appearance of ponds in all directions—some of the roads were impassable the other evening, having been turned into brooks, and the appearance of some of the great open spaces in and near the town was exactly that of the sea-shore, when the tide is out, the sand being *ribbed* by the water and interspersed with pools.

I took a walk on the great sandy plain at the back of our house, which is now firm and pleasant to the foot, and felt quite inclined to look for the sea. Sergeant Wharton has given me a little Scotch terrier only five months old, which being bred in this country, will I hope live. His name is Nelson, by common consent contracted into "Nel," and he is the most loving little thing I ever saw, who follows my every step, and is never happy unless he is lying close to my or C.'s feet. He is a great friend of our huge bull-mastiff "Bow-wow."

Mr. Janvier returned from his missionary expedition on Saturday. He had much difficulty in getting home, on account of the water, and his buggy is still on the other side of the Nallah. He dined with us yesterday, and told me a good deal about the temperance cause, which has gained such a footing in America that hardly one Evangelical Christian in five hundred has any intoxicating liquors in his house. He says he is convinced it will spread in like manner among the Christians of Britain, and chiefly on this ground, "Not to eat meat or drink wine, or anything whereby a brother stumbleth or is offended, or is made weak." On this ground it is surely our duty, whatever our position, ladies and children as well as men, to do *all* in our power to promote this good cause. Mr. Janvier once preached a temperance sermon on the text, "Drink no longer water, &c.," in which he showed that Timothy was so entirely a total abstinence man as to require the admonition of his father Paul to induce him to take a little wine, even when he was sick, and needed it as a medicine. Then consider that distillation was not discovered until long after the Christian era, and you will see that no Scriptural text relating to wine can be adduced in favour of our present wines, which are half alcohol; and if even the old Jewish wine was a "mocker," so must every kind of fermented liquor be. I am sure the Missionaries here could never go through the labour they do, particularly the exposure to the sun and Bazár preaching, if they drank either wine or strong drink.

I was telling Mr. Janvier that Mr. Rudolph did not know what the polka was, which to me, who had been so weary of hearing of it, was a cause of envy. He said that, having been brought up in a pious family, he had never seen any of these things, and did not even know what kind of dance a waltz was. He said there were many in America in a similar state of happy ignorance. I should suppose from what he told us that American Christians are more separate from worldly ways and worldly society than the majority of even real Christians in England. He says that even in general society there is less dissipation in the way of going out than there used to be, and that it was never carried to such a height as it is in England, many worldly families wholly avoiding balls, &c.

July 3rd, 1847.—We have had no rain for two or three days; it is therefore very hot again; thermometer 89° in the day. But it is very pleasant when we drive out at night; neither is the heat in the day-time that close damp heat which I expected it would be. Two Punjábis called here the other day with a letter from the Sirdar Lená Sing, asking for C.'s interest in a cause which is now before Captain ——'s court. One, a Mussalman, is Leňá Sing's Munshí, a very clever-looking man, with a remarkably fine forehead and rather handsome features, but such a crafty, false expression and manner! His companion was a Sikh. C. explained the manifold writer to them. I had just been using it; so they inquired if I really wrote with it, and on receiving an affirmative answer they exclaimed, "Wonderful, that such science should be in a woman!" C. took the opportunity of impressing upon them some wholesome facts. "We educate our women," he said, "that they may be good wives and good mothers; for a man can hardly be a good man without a good mother, and, from being taught a pure religion, our women remain pure-minded, and are not like the women of this country, whose minds are polluted with vice." The Munshí agreed as to the general principle, but omitted all notice of the *pure religion*.

I have lately seen some very droll Americanisms in the "Presbyterian," an excellent paper. A writer is styled "a very *handsome* author," meaning a good and clever one, and quite irrespective of his appearance, which may be the reverse of comely. A clergyman says, he "*hails*" from such a place, a very nautical metaphor. Things are "loaned," not lent. A minister advocating temperance said, that "families would be happified;" another gravely relates that he felt or looked "solemncholy," and "wrathy." "Avails" is used for proceeds or profits; and a writer says he does not know if Jenny Lind intends to sing "on her own hook;" and a minister offers to take "the stump."

An order has lately been received from head-quarters, stating that the men transferred from the Umballa Police Battalion, old soldiers of four or five years' standing, are to be paid *as recruits*,—a great injustice to them, and very small saving to the Government. Lord Hardinge has disbanded between 20,000 and 30,000 men; among others, a Sikh battalion of Artillery, *just* raised, the men of which were real Sikhs, that people being particularly good artillerymen. C. has got about thirty of them. Another was the Bandlekand Legion, a very fine body, who volunteered for service in Sind, when the regiments of the line mutinied and refused. Another was the Shekawatti Brigade, which was almost entirely composed of robbers. They made excellent soldiers, and now being let loose will doubtless make better and more daring robbers than ever. When we were at Agra a certain petty Rajah had just been rescued from the gaol there by a party of desperate followers of his, and no sooner was the Shekawatti Brigade quite out of the way than this very individual and his men made a daring attack on the Commissariat at Nasirabad, which had been thus left defenceless, killed the feeble guard of Sepáhis, and carried off all the money in the treasury. Reductions of this kind have *never* been made without the whole number disbanded being raised again from necessity, in a very short time. But there is what Mr. C. calls

"financial pressure," which influences the Home authorities.

Last night we drove into the great Serai for native travellers. It is a very large one-storied quadrangle of low rooms, each with a separate door opening into the court. It is entered by an arched gateway, with a recess or chamber on each side for the guard in troublous times, and with a chamber above for the watch to look out. There was an interesting scene within. Hindus and Múhammadans all peaceably together, but sitting apart from each other; some cooking, some lighting or fanning their fires, some lying on their Charpáis, some feeding their cattle. Here were patient camels; there, little rough, wretched-looking ponies, or a magnificent pair of stately white oxen, rather the worse for a long journey. Two Mussulmáns were praying on the housetop, with their figures in strong relief against the glowing evening sky; a party of travellers were just proceeding on their journey in covered bullock carts, and a strong scent of sandal-wood from one corner told that there were women within; while two Faqírs were melodiously chanting some monotonous song, and receiving alms from the temporary inmates of the Serai. The great Múhammadan sovereigns used to build magnificent Serais all along their trunk roads, partly out of policy for the encouragement of merchants or the shelter of their troops, and partly as a meritorious act of charity. Each traveller pays two pie a night, for which a charpai is provided for him, and his food is cooked, he providing the food and fuel. Those who are very poor and sleep on the ground instead of on a charpai, pay only one pice, or less than a halfpenny. Choukedars, or watchmen, move about all night to prevent thefts.

After tea, C. and I, attracted by the lovely moonlight, took a walk round our premises. Our horses, four in number, were tied to trees in front of their stables, and all the servants, except two or three who have houses in the city, sleep on their charpáis in the open air, my Ayah among them. We threaded our way

gently through them, and found one or two, who are very poor, sleeping on the ground, so that our night's walk will get them a present of charpáis—for they are likely to get fever without any. In one verandah the bearer sleeps with "Bow-wow," our great dog, chained to a pillar near him; on the other side is the guard, so that we can leave our doors open.

Thursday, 8th July, 1847.—We had a delightful drive on Tuesday evening after the rain, and met the Shahzadeh Teimur taking the air in a state Nalki, or royal palanquin, like those we saw at Dehli, in which he was sitting cross-legged, preceded by divers runners, some in scarlet, and others with blue caps, and followed by some horsemen. It formed a pretty, gay-looking procession. He is rather a fine-looking man, and made us two most amiable salams. A little further we met a young Mussalmán with a very pretty bird, called a Byera, on his finger. We stopped the Buggy and it came on my hand. It was about the size of a large bullfinch, with a bright yellow top-knot and breast. He was teaching it to catch Kauris; letting one fall, the bird catches it in the air. A little further we passed a poor man begging by the wayside. Both his hands had been cut off and his nose slit, as a punishment, whether just or not it is impossible to say. Thus in this short drive we saw three things that would be considered "sights" at home.

I told you of Hasan Khán offering C. a third of his monthly pension. He actually brought the 200 rupees, and very nearly cried, he was so vexed when C. assured him that it was quite impossible for him to accept it. It was really worth while having a debt, that one may learn the difference between one man and another. Our evening drives through the city always divert me. The whole population is out of doors, either sleeping or smoking, or roasting and fanning Kabobs. They use so little fire that they are obliged to fan it all the time, and our Sáis has hard work in clearing the way of people, children, and cattle, the latter of whom lie down in the very middle of the road. It is no wonder

to me that almost all Indian officers are in debt, for few of them seem to deny themselves anything they are inclined for. An Adjutant, who has just married a penniless girl, has *eight* horses, another officer on 500 rupees a month keeps two carriages. To my great amusement I find it is not uncommon for officers to pride themselves on their skill in *making* particular dishes.

Some of our rooms having leaked a little, eight poor little Kúli children, both boys and girls, were employed all day carrying earth in small baskets on their heads to the top of the house, to make it water-tight. They are paid three or four kouris for every basketful. There are sixty kouris to a pice, which is rather more than a farthing; but in the evening we gave them a rupee as bakshish, with which they were overjoyed.

Captain C., who came to tea, caught a locust; the first of these beautiful creatures that I have seen distinctly. The body and legs are covered with alternate bands of the most brilliant green and yellow; and when the sun shines on a flight of them, the effect is said to be magnificent. A beautiful insect appears in great abundance after the first rains; it is something like a large short legged spider, with six legs, but of the colour and appearance of bright scarlet silk velvet. The native name of it is *bir bahatti*.

Instead of being able to buy things ready-made in the Bazár, one generally has to send for a man to come to the house and make them. Two Kúlis have been all day making door-mats. They stick four pegs into the ground, and fasten two bamboos to them: thus forming a frame on which they work the mat. I have also had some cotton cleaned. You buy it dirty, and a man comes with a thing somewhat like a bow, the wooden part is slung to the roof of the verandah, and the cotton is brought against the string, which is made to vibrate forcibly by striking it with a piece of wood: the cotton is thus thoroughly sifted and divided. I wanted a tin box soldered; for in the rains, everything must be carefully packed in cloth or flannel, and

then in tin. A Kúli came and formed a little furnace close to the verandah, by lighting a very small fire of charcoal, making a little hole about two feet distant for the nose of his bellows (which were made of the skin of a goat, with a slit at the back, which he alternately opened and closed), and connecting the bellows and fire by a little underground passage. I was quite pleased with this simple, ingenious contrivance.

July 9th.—Mr. Janvier told us, that when he was at Simla, a few weeks since, he and a brother missionary in bad health went to the house of the Rev. Mr. W., a Church of England missionary, to join in public worship on the Sabbath. To their astonishment and grief, they found all the repairs of his house going on, and workmen in full activity, as if it had been a week-day. Mr. J. felt it his duty to write to him on the subject, especially as even public works have been lately suspended on the Sabbath; but he has as yet received no answer, and does not much expect one.

Hasan Khán's Peshhidmat came yesterday, to announce that a son had just been born to his master; and when we expressed our satisfaction, he said, "Glad! of course you are glad; who is to be glad if you are not?" and then wished that I might be equally fortunate—a wish that Hasan Khán himself made me a few days ago, when we told him of the birth of dear L.'s little son. It reminded me of Laban's blessing to his sister Rebecca. He sent me some sweetmeats in the afternoon; among them were some excellent sugar-plums, that we thought were made of pistachio nuts, but which we found were channa, a kind of field pea, on which the horses are fed.

C. has been engaged the whole day paying about 460 of his men. It has been a curious scene. They came about 10 A.M., and a fine set of men they are, mostly tall. Four officers came with them; one, a Sikh, looked very droll in his English uniform, with very short white trousers with straps, a long beard, Jewish physiognomy, and yellow and purple turban. The men were mostly in their "half-mounting," or

undress, blue jacket, white dhoti (or cloth which serves instead of trousers), and red skull-caps, round which many of them had bound cloths of all colours, to protect them from the sun. They filled all the verandahs, and sat under all the trees they could find. I saw a group of perhaps fifteen or twenty, with one scarlet umbrella in the midst of them, flattering themselves, I suppose, that its mere vicinity was of some use. The money-bags, which I keep in a great red sea chest in our bed-room, were brought out; the four native officers sat on chairs against the wall, some with one foot drawn up on the chair, and the non-commissioned officers sat on the floor and counted out the money. I occasionally went to spy them through the blinds. Those who had received their pay seemed quite astonished at the sight of rupees, they had been so long without any. One huge Sikh reminded me very much of a hairy merchant seaman: he had a loose blue jacket, and though his trousers were rather too tight for a tar, yet altogether he had much the look of one.

We drove out this morning with the intention of paying Hasan Khán a visit, but on reaching his house we heard such a noise of musicians within, that we went on to the "Fil Khana," where the Government elephants are kept, close to the fort. Here we got out, and walked among them. I thought how much interested our children would have been at seeing such a number of these huge creatures, each peaceably feeding on a little slope, with his face towards his keeper's hut; most of them being fastened by so small a rope that it could only serve as a hint that he was expected to stay there. We saw one which they said was eleven feet high. Another who was pointed out to us as the most sagacious of all, is only thirty years old, and therefore not come to his full strength: he had such a crafty, wise, wizened face, and a mild eye, just like a philosopher. One or two were wicked, but most of them very gentle. This wise one was fanning himself with the long stalks of grass given him for his food. It is curious to see the difference of expression

and countenance in the different elephants; one near the philosopher had a foolish, good-natured, weak face, like dozens of people I have seen. At some distance, a very wicked one was chained to two large trees; he is so savage that sometimes he will not suffer his máhout to come near him, or even the bhistí who brings him water, so that he goes without any for days. He killed two men at Laknao; and watched us out of the corner of his eye in a way I did not much like. Not far from him was a sick elephant, ninety years of age; by no means past work. He was very thin, and his face like that of an old man, with sunken cheeks and rheumy eyes. My heart warmed to the good old creature; for I love anything old, for my dear father's sake, and I remembered that the elephant was just his age. They had given him only the fresh green tops of the karbi, instead of the whole stalk, as they do to the others. Each elephant has two men to wait on him and manage him: his food costs two rupees daily; so that the whole expense is about seventy rupees a-month for each.

On returning, we went to Hasan Khán's, where the music had now ceased. The uproar it made was enough to have killed both mother and child, if they had not had very strong nerves. You never saw anything so droll as the baby; it had a great aquiline nose, its eyelids were tinged with antimony, and its eyebrows painted so as to meet in the middle. It was swaddled, though not tightly enough to prevent its moving its limbs; but the arms are put *behind* its back, just as if for the first eight or ten months of its existence it was to be perpetually saying spelling lessons. Bibí Jí (its mother) was dressed as usual, sitting up in her bed. I gave her a ring, and baby a piece of cloth, to make little chogahs for him. Three old Afghán women came in, who stroked and hugged Lala Bibí's head, and kissed little Padimah vigorously. They all rose and remained standing when Hasan Khán came in.

You cannot imagine what an exercise of patience my old Ayah is. She is almost utterly useless except

to fetch and carry. She brought me a satin and a prunelle shoe; I showed her that they did not match, whereupon she put them both down, and brought me the other prunelle and the other satin one. One evening I was going to pay a visit, and desired her to give me the "Topi," which is the generic name for both bonnet and hat, "in that trunk," pointing to it. With the gravest face in the world, she opened a neighbouring Pitarrah, and brought me C.'s black velvet *hunting-cap*. My Munshí can speak very little English. He translated "sweet," read the epithet of a person, by "sweet-meat," and when I ask him why a letter is made in such a way, he says for "be-u-ti-ful." He told me the other day that the Avadavats are called "*lal*," or red, because "the masculine red here," stroking his throat and chest; he is, however, a very painstaking, intelligent man. He always speaks of a *nosal* (instead of nasal) Nún (N).

Monday, July 12th.—C. took me to the Fort in the evening. To us who have seen nothing but barren sand for so long, the country, with its patches of verdure and pools of water, now looks quite pretty. It is a view which we should pronounce "frightful" at home. The colouring of the sky, and indeed of every object, is, however, truly beautiful during the rains. Mr. Ryan, the Conductor of Ordnance, who has charge of the Fort, showed us where the Sikh army were encamped last year. All the ladies took refuge in the Fort, and the numerous fires of the refugees put Mr. Ryan in perpetual fear for the powder magazine. He truly said that if Sir Harry Smith had not gained the battle of Aliwál he must have been disgraced for his want of common sense (to say nothing of generalship) at Baddiwáll, which is close to Loodiana; for by unnecessarily marching close to the Sikh force, instead of within cover of the fort, he lost every atom of his baggage, and had all his sick and wounded massacred in their litters—but of this not a word is now heard. Mr. Ryan spoke like a Christian man of our wonderful deliverance during the late war, for nothing but the panic which it pleased

God to put into the hearts of the Sikhs prevented the destruction of our enfeebled force. Returned through such narrow streets that we could not overturn, for they were but little wider than the Buggy. It seemed quite the Kashmíri quarter of the town, for we saw many of that yellow race.

Their skins are *literally* yellow; many of the women have beautiful features, and in spite of dirt and poverty one can fancy that when young their complexions must resemble that of a peach. Some of the women were smoking—one of them with a baby in her arms. The women wear a red cap like a Constantinopolitan Fez, with a veil over it, trousers, and a sort of loose shirt fastened at the throat, and reaching nearly to the feet, which is *never* taken off while it will hold together! We passed a group of men gambling, of which they are exceedingly fond. The game "Pachísí" is played with markers on a cross made up of squares.

Tuesday, July 13th, 1847.—Two inquirers have lately come to the Mission, one a Jew from Herat; another a Mussalman from a village near this, who has thankfully accepted the office of Mr. Janvier's Phankah Wallah at three rupees a month, in order to be here and receive instruction in the Gospel. This poor man afterwards died of consumption, expressing to the last his trust in "Isa Masih" (Jesus the Messiah) *alone* for salvation. There were no particular marks of deep feeling, but all he said was satisfactory, and his conduct blameless and consistent.

Captain Conran showed me a very interesting letter the other day from one who was formerly a reckless soldier in the artillery, now a zealous Missionary near Agra. The Pastor of the largest Baptist Church at Agra was formerly a private—so was another Minister now at Cawnpoor. The discharge of the latter was purchased by some poor soldiers who afterwards maintained him out of their pay, and when they could no longer do this, some from another regiment came to his help. In almost every regiment there is a little band of Christians who hold their prayer-meetings even when

marching. There is one in the artillery here in which Captain C. generally takes the lead, though he exhorts the men to do so themselves. Christians in India are certainly much less sectarian than at home. For instance, Captain C., though at the time a member of the Church of England, worshipped and communicated regularly with the Baptist Church at Agra, just as Captain and Mrs. R., and others, do with the Presbyterian Church here. I have seen Christians who have never met a Puseyite, and, generally speaking, they seem to put minor differences out of sight, and to be knit in an Evangelical Alliance with all who love the Lord Jesus.

I dare say this arises in a great measure from their being so scattered and so often deprived of Christian society, and of the public means of grace; this makes them joyfully greet a brother Christian whenever they fall in with one, and gladly avail themselves of *any* opportunity of hearing the Gospel preached by *any* Minister. This feeling extends in a great measure even to those who are not decidedly pious. Men give largely to support Presbyterian Missions, who, in England, would probably think it a duty "to support their *own* Church and oppose Dissenters."

So even India has its peculiar religious advantages. I also think that a very retired life is beneficial to the mind, at least for a time. Those who have led it for long say that one becomes indolent and listless in consequence of prolonged seclusion.

The public press in India seems to me in a very low state. You cannot imagine the nonsense, the twaddle, the petty gossip, and the vulgar mess-table and barrack-room jokes and slang, with which the newspapers are filled. "The Friend of India," is one of the few which assumes a higher tone: usually they are filled with petty professional squabbles, attacks of the coarsest kind on rival Editors by name, questions on the most trifling points of etiquette, *e.g.* whether the wife of a Major and C.B. ranks above the wife of a Colonel, who

is not a C.B., whether a rifle will carry 1760 yards, inquiries for deciding bets, accounts of every ball, and how many proposals were made, and some hopeless efforts at wit, and in some of them occasionally an infidel letter on some point of Christian doctrine. But however defective the newspapers are in many ways, they are invaluable auxiliaries to truth and justice in others. They make known abuses, and cause inquiry into many affairs which would otherwise never see the light of day. For instance, they have just published a correspondence proving that the late Colonel Davidson, of the Engineers, (who was dismissed the service for failing to prove the charges which he brought against another officer of the same corps), was the victim of a cabal between the Military Board, now happily abolished, and certain officers who sought to ruin him, in order to conceal their own malpractices. They were but too successful. Colonel Davidson failed to prove the charges he had brought: was dismissed the service, and died suddenly March 31st, 1852. His widow petitioned the Court of Directors for assistance, but they declined, on the ground that her husband was not a subscriber to either the Military or Orphan Funds. The poor lady replied by a second petition, stating that her husband had been a subscriber to the Orphan Fund for *thirty-six years*, and entreating that her youngest child (of twelve years of age) might be placed on that Fund. She then brings forward these proofs of the iniquitous plot against her husband. "Answer returned by the Court, July 2nd, 1852: *No aid or assistance*," Whereupon "The Englishman" publishes the memorial and proofs, and the Delhi copies of them, and perhaps the press may succeed in making the Court hear on "the deaf side of its head."

The "Bombay Guardian," a weekly paper, is admirable both for talent and principle; the most offensive feature in the tone of some of the Indian newspapers is its gross infidelity: not only gross indeed, but stupid to a climax!

Every one's character in India is fully known to the whole community, so that the bad example of many in positions of great influence is most pernicious.

The heat has been greater than we have yet felt it, for there has been no rain for the last ten days, and as the hot winds have ceased we cannot use Tatties. The thermometer has been from 91° to 95° daily, but the evenings are alway pleasant.

A very remarkable man came just as we were going to drive out the other night, an Afghán of the name of Suleyman Khan. I was quite struck by his countenance, which is full of quickness, talent, and decision, with magnificent eyes and eyebrows, a sweet and winning expression when pleased, and a small, well-made, wiry frame fitted to endure any amount of fatigue. His boldness, intelligence, and determination, render him the first of spies and scouts, and he was high in the confidence of Mr. George Clerk and Major Broadfoot. He is just returning from a visit to the former at Bombay, and told with much satisfaction how well the Governor had received him, embracing him before everybody. He spoke of the confidence Major Broadfoot had placed in him, but added, "If I had committed a fault he would have hanged me in five minutes."

By birth Suleyman Khan is a poor Afghán of good family. He had hurt his foot very much, so that whenever he mounted on horseback the blood gushed out; but he did not seem to care for it. He is just the kind of man you read of in a novel, who guides the hero through unimaginable difficulties, and gets himself in and out of unimaginable dangers.

The other evening I happened to go to the back of the house, and found a most curious assemblage. The orderlies, all our servants, and some sepáhis, were there together, with an elderly peasant, and near him a woman on her knees. My husband was speaking loudly in an indignant tone, and the old Ayah, as usual, was sitting in the verandah with her elbows on her knees, and her chin on her hands, seeing what was to be seen. Suddenly, just as I arrived, C. ordered the woman to

depart, and our people unanimously ran at her, each man flourishing a duster, and waved and pushed her away with every mark of indignation, while the Sikh peasant seemed much obliged. I found afterwards that this poor man had come to complain that a Sepáhi had carried off his wife, and that she was then in the lines.

C. sent the Havildar-Major to arrest the Sepáhi, and to turn the wretched woman out of the lines. The soldier was gone to the Bazár, but a party was sent after him, and the woman was brought here. C. told her, if she was caught again within his lines he would shave her head (I was sorry he did not have it done at once). She began to defend herself, whereupon he ordered her to vanish instantly.

The Sepáhi was put in the guard-house, and afterwards publicly *kicked out* of the regiment (literally so), as a warning to others. C. published a Regimental Order on the subject, which was explained to the men at two successive roll calls.

Saturday, July 17th, 1847.—Abdulrahman Khán paid us a visit. Speaking of Shah Shujah, he said his own fondness for reading had been cultivated chiefly by him. The Shah, who was an accomplished scholar, used to take him on his knee, make him read and spell, pat his head and give him a Chogah to encourage him. "He made me what I am," continued he; "he gave me learning, he gave me honours, and now if I were to go back to that country, and they were to give me thousands, it would be nothing to me; and except that I know that it is God's will that I should live, my life would be a burden to me." As you might see, by his behaviour in the chapel at Jacob's funeral, when he sat with his fingers in his ears, Abdulrahman is a bigotted Mussulman; but having mentioned the name of Pharoah, C. told him the history of Joseph, and of the deliverance of Israel out of Egypt, saying that all these things were written in the Tourah or Old Testament, and offered to lend him a Bible, for which he said he should be much obliged.

In speaking of the Scriptures he used the term *Kallám ul illah*, or "Word of God," which they apply to the Kuran, and like all Múhammadans, he never names our blessed Lord without styling him a "Prophet on whose name be blessings." He related a long story from the Kuran, which shows how the facts of the Gospel have been distorted by Múhammed. He said that Jesus wishing to know if the owner of a certain beautiful garden were truly grateful to God, entered it and asked him for some of the grapes that were hanging in rich clusters from the vines. The owner refused, whereupon Jesus left the garden, and the churlish proprietor saw to his dismay, that every cluster of grapes had been turned into a human head dripping with gore.

He hastily overtook our Lord, and besought him to remove the spell, which he did by prayer, and then admonished the man, that whenever God gave blessings, it was that they might be shared with others. It is hardly possible to quote any moral precept of the Gospel to a Mussalman without the latter capping it, as it were, with a similar maxim from the Kuran; but these gems of truth are hidden under a mass of "profane and old wives' fables." We had a very pleasant drive on Saturday evening (towards Filor, crossing the old bed of the Sutlej and a nallah). Saw a small snake in a tree, which my husband killed with the butt end of his whip. It was above two feet long, beautifully marked, but with a flat head, and a tail tapering off very abruptly, two sure signs of a venomous snake. Several labourers and passers by saw its death with great satisfaction, especially a traveller with beads round his neck, who said with a kind of horror, "It is an excellent thing it is killed, for it might have come out in the morning thirsting for something and have bitten ME." On coming home we stopped at a great well, to see the elephants get their evening allowance of water. The docile creatures came forward or gave way to others, just as they were bidden—the Mahout turned one of them hastily out of our way, for he was "a

smiter." The Bhistis put a leathern bucket of water before the elephant, who fills his trunk, and then blows it down his throat, making about two mouthfuls of the bucketful. Close by was a drove of camels, and on the other side some little mules, all forming a picturesque scene in the glowing twilight. The city police, which is generally drawn up for their evening muster about the time we pass, is a very ludicrous body, with no particular dress, but mostly armed with spears. We passed a little circle of men sitting on the ground and singing, or rather "crooning" a plaintive air in chorus.

I was very much amused the other day by one of the Havildars who came here with an English night-shirt for his sole upper garment. It was very stiff and clean, and looked more absurd than can well be imagined. He doubtless thought himself arrayed in the newest mode. He had a white cloth bound tightly round his head and hanging down his back. He brought a Sepáhi to be reprimanded, and I did not dare to look up for fear the poor man who had misbehaved should think I was laughing at *him*.

July 23rd.—I will give you an instance of what would be called *trickery* in an individual, but which is styled a *Government Regulation*. The Quarter-Master-Sergeant related the other day, that a Company's recruit is told in England that he will get sixteenpence a day. When he arrives in India he finds this, under divers pretexts, diminished to fourteenpence, and monstrous to relate fifteen days' pay is taken from him—you would never guess why—to buy his coffin. Supposing that he lives to retire, he gets neither coffin nor his pay returned. Do you remember what the author of "Essays in the Intervals of Business," says of the different way in which men act as individuals and as members of a committee? and the same holds true of public bodies and governments. The responsibility is divided, and therefore they will commit acts *as a body* which they would shrink from in a private capacity.

In our evening drive we passed a number of men

sitting on the sand much as if they were going to play at "honey pots." We asked them what they were doing. They said they had been trying a charm to see whether the monsoon (rainy reason) would be favourable, and whether the harvest would be good—and it would be very good.

We continued our drive literally cross country. The landmarks are formed by little pyramids of mud. The evenings and sunsets, during the rains, are lovely, but the name "rains" is often a misnomer, when one gets so far north: as thus far we have only one rainy day in ten dry ones. The rains are considered the most unhealthy season of the year: swarms of insects and creatures of all kinds make their appearance; generally one particular species predominates for a few days. For some time we had white ants, with long gossamer wings, then black beetles, large and small, in such numbers that it was hardly possible to have family worship at night, we were so much disturbed: then numbers of hairy orange-coloured caterpillars come *galloping* over the carpet with wonderful speed: musquitoes are abundant, and so are a beautiful kind of moth, with scarlet bodies and white wings edged with red. Any sore is most difficult to cure during the rains, especially on animals; and horses are subject to a very infectious disease, called barsati (or monsoon) ulcer, which is considered incurable, as it is sure to return.

Hasan Khán came the other day chiefly, I think, to display a beautifully embroidered new dress. I do not know what made him speak of relationship, when he expounded to us that those who are "of one milk," that is, of the same mother as well as father, are more closely related than any others, nearer even than parent and child. One may easily understand that this is the case among the Moslim, where there are children by half a dozen different wives, each with rival interests and sharing in the rivalries and enmities of their mothers.

Thursday, July 29th.—In passing through the city the last two evenings, I have been astonished at the

number of rockets going off in all directions; quite poor people indulging in the luxury of fireworks. It is very pretty, as we sit at tea before the house, to see them rising all round the plain, looking like fiery serpents chasing each other. To-day is a great Múhammadan festival, when they make offerings for the souls of the dead, and believe that they are in some way gratified by the fireworks, which have been going on with redoubled vigour. We went out into the verandah after our drive, and about a dozen of our servants began their display. It was really very pretty, and I longed for the children to enjoy it with us. Besides rockets and a wheel, which greatly astonished Bow-wow by sending forth a shower of fire over and over again, just as he thought of attacking it: there were a number of little things which they call anár, or pine-apples. These they place in rows, and each sends up a shower of fire like so many little fire-pots instead of flower-pots.

Suleimán Khán, the Kundschafter I told you of, was contrasting the present state of Loodiana with what it was under former agents. Formerly, any one who was convicted of selling a child was severely punished, and condemned to the roads for a term of years. Now it is openly done every day. Three men were found strangled on the high road, close to Aliwál, about fifteen miles from this, and were buried at the back of our lines, and such is the supineness of the civil authorities here, that I suppose nothing more will be done. Dost Múhammad, the poor Kashmirí, whom we have been treating so long for ophthalmia, was assaulted yesterday in broad daylight, and most cruelly beaten and kicked by some of his countrymen. He is a Shiáh (who do not number above twenty houses in Loodiana), while the Súnís, of which party his assailants were, are 20,000. This will make it difficult for him to get justice. Hasan Khán and most of the Afgháns are Súnís; the Persians and Kazilbáshis are Shiáhs. Mr. Anderson, from whom we heard not long ago, on his return to Bombay *viâ* Persia, says the religion of the Persians consists in the poem of Hasan and Hoseyn. The two sects hate each other

bitterly: I asked my Munshí some questions about the wooden camels I saw during the Muharram in Calcutta. His knowledge of English being quite inadequate to express his feelings, he turned to my husband, and begged him to explain to me, that it was "part of the idolatry of those abominable Shiáhs, and that many of the Súnís had been led into partaking in these ceremonies without understanding them."

Thursday, August 5th, was a Múhammadan festival, in honour of one of their saints, who is buried here, and over whose body the British Government has built a tomb, because they thought that the prosperity of the place would be increased by the mélá or fair annually held at his shrine. This is, indeed, forgetting that "righteousness *alone* exalteth a people." The compliances with both Múhammadan and Hindu superstition, of which men calling themselves Britons and officers have been guilty, are perfectly marvellous. Almost every irreligious man, who has dwelt chiefly among the votaries of one or the other of these false religions, becomes more or less attached to it and imbued with the native prejudices against the opposite party, and in favour of his associates. At Delhi is a mosque built by Colonel Skinner; and Englishmen, in former days, under the influence of Hindu wives, have been known to paint themselves and perform Pujah, or worship at the river side like heathens.

What will you think when you hear of my taking a lively interest in a cat-hunt? There is no knowing what we may come to! Wild cats abound here, that is to say, cats of the domestic breed, who have become wild: they are very large and fierce, and do much mischief, and will even enter a house, tear open the meat-safe and carry off the contents. One of them came to get a guinea-fowl of Mrs. Janvier's for supper, but the dogs heard it and gave chase. We were taking our tea in front of the house, when my husband suddenly started off; away went also the Khidmatgar: the little Ghúrka Náig on duty went after them, and I in much amazement followed to see what was the matter.

The catamount was quickly slain, and nothing could exceed the fury of the little dog, when his big friend Bow-vow had killed his enemy. He sat down, put his paws on it, barked at it with all his might, and then began dragging it about the compound with unimaginable zeal. He will doubtless be a "great brave" when he is grown up.

We had an escape last night for which I am most thankful. Just as we turned down the road homewards, I saw the Sáís drop behind, brandishing his jhárran (or duster) and shouting hoarsely, while C. urged on the mare at full speed. It was a loose horse, whose master had got off to say his prayers, and who found no difficulty in dragging the iron pin with which his bridle was fastened out of the light sandy soil.

Our mare is a most vicious, spirited thing, though docile in harness, and would have kicked and fought with fury had the horse overtaken her. Nothing is more dangerous than a loose horse in India. Finding he was gaining on us, C. dashed into the court of the hotel which we were just passing: the men shut one leaf of the gate, and C. jumped out and kept the horse off with his whip. He was secured, and we reached home in safety.

My little dog is most perverse, and whenever there is a Múhammadan here, he insists on lying down on his feet, instead of coming as usual to me. But it is curious to see how all our servants overlook their Mussalmán prejudices in his favour. They pat him, play with him, and even carry him. We never *ask* them to do anything about either of the dogs, that being the sweeper's business. I remark, too, that the Múhammadans and Hindus are perfectly friendly with each other, talk together, sit side by side, and help each other to let off the fireworks; but Shiáhs and Súnís generally appear unbounded in their antipathies, though I believe less so among Hindustání Mussalmans than among those of other nations.

When my husband related the attack on poor Dost Múhammad to Hasan Khán, although the latter is full

of generous feelings, as soon as he found the sufferer was a Shiáh, he lost all his interest in the story, and began to explain that Shiáhs were very bad people. C. told him that they were just as good Múhammadans as himself, for he had read the Kuran, which Hasan Khán had not, and that there was not a word in it from beginning to end about Shiáhs or Súnís, or about the Khalifas. "Yes," said Hasan Khán, "but they do not believe in the Char-i-Yar," or four friends. These are Abubekir Sadíq, or the Just, Omar, Usman, and Ali, and the word Cháriyár is quite a war-cry among the Afgháns. "But," said my husband, "there is nothing about that in the Kuran; it is enough if a man acknowledges that there is but one God, and that Múhammad is his prophet. Do you not acknowledge this?" he asked Dost Múhammad. "Of course I do," cried the poor man, and repeated the Múhammadan Confession of Faith. "Ah! but they don't acknowledge the four books," rejoined Hasan Khán. "Yes, I do," shouted the other; "there is the Kurán, and the Tourat and the Injíl (the Old and New Testaments), and the Psalms of David." Hasan Khán was so counfounded at this proof of orthodoxy, that not knowing what to say, he turned to C. and asked him if he acknowledged Múhammad as a prophet. "No, I do not," he answered; "one part of your religion is true, that there is no God but one, but one part of it is a lie—that Múhammad is his prophet." Hasan Khán's eye flashed fire, but C. added: "I will talk to you about this another time; now, we are speaking of Shiáhs and Súnís; and I tell you there is no difference between them: but you are all imposed upon by your Mullahs, who tell you whatever falsehoods they choose." This seemed to make some impression on Hasan Khán, who, like all Afgháns, has a horror of being thought priest-ridden; and my husband showed him that the Mullahs in Afghánistan cannot read the Kurán, as it is written in Arabic, which they do not understand, and they have no translation.

The assailants of Dost Múhammad have been fined

and bound over to keep the peace, which pledge they performed by attacking him on his way home. My husband sent his two orderlies to escort him, and they found that his enemies had beaten his wife, and broken all his cooking vessels. Mr. D. the Assistant Magistrate, has therefore placed an armed man to watch over him. This business has caused a great commotion in the city, and Hubíq Khán, a poor Afghán whom we have often assisted, told my husband he had just been defending his character, for the people in Bazar said he was a Shiáh; "but I told them," added he, "you were not anything half so wicked." C. was roused at this, and asked, "Do you think if I believed in Múhammad, I would remain as I am?" "No," said Hubíq, "I do not think you would." C. told him that as there is but one God, so there was but one true religion, and *that* he believed to be the Christian faith, and he considered Múhammad an impostor." The man grew quite pale with anger at this. C. repeated what he had said to Hasan Khán, that the disputes between Shiáhs and Súnís were founded on the falsehoods of their Mullahs, and not at all on the Kurán. He added, "half of you do not know anything about your own religion?" and turning to one of our servants, several of whom had drawn near, he asked, "Who are the Char-i-Yar?" "Prophets," answered Vazira rapidly, whereupon even Hubíq burst out laughing.

Hasan Khán came to see us a few days after, and said, "The Ramazan will begin in a few days, but how can a man fast in such hot weather?" he exclaimed, with a kind of peevishness. I had just been prescribing for him; so my husband suggested that he was not well, and therefore need not fast. "How can I say I am not well when I come here, talk and laugh!" He finally announced his intention of going into the jungle to shoot and hunt, because when a man is on a journey or hunting, he is exempted from fasting if he make up for it in other ways. C. told him that Christians fasted differently; and on his inquiring our

doctrine on this point, made the Babu read him what our Lord says of fasting, which he pronounced very good. An Afghán of high rank whom we often see, came here the other evening in the greatest distress, having sold even his sword, he said, to satisfy his creditors. Teimur Shahzadeh owes him a small sum, which he will not pay, and he was at his wit's end for fifty rupees. We could hardly do less than offer it to him. He said he knew of our debts, and nothing but dire necessity drove him to come; "but," said he, "who can I go to!" He begged C. not to give him the money before the servants, so the matter was artfully managed, and he departed with a lightened heart.

That gentlemanly old man, Sirfraz Khán, came to consult C. about his affairs, he too being wretchedly poor. C. told him he had little hopes of serving him, but that if ever it were in his power, he would gladly do so; first, because he had a great respect for him; and secondly, because his brother Aminullah had ordered him (C. himself) to be blown from the mouth of a gun, and we were commanded by our law to return good for evil. Sirfraz Khán said he believed he was sincere in what he said.

Abdulrahmán Khán (the slave of the Most Merciful), of whom I told you as such an intelligent man, and to whom C. related the history of Joseph, asked in consequence for a Bible. C. promised him one that is coming from Calcutta. He then asked for a New Testament in the meantime, "for," said he, "I have heard that the Gospel of John may be depended on." You know that although Múhammadans acknowledge our Scriptures, they assert that they have been corrupted. Of course a copy was joyfully given him.

My husband told Abdulrahím, Hasan Khán's peshkhidmat, that his master's child was so fine a boy, that he was convinced one of his ancestors must have been a son of Anak who had settled in Afghánistan, adding, "You know about the Anakim." "Oh yes," he answered, "they were a people sixty yards high." In spite of the perverted version of Scripture narratives

which they have got hold of, they always defer to C.'s account of any of these things as the proper one, and stand corrected by him. Rahím, who has had fever, was doubtful if he might take medicine to-day, according to my directions, on account of the fast. C. told him he certainly might, as he was ill, and appealed to my Munshi if that were not the doctrine of the Kurán. The Munshi said, hesitatingly, "Yes, if he were very ill," whereupon C. expounded to them that a little illness was like a little lion; if you let it grow, it becomes too strong for you, and eats you up. It was also like a man finding a small hole in a dyke, and neglecting to stop it, because it was so small: he goes to sleep, and the next morning the waters have overthrown the dam, and flooded the country. By which illustrations they appeared quite convinced; and Rahím departed, thanking us much, and professing himself our slave

CHAPTER VIII.

The Regiment Quarrels and is Punished—Conversion by the Sword—Baptist of a Mussalman Rahim—Singing Bird—Forbidden Marriages among Mussalmans—Fasting—Churning—Doctrine of Imputation—Mussalman Legends—Alta Muhammad on Fasting—Regimental Bazar—Taels—Official Delays—First Death in the Regiment—Munshi and Monastéries—"Son of Fowl"—Influence of Native Women—Brahman on Popery—Children of a Missionary—The Piszadeh Convert—The Arabic Character disliked—A Father's Picture—"The Great Day of Atonement"—One Hour's Housekeeping—Native Mode of Sleeping—Officers and Non-commissioned Officers on Promotion—English Doctrine of the Sabbath—Temperance for Ladies—Description of the Old and New World—Superiority of Hindu Religion—Condition of Widows—Indian Mussalmans—Purgatory—Afghan Idea of the Heavens—Falling Stars—Deficiencies at Sobraon—State of Magazines—A Jezailchi—Sympathy—Salubrity of Different Stations—Want of Discipline—Eclipse of Moon—Regimental Festival—New World—Kindness of Prince Teimur—Respect for Catechists—Sufferings of Soldiers' Wives—Sympathy of Afghans—Injudicious Commandant—Promotion of Havildar Major—"The Labourers in my Vineyard"—Poor Bhisti—Orphan School—Dogs—Tinkling Feet—Evil Example of Officers.

On Thursday evening, the 12th August, just as we were going to bed, all the Afgháns of the regiment rushed over in a body, having had a fight with the Sikhs, bringing with them a mullah whose beard had been pulled by the latter. C. forthwith turned them out of the compound, refusing to hear any particulars; and bade them go and lie down, without saying a word, good or bad, to any one. He also warned them that if there were any more quarrels, he would strike all the Afgháns off the strength of the regiment.

My husband being determined to quell this spirit of discord, took his measures accordingly. The next morning, he put his plan into execution. The native officers were much to blame, as they should have prevented anything like a fight. After the regiment had been drilled for two hours (from 4 to 6), as usual, instead of dismissing them, he sent for the Granthi, or Sikh priest, to accompany the men; gave the word to march, put himself at their head, and led them, in the first instance, through two pools of water, past our house, where they evidently thought they were to stop; past the turning into the city, through which they probably flattered themselves they were to return; through a great piece of water which, as they were not suffered to break line, reached midway above the knee of many of them, and wherein one of the subadars, a very fat, clever man, stuck in the mud, to his extreme disgust, and was obliged to be pulled out by two Sepáhis; to a pillar on the Umballa-road, full five miles from their lines: when within a quarter of a mile from this pillar, he ordered the bugler to sound "double quick," and thus made them "charge" up to it; from thence he brought them back, leading them over the sandy, broken, rough ground at the back of our house. They did not reach the lines until 9 o'clock, thoroughly knocked up; so that, as the acting Havildar-Major confessed, each man drank a whole jarful of water. The Granthi was in a pitiful plight, from excessive heat, and the consciousness that the men were laughing at him. The old Senior Subadar's red coat had become black, and never was there such an expression of disgust and weariness as on the face of his fat comrade. At noon there was drill for stragglers; at 1 o'clock a roll-call; another at 3; drill for the whole regiment from half-past 4 to sunset; a roll-call at 9, and another at midnight; and the penalty for non-appearance at any of these, instant dismissal from the regiment. C. issued an order to be read at ten successive roll-calls, in which he told them that the State required 800 soldiers, and not 800 Mullahs, Pandits, or Granthis;

and that any one who should in any way insult or attack another on account of his religion, be he Christian, Muhammadan, Hindu, or Sikh, was guilty of a high military offence; and that any more such occurrences as disgraced the regiment last night should be visited with severe punishment; ending by forbidding all Faqirs or religious mendicants of any description to come within the lines. He also told the Sikh Priest that if any more quarrels occurred, he would be instantly dismissed.

This morning, Saturday 14th, the men were in a great fright lest they should be put through a similar course of discipline to that of yesterday. After drill the regiment was drawn up in about sixteen small sections, to each of which the order was read in Urdu and Gúrmúkhi, and explained by the Munshi and Granthi. Eleven men, absent from roll-call yesterday, were inexorably dismissed, and as C. rode along the ranks he made divers pithy speeches on the iniquity of Faqirs in stirring up strife, describing them as men who said, "'For the sake of God, I eat other men's bread; for the sake of God, I am filthy and unclean; for the sake of God, I am an unspeakable rogue;' only let me catch one in my lines," added he, "and he shall be beaten—so that it shall be terrible." On coming home he told me this, and grieved for the eleven discarded men, who of course lose their livelihood by being discharged. I suggested that Mr. Bean might intercede for them, and then he could safely pardon them; and accordingly I wrote to Mrs. Bean, asking her to persuade her husband to intercede for the men; an intercession with which (although quite a Roman Catholic one in its circumambulatory course) the Commandant was only too happy to comply. So now I hope they will all be good boys.

My husband having accused the Mussalmans of converting by force, my Munshi denied this, and said it was "*only when people would not listen to reason.*" C. had his sword in his hand, and making a lunge with it said, "And then they converted them in this way;"

the Havildar Major laughed, and added, "Half my caste (the Rajput) are Múhammadans and half Hindus. How came it that any left the faith of their forefathers? Why, they were made Múhammadans by the sword." And the Munshi was confounded. The regimental Munshi, who is a Kashmirí Hindu, said this morning that the Mussalmans were always boasting of their religion, but that he knew better. My husband said he had a book which he had once lent to two Jews; it was a comparison between Christianity and Múhammadanism, and it enabled them entirely to defeat the Muslim." "A good book to read," said the Munshi eagerly. "I will lend it you," returned C., "and you will be able to confute all the Mussalmans in Loodiana." So I must go and find the Mizan ul Haq for him.

August 18th, 1848.—We have been very much interested in a case of, one cannot but hope, real conversion. Golak Nâth, the native minister in Jellander, has written to the mission here to say, that a Pir zádeh (son of a saint), the chief man of a village not far from Jellander, who, five months ago, when Golak first went, was so opposed to Christianity that he would not even take a tract, has now declared himself a Christian. He asked the brethren and their wives to go and dine with him and his family; and, though advised not to do so for fear they should be assailed by the Múhammadan population, who are greatly excited at the conversion of a man so much esteemed, they went, and nothing happened to them. Azim Khán, the inquirer, has now asked for baptism. May he be baptized of the Spirit, and be an instrument of turning many to righteousness, so that the knowledge of the Lord may speedily cover this country!

The Afgháns appear one of the finest races on earth, both physically and mentally. They are very manly, full of intelligence, talent, and courage, and with strong feelings and extraordinary energy. Their very vices, like gigantic weeds, show the richness and vigour of the soil which produces them. What a people they would be did they but know the Truth! Hasan Khán has

been very ill, and finding he had taken some horrid Bazár medicine, all I could do for him yesterday morning was to send him some arrowroot, which he ate in spite of the fast, and afterwards, thanks to homœopathy, he became much better. We went to see him last evening, and found that he and his handsome Peshkhidmat Rahím had had a grand quarrel and parted.

With his usual impatience he is not satisfied with knowing that the Governor-General is negotiating in order that his family may be allowed to join him; but he must needs despatch Rahím to Kabul, at the risk of his life, to see why they have not arrived. The Peshkhidmat naturally enough refused to go, and thence the quarrel. Hasan Khán, in spite of his weakness, waxed quite strong with indignation, and abused all Kabulies and Afgháns, as if he himself were not one of them. This morning, however, Rahím came to tell us that Sirfraz Khán had made it up between him and his master; but Hasan Khán having assured him that C. was exceedingly angry with him, he had come to clear himself, for that he being (literally) "a seizer of his skirt," *i. e.*, one who sought his protection (he touched my husband's thigh with both hands as he spoke), could not bear that he should think ill of him. C. explained that it was an exaggeration to say he had been very angry with him; he had merely said, "it is not good." Like a devout Mussalman, during the Ramazan, Rahím carried his beads in his hand. The rosary has ninety-nine beads, one for each of the names of the Most High; but he confessed he could not say them by heart, though he could if they were written.

This morning C. and I were listening to a beautiful little lark of our Khidmatgar's, which sings delightfully. We asked Baedullah if such a bird could be bought here. Baedullah squeezed up his two fingers and thumb, saying, "Why, you would not give five rupees for a bird so big?" with an air which expressed, "You never could be so demented." "Besides," added he, "it only speaks its own speech," meaning that it could not talk like a parrot or maina; but it imitates the

notes of all birds, and some of its little trills are lovely. It goes on singing quite late in the evening. Baedullah will call our great mastiff, whom I have named Bow-wow, "Pow," and told us this morning that "Pow was an eminent swimmer."

The Munshí, in speaking of marriage, informed us that marriage with an aunt, by either the father or mother's side, is wholly unlawful among Múhammadans.

A man may marry his wife's sister provided the first be dead. The Ramazan should be kept by all men and women above the age of twelve or fourteen; even women who are nursing should fast, that is as my Munshi expressed it "all good women." None of our servants appear to do so. They ought to abstain from swallowing anything whatever, even their saliva, from early dawn, *i. e.*, 3 A.M. to sunset; but Baedullah was puffing away at his pipe long after sunrise, and a young horsekeeper who goes out with us in the evening runs in front of the buggy with surprising vigour, for one who is supposed to have fasted all day. Owing to the Múhammadan year being shorter than the astronomical one, some of their months having thirty, and others only twenty-nine days, the beginning of the year, and consequently the Ramazan, falls at different seasons, and of course the fast is much easier to bear in winter than in the hot season. It was the Ramazan when C. was besieged in the Kila i Nishan Khan at Kabúl, and he took advantage of the enemy being engrossed with eating and drinking during the night to cut his way through them. The city is now a most lively scene just after sunset, every one being engaged either in cooking or eating, and whiffs of roasted meat and spices assail one on all sides.

Yesterday morning I saw my own churn for the first time: a wooden thing, something like a horse-shoe, is placed with the curved part inside the mouth of an earthen pitcher, and the two ends tied to a little tree, a large bamboo is placed upright in the milk and within the horseshoe, and supported at the top by a string

fastened to the tree. It is turned by a leather-strap passing round it, one end of which the churner, who sits on the ground, holds in each hand. We have excellent butter made, as the natives always do, from the milk.

August 19th.—Abdulrahmán Khán told us this evening that his sister had lately lost a little girl of nine months old. He said that children of that age being sinless, present themselves before God, and their innocence is reckoned to the account of their parents. It is curious to see that the doctrine of imputed righteousness, to which so many unbelievers in Christian lands object on the score of injustice, should be so prevalent all over the world in an erroneous form. That and the corresponding belief in imputed sin, are deeply rooted both in the Múhammadan and Hindú systems. Does not this show that man naturally feels the necessity and the justice of the doctrine of imputation both of sin and righteousness, and that consequently cavils are suggested by Satan from his hatred to the truth? He never objects to the doctrine when a false application is made of it, because he knows well enough that a soul will never be saved by the vicarious suffering of an animal or even of a Monk; and that the merits of Romish Saints and Múhammadan infants are alike inefficacious; but when men are called upon to trust to our Great Substitute who bears our sins and gives us His Righteousness, then Apollyon storms and rages, and finds fault with the principle itself as unjust, unnatural, and quite incomprehensible. There is a sad perversion of many Gospel truths in Múhammadanism. Abdulrahmán said the other evening that the Messiah would come again at the end of the world, making use of the Kaiba, or black stone of Mekka, as a ladder to alight upon the Earth, and that then he would convert all nations to Múhammadanism, and give up the government of the world to that now wretched Deceiver!

Atta Múhammad being here, asked my husband if he fasted? He told him that Christians were left to

their own discretion in this matter; that he himself being far from strong, never fasted, for if he did his thoughts would be fixed on food and drink instead of on the things of God. "Ah!" said our stout friend, "that is the case with me. All day long I think to myself, could I but have a drink of water—could I but eat a kawáb!—could I but have a chillam! (pipe)." As for Hasan Khán he took a pipe here yesterday, and said "he would make it up in the cold weather." The convert at Jallander of whom I told you, was baptized on Sunday, August 22nd, with his infant child.

The Quarter-Master Sergeant and Babu do all the Adjutant's work. They take the accounts of the regiment, make out indents or applications for arms, tents, &c., &c., pay abstracts, *i. e.* bills for the monthly pay, and copy all the official correspondence. When the Regimental Bazár was first established, large advances were made by C. to enable the shopkeepers to lay in stores for the regiment. He waited until the men had eaten up more than the advances, and then settled the accounts of the Baniahs (shopkeepers), who were thus entirely in his power. They had not only made out false accounts, but endeavoured to bribe the Babu to pass them, thinking that the Sahib would never look into the bills himself. The Babu brought the money to his master, examined all the accounts carefully, and found numbers of charges made for men of straw who had no existence; and relying on the ignorance of the recruits, especially the Sikhs, who did not know whether they had eaten two annas or six annas worth of meal a day, but only knew that they had had enough, endeavoured to cheat them also by charging them for immense quantities of food. C. had warned the Baniahs to give credit to no Sepáhi beyond two annas a day, telling them that he would only be responsible for that amount. He therefore struck off all the extra charges, turned off the man who had established the Bazár, and who had incited the Baniahs to offer the bribe, and told the remaining ones, that if they could not keep

up their shops without advances (which they declared was impossible) that they might depart. Almost all of them have, however, stayed. My husband gets advances of 5,000 to 10,000 rupees at a time from the treasury. This money I keep in a trunk, and the Havildar-Major comes daily for 125 rupees, for the subsistence of the men. By-the-by, hutting-money, *i. e.*, an allowance to enable the men to build huts for themselves, has just been granted; or rather, the news of its being granted has just come, though the order itself is dated June 7th. Thus the regiment has been kept in tents during the whole of the hot weather and rains, chiefly owing to the utter confusion with which everything is managed.

Part of the Frontier Brigade is under Colonel Lawrence at Lahore; part of it under Major Makeson. This regiment and the 3rd, which is at Amballa, are under Major Mackeson; yet both get their pay from Lahore, though there is a Paymaster in Amballa itself. Perhaps the reason of this may be that these regiments are paid from money levied from the protected Sikh States, instead of the contingent which they were formerly bound to furnish; but surely the Government must have heard of such things as bills and drafts. All the pay abstracts of all regiments have to be sanctioned by the Auditor-General in Calcutta; as he and his subordinates have far more than they can do, the whole business of revising the bills falls on native clerks, who make innumerable retrenchments, perhaps more often wrongly than rightly; while the Auditor-General, who, as you may suppose, is the *bête noire* of all military men, can hardly manage to sign the innumerable papers presented to him. The bills are then sent back, with all the retrenchments marked in red ink, and the rest sanctioned. A correspondence generally ensues: the officer giving his authority for the charge objected to. Nothing goes direct; but every letter through the immediate superior of the writer; so that the delays are frightful.

I will give you some extracts from the letters of an

officer who is raising another of the Sikh regiments:—"June 7th.—As usual, can get no definite answer from Government about anything, and lucky to get one of any sort in three months at earliest. How get you on with the Auditor-General? Of about 14,000 rupees advances I have had from the Treasury, 53r. 1a. 11p. is the sum total yet credited to me by passed bills. Pleasant that; and I meaning to walk off in October." My husband drew nearly 100,000 rupees on his own responsibility, for the use of the regiment, before his bills were passed. . . . . "Have you contrived yet to ascertain whether drummers are drummers or buglers? whether any tents will be allowed us or not, or Khálasis to take care of them? I can ascertain nothing, although I put my questions in tolerably plain terms; and, under all this provocation, as impertinently in style as may well be."

"July.—Patience and impatience, civility and incivility, argument and persuasion, everything have I tried, and all to no purpose. The only reply I can get out of them is an imperturbable silence." (The writer, an excellent officer, is an Irishman.) "My arms and my accoutrements I have not received; my indent was kept two full months in Calcutta, in order to allow of the rain commencing, and the roads becoming impassable for carts; so that I shall probably not see them for the next two months, or five months after sending my indent. And they expect the regiment to be rapidly complete; and Mackeson—the innocent individual—writes to know if I am prepared to send out detachments, treasure escorts, &c. . . . . The Khalais war still goes on, in the shape of furious letters on my part, and deathlike silence on others—satisfactory sort of thing, especially as I am paying the establishment myself all this time." Speaking of his authority as joint magistrate, he adds: "I have taken no notice whatever of their commission, or *diploma*, or whatever they call it. When a fellow is caught thieving, I give him a licking in front of the regiment, and kick him out without any form. This thieving is the only *civil* offence they

commit; and for military ones, extra drill, guard, and reduction to the ranks, have sufficed without any court-martial."

There seem to be hardly any beggars here, except a few religious mendicants, one of whom rides his horse as he asks alms. Some aged and blind people come to the house every Monday, and one now and then during the week; but that is all.

August 31st.—The first death that has yet occurred in the regiment took place yesterday. When a Sepáhi dies, the men of his own caste in the regiment bury him; and this one was burnt early this morning by the river-side. As he left very little to send to his family besides a brass pot and a sheet, we have just paid the expenses of his funeral, amounting to 3½ rupees. It fills one with a feeling of indescribable pain to think of the dread realities on which this poor idolator has now opened his eyes. What an awful revelation of truth must that be which takes place (for the first time) on the other side of death! How this should make us pray with increasing fervour that the kingdom of Christ may soon come with power over all nations, and that the glory of the Lord may cover the earth as the waters cover the sea!

My Munshí was telling me this morning about the Mussalman Sabbath. No work *ought* to be done on that day; but the poor people continue their labours as usual, except that they often attend the public prayers, which begin about one o'clock, and generally last two hours.

After prayers, they have a sermon, and some people then go to the Bazár, and buy and sell as usual; but the Munshí said, "that was not very right." I told him about our Sabbath. He happened to ask me what a monastery was. I explained to him about monks and nuns; taking care to assure him that we had none, only Roman Catholics had; for he understands the distinction between the two faiths very well, and told me the other day that the Shías were like Roman Catholics, which I thought a most convincing proof that he had

formed a very bad opinion of the latter, whom he considers as "But parast," or idolators. He then asked, very simply, "Nun—wife of monk?"

Loodiana, September 8th, 1847.—The Múnshi often diverts me. The Khansaman came with a very grave face to announce the death of a chicken. I did not hear what he said, so the Múnshi interpreted in a solemn tone, "Son of fowl—dead!"

He also tells me many things about the customs of this country. He gives a frightful account of the state of morals, and when I told him that marriage was for life among us, he answered warmly that that was a *very* good custom. You may imagine the degraded condition of the people here, when I tell you that we constantly pass women in the open street bare down to the hips, little children have generally no clothing at all, and many of the men the smallest possible quantity. They do not seem to have the least sense of decency. We daily see fresh proofs that the whole world lieth in wickedness.

The conduct of the Europeans, in many instances, is such as to make the natives despise and abhor them; for although worse themselves, yet they expect those above them to be better than they; and they know full well that our law requires a life of purity and holiness. Besides which, the usual haughty and domineering manners of the English makes them as unpopular here as on the continent of Europe, and as they are almost all in stations of some influence or authority in this country, evil conduct on their part is the cause of injustice and suffering to those beneath them. When a man in office is under the power of a native woman, she invariably takes bribes, and he gets the credit of doing so; for she of course gives out that the Sahib shares in her extortions. Thus, whether the wretched man does or not, he loses his character for common honesty. Now, putting the principles of morality out of the question, it is evident that an officer who thus places himself into the hands of a Heathen woman, is wholly unfit for any situation of authority.

The natives universally remark that the Sahib-lóg do not live according to their book, and therefore despise their characters, though they fear their power. And the evil example of the Europeans has doubtless been one great reason why the Gospel has not made greater progress in India.

Some time ago I read a very clever paper by a heathen Brahman, showing why he would not embrace Popery. His argument was, that he, as a Brahman, professed all that Popery offered; that they were too much alike to make it worth while to change. "You have your images," he said, "and we have ours; you have Monks, and we have Suniasis; you have the Virgin and the Saints, we have Kali and innumerable Deities; you have rosaries and holy water, and so have we; and thus he went on, making a minute parallel between the two. Now I am sure that a similar prejudice is created against pure Christianity, when Mussalman and Hindus see that the lives of professed Christians are no better, and sometimes more openly scandalous than their own. It is impossible to overrate the importance of the influence of the most insignificant creature, either for good or evil.

We took tea with Mr. Porter the other evening: he told us about Azim, a new convert at Jalander. He belongs to a family of Pir zadehs (or sons of a Saint), who live in an inclosure, out of which none of their women are ever permitted to go, even veiled, and if they do go out, they may never return. This is the reason he has not brought his wife from behind the Pardah, because he has nowhere to take her to, and if she once left the Compound, she could not re-enter it. He has some property, which he holds jointly with the rest of the family, and he is now trying to get his share separated from theirs. Mr. Porter thinks him a truly converted man. Azim says that there is another man in Jalander who is ready to become a Christian, but being very poor, he would require support.

Mr. Porter said, that the Convert's knowledge of all Christian doctrine is quite wonderful, considering the

short time which has elapsed since he first heard or read the Gospel. He is a well-educated man; another proof that nothing is too hard for the Lord, for the difference in bigotry between the learned and unlearned Mussalman is very marked.

The feeling of the former regarding the unlearned of their own creed, seems to be exactly that of the Jewish Scribes: "This people who know not the law are cursed;" and if we did not remember the sovereignty of Divine Grace, we should be inclined to pronounce the conversion of a Mullah or Molevi (a priest or scribe) impossible. It is hard for a man to acknowledge with Paul, that all his learning is loss in comparison to the knowledge of Christ.

By-the-by, we have been endeavouring to get the Bible Society in Calcutta to print Bibles, so that they will be read. Some time ago we sent to Calcutta for a Persian Bible, for the purpose of presenting it to the Shahzadeh Shahpúr. It arrived beautifully bound; but all the Old Testament is in the Arabic instead of the Persian character, and, consequently, not one Múhammadan in twenty, either here or in Afghánistan, either can or will read it. The Arabic appears plainer to us; it is much stiffer and straighter, while the Persian is more flowing, like a written hand; but still many cannot, and more will not, read the former. Who would read a volume printed in italics? In vain the Missionaries have represented this; the Bible Society will not listen to them, for the Arabic is cheaper, and all the learned men down in Calcutta approve of it.

Arabic is the study on which an Eastern scholar especially prides himself, just as a European does on Greek; and European Orientalists are infected with the same preference: but not only are the people in Calcutta as profoundly ignorant of India in general as a Cockney, who has never left the sound of Bow bells, is of Ben Lomond, and more so, for the Cockney might read about Scotland: but what can a man read about Upper India?—the Cockney could get Scotch news-

papers, but what can be found equivalent to these in Calcutta—but all the learned Molevis whom they consult, think of nothing but displaying their learning, and are wholly opposed to the Gospel. Now are *they*, or are the comparatively unlearned Missionaries, the best judges of which will be most acceptable, and most read. Would you consult Hannah More or Dr. Porson anent tracts for the poor or cheap Testaments?

My husband wrote vehemently to Dr. Duff, and told him that by this false economy rupees are saved and souls lost, so that I trust he may be able to influence the Bible Society to a better course.

My curiosity was aroused by a very animated dialogue between C. and our Khansaman at dinner time. It appeared that Saiad Khán, the Khansaman, although a Mussalman, had lent a large bamboo fan of mine to some of the men of the regiment to brush away the flies from an abominable idol of theirs. C. reproached him, and said, though he would do anything for the comfort of the men themselves, he would in nowise countenance or help them in dishonouring God. He then scrawled a hideous face on a sheet of paper, and said, "I know very well that Idolators say they do not worship the image itself, but God through or by means of the image; but suppose your son were to make a hideous picture like this, and then take it to the Bazár, and tell every one that it was your likeness, and then make salám and pay respect to it, what would you do? Would you be pleased?" "I would make him eat blows," returned Saiad Khán very decidedly. "Well then," my husband answered, "do you not think it must be most offensive to God to have a vile image made by man worshipped as his likeness?" The two Mussalmans heartily agreed, and the old Hindú bearer, who was pulling the Phankah, broke in by vehemently declaring that idols were nothing but vanity and wickedness. This confirms what the Missionaries tell us, that both Heathens and Múhammadans will constantly grant many Scripture truths, without, however,

making the slightest change in their practice. Just as we ourselves too often do.

Dr. Wilson, of Bombay, records that a large body of Hindús whom he addressed on the folly and sin of Idolatry, all, with one exception, assented to every statement he made. He adds, "I could not but regard them as the willing subjects of the Enemy of Souls." Yesterday I sent off half of a translation I have been engaged in for some time past. It is of a German book called "Der Grosse Versöhnungs Tag," sent to me by Mrs. Rudolph, and consists of a Meditation and Prayer for each of the four-and-twenty hours of the last day of our Redeemer's Pilgrimage on Earth. It is very simple and affecting, and I found it so profitable thus to dwell on each portion of our Adorable Saviour's sufferings for our sake, that I thought a translation of it might be useful to many at home. And if it be instrumental in leading any to see more of that love of Christ which passeth knowledge, what a cause of thankfulness it will be, and the chain of events which caused its publication will be a source of praise. It was written and published in Germany about 100 years ago, but was quite out of print and unknown, when a copy was found at Helenendorf, a colony on the other side of the Caucacus, in the hands of a pious old Christian woman from Würtemberg. Nothing could have induced her to give up this precious book but the hope of its being useful to others. It was brought to Germany by a young Missionary, and has passed through two editions at Basle. Now, in this remote corner of the East, it falls into my hands to be translated. May God give the increase!

I find drawing or painting almost too great an exertion in this very hot weather, so that I have sketched very little.

Now that I have had some experience in housekeeping, both here and at home, I must say that I consider the excuse which ladies so commonly make for not doing fifty things that they are conscious they

might do—viz. that they have so large an establishment to manage—quite futile. A large establishment need take no more time than a small one, and I am sure that a lady may look into everything herself, and keep her house in excellent order by devoting an hour a day to it; so from henceforth I enter a protest against all excuses on the score of housekeeping. I must tell you of an act of gallantry in Hasan Khán which quite astonished me. He was leading me by the hand across the court just as you would a child, when he suddenly fell down on one knee to tie my shoe-string which had become loose. I, however, preferred doing it myself, as the task would have puzzled him. Coming home the other night we saw six or eight Kúlis lying flat on their backs in the road with their heads close to our wheels, fanning themselves to sleep! Almost the whole population sleep out of doors. They just draw in a foot which is sticking out beyond their charpaís as our buggy passes. These light charpaís, *i. e.* bedsteads, which are merely a frame on which a mat of cord or tape is stretched, show one how easily the paralytic could "take up his bed and walk." The houses are very miserable—I mean those of the poor people—being only a kind of stall or booth open to the street, and containing no furniture whatever. The walls are of mud. The ovens are sunk in the ground like wells, are first well heated, the fire is then cleared out, and the bread, which is not unlike bannock, pasted round the inside of the oven. It is then shut up and they are baked. Of an evening the streets are full of Kawáb sellers, each fanning his fire and surrounded by hungry purchasers. Every now and then the clink of brass-drinking vessels tells of the approach of a Múhammadan water-seller with his goat-skin of water at his back. At sunset there are rows of Mussalmans at their devotions in front of the little mud mosques, while a loud bell announces the idolatrous rites of the Hindús. A native officer called the other day in full uniform, followed by a Sepahi. With many saláms the officer presented the hilt of his sword and some rupees, first to my husband, and then to me. He

touched them, and the Sepáhi offered two rupees in like manner. They came to pay their respects on promotion, the Sepáhi having been made Naig, and the Jemadár Subádar. The latter is a meritorious old soldier to whom C. is now making up for former frowns of fortune. The grace and self-possession with which natives acquit themselves on occasions of this kind are remarkable. Nothing could be more perfect than the manners of the Subádar.

Monday, September 13th.—We have been very anxious about Captain C., whom I have mentioned to you as almost our only Christian acquaintance out of the Mission Compound. He is a young man, but ill-health has made him stoop and look older than he is; very shy, so that at first I thought him most uninteresting, for he said scarcely a word, but twiddled his spoon in his tea, only listening attentively to all that was going on. We now hail his visits with joy, for he is a Christian of remarkable simplicity, humility, and spirituality of mind, always ready to speak of that which is evidently uppermost in his thoughts, Christ and his Gospel. He is an insatiable reader, and yet so modest that one might fancy he knew nothing, asking the opinion of others with a meekness and desire to learn that is quite touching. He labours much among the soldiers, but with little visible success, and lives very retired, though he seems most thoroughly to enjoy the society of real friends.

Do you know I have been astonished to find lately the extent of the difference between Scotland and England on the subject of the Sabbath! The "Times" and many other organs of public opinion, and many people whom we have met, state the English doctrine to be much lower than the Scotch—far more so than I knew of. I thought the difference was chiefly in their practice, but one finds even clergymen holding that the Christian Sabbath is not expressly commanded, or to be strictly observed, as it was under the old law. But this is a digression from Captain C.

You may easily imagine how, especially where friends

and Christians are so scarce, one becomes knit to such a character. For the last week he has been very ill from exposure to the sun. He was nearly well when he went to a court-martial, a piece of imprudence, from which he is suffering greatly. It appears like low typhus, with congestion of the brain. C. visits him morning and evening. We trust he is improving a little.

By-the-by, dear L. attacked me in her last letter for what I said about ladies taking took much wine. But I am more and more convinced of the sad fact, and I no longer wonder that most people have bad health in India when, in addition to exposure, often unavoidable, to the sun, they eat and drink even more than in Europe. Meat twice and even three times a day, wine, beer, and porter, are enough to kill any one in a climate like this. Several people have assured me, that in the hot weather I should find it absolutely necessary to drink beer or porter, *because* I am delicate. I am quite convinced I should have been laid up with fever had I touched either, and I rejoice to say numbers in India are beginning to find out, that abstemiousness is the best way, both to husband and to increase strength. As to the question of total abstinence, I am greatly in its favour; first, because it is a Christian's duty not to put a stumbling-block or occasion to fall in our brother's way, and the force of example does wonders—*here* it is essential to health, and at home the example is still more needed, on account of the lower classes; secondly, a pledge keeps people steady to *their* own resolutions, and provides a sufficient answer whenever they are tempted to break them. There are inconveniences, but they must be endured for the sake of the great good both to health, mind, and soul, and especially to temper, which total abstinence produces. I do not think it *wrong* to take wine or beer in themselves, and in extreme moderation; but I think the evils arising from them are so great and so extended, that all Christians ought to come boldly forward, and endeavour to stem the torrent.

I have always omitted telling you of an interesting passage relating to the manner in which America was populated. It is by a Dr. Lindley, of Tennassee, in the "American Biblical Repository."

"Bengal says, that Gen. x. 25, means 'he was called Peleg, *because* the earth was divided in his days.' The word means a physical and geographical division which happened *at once*, and it is principally applicable to a division of land and water. Whence in the Hebrew tongue, Peleg came to signify a river. Plato relates that the old Egyptian priests taught that there was formerly near the pillars of Hercules, an island called Atlantis, larger than all Lybia and Asia, and from it an easy passage to other islands, and from these to the continent which was opposite and next to the true sea or Pacific. In after times, there happened a dreadful earthquake, which continued a whole day and night, and the island Atlantis being overwhelmed by the waves, sunk in the ocean. And the sea in this place has been ever since so filled with mud and sand, that no one can sail over it to those other islands, or near the firm land. The islands alluded to as beyond Atlantis, are evidently the West India Isles. The whole account is probably true, and affords a reasonable solution to the division of the earth in the time of Peleg, and also to the question how America was peopled. If from Africa, the extermination and subjection of Ham by Japhet, [illegible] with striking fulfilment in that hemisphere. The Red Indians are not unlike the ancient Egyptians, and the earthquake happened long enough ago to account for the depth of the sea at present, although 1500 or 1800 years B.C., it may have been still choked with sand and mud."

I wish you could find out if Columbus knew of this passage in Plato, and if it had any influence—(if he knew it, it must have had some)—in convincing him that there was a great continent beyond the Atlantic.

It will give you some idea of the depravity of the

Natives, to mention that we passed to-day a pretty little girl, singing at the top of her voice; and C. told me that the words of the song were so utterly detestable and vile, that hardly any man among the worst in London would sing such, unless previously intoxicated. Múhammadans are practically as bad as the Hindus, though their religion is far better; for nothing, it is said, can equal the abominations of the Hindu deities and modes of worship.

The verses taught to children at school are such as cannot be repeated. I saw a letter lately from an educated Hindu, who after citing one or two, said that "decency forbade him to give any further specimens of the slokas or couplets he had been taught in his childhood." Think what must be the state of a nation, when children are systematically trained in wickedness, and their acts of worship consist of crimes. Mr. Janvier was saying the other day, that although the abolition of Sati is a thing to be carried through by all means, still that the condition of a Hindu widow is often so lamentable as to make death almost preferable. She is obliged to submit to all kinds of austerities and fasts, and from their patriarchal mode of living—(all the branches of a family live together under one roof, and under the authority of the father or eldest brother)—too many jealous eyes are over the poor widow, to allow of her escaping any of these inflictions.

I now, with the help of the dictionary, manage to have long conversations with my Munshí. I was telling him the other day about the Algerines, and mentioned that they, as well as the Turkish and Egyptian Múhammadans, freely ate and smoked with Christians. He said at once there was nothing in the Kurán against it. Although a learned man, he knew nothing about the Egyptians beyond the name, nor about the Memlúks, or the Beys, or the Dey of Algiers. I endeavoured to give him some idea of Christianity, and in return he told me that Múhammadans believe in purgatory, which they call "Aráf," and which is tenanted by infants of Hindus and others, who dying

before they have committed sin, are consigned to this abode, which is situated between heaven and hell. When the gales from heaven blow over them, they revive and live; when the gusts of hell reach them, they die; and this alternation continues for ever. I rather think wicked Mussalmans go to hell for a time, but I must inquire.

Many of their traditions and doctrines are childishly absurd, and others are rather poetical. For instance, Abdulrahman Khán, who often comes and sits with us in the evening, on our admiring the extreme beauty of the sky, deigned to enlighten us on the subject of the stars, by saying that all things were created with a reference to man, and that the stars were stuck in the sky for our pleasure, just as brass-headed nails are stuck in a door. Soon after, we saw one of those beautiful falling stars, so frequent in this climate; C. asked our Afghán friend what he thought of them. He said that the evil angels constantly endeavour to listen to what is going on in Paradise, but that the heavenly watchers at the gate hurl these fiery darts at them, and drive them back.

The Quarter Master-Sergeant mentioned casually the other day, that at the battle of Sobráon only one mortar had a platform, without which essential appendage, a mortar, on being fired, goes head over heels and buries itself in the sand. Two or three howitzers burst for want of platforms, and the supply of ammunition was so short that the batteries were silenced for want of it, at the very time when they ought to have covered the advance of the infantry against the Sikh batteries. The consequence was, that the latter played on our troops with redoubled vigour and effect, and caused most murderous results. There were so few artillerymen to serve the guns, that most of the horse artillery were dismounted to man the batteries. When, therefore, the horse artillery were required, the guns were brought forward under the charge of bare-legged Saises (grooms), with here and there a dragoon whom they had picked up as they could, the horses kicking over

the traces, and everything in confusion.* Major T., who you know is a kindly Scot, told C. the first enemy they met, that he never saw such *confoosion*. You may imagine that the authorities have not profited very much by the lesson they then received, on the danger of being unprovided with military stores; for the magazine here is almost totally denuded of everything it ought to have. The nearest magazine is that at Dehli, 200 miles distant, situated in the heart of the city, in the midst of a fanatical Múhammadan population, three miles from the cantonments, with a slender guard, thus being open to a surprise by any daring adventurer or sudden outbreak.

Last campaign there was nothing to prevent the Sikhs pushing on to Dehli, except the good providence of God which kept them from doing it. Colonel Drummond, Quartermaster-General of the Army, who has just finished a very laborious work for the Governor-General, on the comparative salubrity of the different cantonments in India, was telling my husband of a curious instance of perverseness in the Governments of India for a great number of years. Chinsurah, near Calcutta, has been the depôt for newly-arrived troops. It has been remonstrated against on account of its extreme unhealthiness, ever since the place came into our possession, yet the successive Governments of India have persisted in maintaining the station, and have built barracks at an expense of 3 lachs of rupees (30,000*l.*), where the men die by scores. Each man by the time he is fit for duty in India, is reckoned as having cost

* Quartermaster-Serjeant W. C. Wharton, who related the above, was a first-rate non-commissioned officer. He was afterwards transferred to the 23rd Bengal Native Infantry as Serjeant-Major: on one occasion, during Sir Charles Napier's expedition in 1850, he killed no less than seven men with his own hand, one after the other, chiefly with the sword. For a feat for which Napoleon would have given him the Legion of Honour on the spot, and which Sir Charles Napier, with his quick appreciation of military excellence of every kind, would have rewarded to the extent of his power, the only recompense he got was a coarse rebuke from a coarse commanding officer, telling him he needn't expect to obtain a commission, zabardast (*i.e.* by force) in that way. This excellent non-commissioned officer has lately fallen a sacrifice to the climate of Bengal (1851).

the Company from 100*l.* to 120*l.*, so that the extravagance of maintaining so unhealthy a station, to say nothing of its inhumanity, is obvious. Colonel Drummond is a very fine old officer, full of energy. He told C. that although a Qui-hy* himself, he always inveighed against the want of common discipline in the Bengal army. He recollected the time long ago, when he was on service with some Madras troops, when he nearly got into several serious quarrels with officers of his own Presidency, for openly asserting the superiority of the Madras system of discipline. C. however thinks that the incessant worry of the Madras system would never suit the Bengal Sepáhi; and even as it is, it chiefly falls on the shoulders of the unfortunate European officers, for the Government of the "benighted presidency" have long been in the habit of yielding to all the demands of the Sepáhis, who, being very low caste men, manufacture and obtrude their religious prejudices on all occasions, when the high caste Bengalís would never think of making an objection.

As an instance of this culpable weakness, a Madras officer related to us, that the Adjutant-General having determined to introduce the Kilmarnock cap worn in Bengal, in place of the absurd monstrosity hitherto in use (the sight of which is enough to provoke Heraclitus himself to mirth), it was arranged to try it in one regiment, on the principle that if one sheep leaps a dyke, the rest will follow. The men cheerfully agreed to it, with the single exception of the son of the Munshí, who was incited to rebel by his father, a bigotted old Mussalman. The cap was no more against his creed than it is against yours, nevertheless, instead of at once dismissing the malcontent and serving out the caps, the authorities had the incredible weakness to reverse their own decree, to recall the caps, and restore the ancient monstrosity to its former "hideous reign."

* *i.e.* a Bengal officer; so called from the number of servants employed in Bengal, who are summoned by calling Koi-hy? Who is there? Bombay officers are called Ducks, from a fish for which their presidency is famous. Madras officers, Mulls; I know not why.

I am happy to say the muskets C. rejected, have, on his representation, been changed by Government, who have ordered him some of a superior kind (fusils), but which are not to be had nearer than Delhi, so that he is not likely to get them until November, although he indented for them in May.

One of his old Jezailchis stopped us the other day as we were going out, with such a handsome open countenance, that I was quite interested in him before I knew who he was. Hasan Khán remembered him perfectly, and confirmed his assertion that he was one of the last men that remained with him after my husband was given up as a hostage. C. has now furnished him with clean garments, and is trying to get a pension for him. He has lost the toes of one foot from the frost on the retreat from Kábul. His name is Múhammad Khán. He lives here, and, like Homer's heroes, is no less remarkable for his prowess at the feast than in the fray. Baedullah, who has acted as his purveyor, assured us that he never saw a man eat so much at a meal: he has devoured ¾ of a sir of meat and 1½ sirs of meal daily, and as Baedullah added, "He made us all lay hold of our ears, and cry 'Tobah!' when we saw him." This they do to express extreme astonishment. Now, as a sir is equivalent to 2 lbs., it is no wonder that the Jezailchi has grown visibly fat during the last week. He does nothing but walk about, sleep, eat as aforesaid, smoke, and look as meek and as happy as a lamb.

September 16th.—The express came last night. Heard that my dearest and honoured father had entered into his rest. As we were coming home at nearly dark that evening, we met Prince Shahpúr, who immediately sent a horseman to inquire how I was. I must tell you an instance of his ready politeness. On riding home one morning, C. happened to look over the Shah Zádeh's wall, and seeing his venerable monitor Sirfráz there, made some little compliment on its good order. In the course of the morning Shahpúr sent us a tray of the best vegetables he had. The Afgháns have shown

me much sympathy and kindness. When Hasan Khán first met me, he was quite moved, and repeatedly said to my husband, "Comfort her, comfort her."

Monday, 21st September.—The letters did not arrive till this afternoon. Sad as they were, they were full of comfort to me. I look up with joy, and think of my dearest father, with his youth "renewed like the eagle's," seeing Jesus "face to face," and I feel I cannot mourn for him.

22nd September, 1847.—My Munshí came to me this morning, and seeing me look sad, he tried to comfort me as follows:—"Wise man—not know what sorrow is." I smiled. "Patience very good." I assented. "Will of God." I then told him as well as I could the ground of comfort I had; that my dearest father had loved God on earth, and that, therefore, I trusted he was now with God, and told him the comfort he had in reading the Scriptures.

September 24th.—There was an eclipse of the moon, which the Hindus believe is caused by the attempt of a great green dragon to devour her; they usually make a hideous noise to scare away her assailants, but the Hindus of Loodiana showed remarkable apathy, and made but few efforts in her behalf.

The 6th Native Infantry had a great wrestling-match, to which our regiment was invited. We stopped as we were passing their lines, but it was all over, except some of them playing at single-stick with very small shields, under the thick shady foliage of the spreading trees. Several of the 6th came up, as scantily clad as decent men well could be. They were evidently pleased at our stopping, and brought out a long-necked bottle of rose-water, wherewith they sprinkled my husband, and then, having asked permission, they dexterously sent a showerful into my eyes. They then offered us a tray with slices of apples and spices, a few of which I took. This is the simple and courteous entertainment they offer to each other. On our return home, we found Abdulrahmán and his father, Atta Múhammad, who had come to pay me a visit of condolence. The

old man, who says he considers me as his daughter, told me he had not come before, because he understood it was not customary to come immediately. They both seemed really kind.

The father afterwards asked my husband why America was called the New World. C. related the history of its discovery. Atta Múhammad had heard the expression from Sir Claude Wade, years ago. I think it would be well if we were as alive and as anxious to inquire into all we do *not* know or understand. The Khansáman amused me the other day, by panegyrizing the little dog "Nel," in comparison to "Bow-wow." He said "Nel" was a dog *full of respect*, for whenever he came by, when they were either cooking or eating, he always made a great circuit, instead of thrusting his nose into every dish, as "Bow-wow" tries to do. As we were coming home after the eclipse, we saw the Shahzadeh Teimur, Shah Shújah's eldest son, preparing for a drive; and as I wished to see him, we left the buggy, and walked into William the Catechist's house, close by, from whence I saw this curious cortège, preceded by about a dozen men on foot, in scarlet, with spears; then came the Prince in a buggy, followed by some horsemen, while divers Saises scampered after them on foot. It was so dark that, being in the shade of the porch, they could not see us. A horseman came and asked for William as the "Chota Pádre," "chota" meaning little, junior, or inferior. Teimúr spoke to him in Hindústani—a great condescension, as a Sovereign is supposed to know no language but his own; asked after him and his family, and his brother, the other Chota Pádre, meaning Haldhar.

William told us that when the Sikhs came to Loodiana, Prince Teimúr sent for him and his family, told them not to fear, and most kindly kept all the women and children in his own zenána for safety. So much for the "*old Indian*" idea, which Dr. Duff exposes so well in the July number of the "Free Church Missionary Record," of native converts being considered as outcasts, and despised by their countrymen. Doubtless

they are outcasts from their families and friends, just as a convert from Romanism is; but we see with our own eyes the respect with which the native converts are treated by their countrymen in general, when their lives are consistent. Múhammadans of course consider a Christian much better than an idolator; and Hindus think each man is to be saved by the religion he professes; if indeed they have any idea of what we mean by salvation.

September 30th, 1847.—A young Scotchwoman, wife of a bombardier, came to ask me if I could get a situation for her. She told us that coming up the country, the women and children were brought up in the river boats; and the voyage from Calcutta to Cawnpore was only fourteen days shorter than from Liverpool to Calcutta. They were sent up in June, the very middle of the hot season, in boats, as usual, previous to the sun. The doctor (Macpherson by name) who was with them, took no charge of them whatever. Doctors seldom do give advice or warning to either the soldiers or their wives, thinking it of no use. The surgeon of a hussar regiment laughed at me for warning a ruddy young girl fresh from England, who was sitting bare-headed in the sun, saying, "We never give them any advice, it is if no use; we let them take their own way:" and of course numbers are sacrificed to their ignorance of the climate and its dangers. Many, doubtless, are obstinate, but not all. Money was given to these poor women for subsistence, but no one told them what food they would require, or what they ought to get; so that many of them lived on a little tea, without any milk or sugar, and thick, indigestible chapátis of wheat-flour and water. The consequence was that the deaths were frightfully numerous, five or six bodies of women and children being often buried by the river side in one morning; and yet no representation was made by their officers.

A poor soldier's wife is indeed to be pitied; she is often a young, inexperienced country girl: nobody cares for her, no one looks after her; her health is as likely

to give way as any lady's in India; she is treated more like an animal than a woman, obliged to live day and night in barracks, in the same room with a crowd of rude, depraved men, married and single: probably her husband beats and kicks her; and when on board ship, she is worse off than a female convict. In India, she is sent hither and thither at all seasons, and she may truly say, "No man careth for my soul," for hitherto I have only seen two chaplains who can be considered as truly Christian men; undoubtedly there are others, but they are rari nantes, &c.*

Wednesday, Sept. 29.—Hasan Khán's wives came to pay a visit of condolence; they had offered to do so before, but we deferred it. When they spoke to me of my loss, they both wept; and although this is the custom, I am sure they felt sincere sympathy, and it was a comfort to me.

Except Mrs. Henry Drummond and Mr. Janvier, the Afgháns are the only people who have spoken to me of my dearest father's death, and have shown real and natural feeling on the occasion. Surely the cold English fashion, or awkwardness, whichever it is, of passing over the cause of grief, and saying nothing about it, is not in accordance with the apostolic injunction, to "weep with them that weep." Paul well knew that sympathy is the best comfort; and I assure you that these wild Múhammadans have been of more comfort to me than all the Christians in Loodiana. This ought not to be so. An Afghán or a native speaks to me of it, says he is grieved, and tries to afford me consolation; and the very attempt is pleasing. An European, even a Christian, asks me how I am, and seems afraid to allude to the subject; and therefore his

* Orders have lately been issued for married soldiers to have separate barracks from the single men. Sir Charles Napier also made some excellent regulations regarding the number of cubic feet to be allowed for every inmate of a barrack. But still more recently the number of married men has been limited to twelve per company, which is beneath the present average, at least in the artillery. Now certainly any one who has the welfare of the soldier at heart would endeavour to increase the number of marriages instead of limiting them.

or her company is a restraint to me, which I would much rather be without.

That huge burly Náib Rassaldar, Attah Múhammad, came here a few days ago; and on hearing of the loss I had sustained, he begged C. to tell me how grieved he was, and then opening his hands like the leaves of a book, said, "Let us have a 'fátiha,'" or prayer. C. put his hands in the same position, and, with his face quite red with emotion, and his eyes full of tears, Atta Múhammad prayed that God would bless and comfort me, and that the blessing of Jesus the Messiah might come upon me. Then they both stroked their beards. The heartiness and earnestness with which it was done quite touched me. This kind man cannot read, so that he could not use a New Testament. But is not this a fine native soil, and will it not be a glorious harvest, when the good seed of the Word springs up to everlasting life in the hearts of these men?

Another of my husband's gallant little band of Jezailchis arrived the other day, Amir Khán, a Naib (or deputy) Jamadar, whom C. appointed to take charge of Captain Eyre's family on the retreat, and who brought Freddy Eyre on his horse, safe through the Kabúl Pass. He came to ask for a certificate. He is a stout handsome man, with, like most of his countrymen, the most beautiful long silky eyelashes imaginable. They are the handsomest race I ever saw. Hasan Khán is just what the Hindus would call him, "The Unquiet One." He is never happy unless in a state of fiery excitement; the other day he worked himself up to boiling-heat, in speaking of his old Commandant, Captain F., and related several facts, which are certainly not to his credit. A sister's son of Hasan Khán's, who was with Captain F. when he was attacked at Peshbolak, fought to the last with the greatest gallantry, keeping the gateway, and as Hasan Khán said, "behaving like *a man.*" At last he was killed. When Captain F. met his uncle afterwards he never said one word to him on the subject, expressed no sympathy, did not even tell him his nephew had been killed. Múhammad Hasan

said, "If he had but told me, 'your nephew was killed fighting,' it would have been enough;" but he only heard this from some of the Jezailchis. Again, previous to Hasan Khán's momentous expedition to Kábul, a relation of his was dying, notwithstanding which Captain F. wished to detach him on a treasure party, and on his remonstrating, assured him it was necessary he should go, as there was no one else he could trust. When he returned he found his relation dead and buried. "I took up his body," he said, "embalmed it, and asked leave to go and bury it among our own people." I told him I should be disgraced if I did not do it; all my tribe would say, 'Ah! he is too busy making money, he does not care for his kinsfolk.'" It was in vain—Captain F. would not let him go. He describes everything in pantomime as well as in words, so that I can almost follow his narrative.

October 9th, 1847.—C. has lately promoted his Havildar Major to be Subadar, the highest rank of native officer in a regiment. When he told him of it, the man, a very fine Rajpút, who has done excellent service since he joined, said nothing, only made a military salute, and when C. afterwards in private expressed his gratification at having the opportunity of promoting him, he merely joined his hands, and tried to mutter something, with tears swimming in his soft large eyes. C. was quite touched, for it was so different from the usual exuberance of verbal gratitude shown by the natives. He came soon after in uniform, to pay his respects on promotion, and looked very happy; an arm-chair was placed for him, and he sat down as a visitor for the first time. Since then he comes on business in his usual simple dress. His promotion, however, excited great wrath in another Havildar, who came and requested to be sent back to his former regiment. For this most insubordinate request my husband deprived him of his pay Havildarship, reducing him to plain Havildar, by which he loses five rupees a month. He then ordered all the pay Havildars to assemble here (such a fine set of men! none under

six feet), and caused the regimental Munshí to read to them the parable of the Labourers in the Vineyard. He told them this is the word of God; and explained to them that they had entered as Sepáhis on seven rupees a month, and ought to be contented if they remained so always; they understood the parable perfectly, and were quite pleased with it. It certainly appears to me that he has a most admirable way of dealing with people in general.

I was much interested in another regimental incident. A poor Bhistí, or water-carrier, got leave to visit his mother, who was very ill, over stayed his leave, and did not come back till after muster—a heinous offence, and moreover no one gets pay, who is absent without leave on muster-day. He came just as we were going to dine out, and was most ostentatiously and imperiously desired to depart by the orderlies, who, in virtue of their office, are the most overbearing and despotic personages imaginable, for this was not the proper time to come. C. beckoned to him to approach, whereupon they cried, "Now halt, don't advance a step farther." The poor Sikh stood with his hands joined making his petition, and my husband's old Bhistí, who was with him at Peshâwur, and who always amuses me by his grey beard being stained red, while the moustache is left white, was so moved that, although the delinquent was a Sikh and he himself a Mussalman, he could not help crying, "Oh, be merciful." I am happy to tell you the poor man was re-admitted and got his pay.

The Orphan School here is really disheartening to the Missionaries. Mrs. Rudolph, who has had the care of it the last year, told me that she had taught them Scripture History until she was quite weary of repeating it. On asking them casually, a short time after, who Adam was, one said an angel, another a devil, and the rest did not know. Some of these girls are from twelve to fifteen years of age. A nice young girl of fifteen, named Louisa Sylvester, is staying with the Rudolphs. Her father, a hospital steward, was killed at Kabul;

she lost her mother, and was in charge of a lady, who, about a year ago, placed her in the convent at Agra, where she was nearly made a Papist of. Mrs. Rudolph very kindly offered to take her, but said she could not devote any time to teach her. I have therefore undertaken to give her a lesson in geography and history daily; besides which we read a chapter in the Bible, and she has a Bible lesson on Sundays. Though by no means advanced even in the groundwork of education, she is quick and diligent, and a very pleasant child to teach.

October 19th, 1847.—Sometime ago we sent a shepherd and a Choukedar of the regiment with 100 rupees to buy a flock of sheep for the Mutton Club. They were obliged to buy a large he-goat to walk at the head of the flock, for until they did so the sheep ran hither and thither, and could not be driven comfortably. Does not this illustrate the expression (Jer. iv. 8) in which the Jews are told to go out of Babylon, and be as the he-goats before the flocks, that is, set an example to others to follow?

Again, each of the servants has so many dusters in his charge, one of which he always carries about with him. Most of them gird themselves with it, and I seldom see one unfasten the end of his towel, if about to wash anything, without thinking of our blessed Lord condescending to do the same.

These are just some of the illustrations of Scripture that we see daily. The crowd of wild Pariáh dogs, which rove about the city, give quite a different meaning to the expression, "Dogs have compassed me," (Ps. xxii. 16), to what it has in our ears, who are accustomed to have only faithful and civilized dogs come about one. You remember how many passages speak of the tinkling of the anklets of the Jewish women: here they not only often wear a whole row of silver bangles, but sometimes they have little silver tassels attached to them, which of course make a great jingling in walking.

CHAPTER IX.

Hindu Festival — Persian Testament — Walis — Superstition — Hasan Khan in a Pet—Shahzadeh Shahpur's Gallantry—Muhammad Shah Khan's Kasid—Abdulrahman Khan on Prayer—Hindu Ignorance of Mussalmans—Hindu Bearers—Kurban—Breakfast at Hasan Khan's —Afghan Estimate of Wives — A Molewi — Futile Cavils against Christianity—"Don't ee brack my Bones"—Amir Dost Muhammad's Treachery — Shah Shujah's Pride — Flowery Grass — Miss Laing's School—Missionary Meeting—Examination of Schools—A Little Class — The Fire-mouth—Pantheism—Worship of Regimental Colours— Havildar Major on Idolatry—Plato Enlists—Wild Cat—Bandicot Rat — Cold—Dogs in Coats — New Bazar — Bankers — Carpenter's Tools—Fine for killing accidentally—Elephant—Hindus Cooking— Sikh Hair — Chess — Agha Muhammad's Adventure — Shahzadeh Jammur—Sultan Muhammad — Ill Treatment of 120 Afghans — Shabudin—Danger of Beef Eating—Kashmiri Women.

October 20th.—Captain C. has just had to bury the child of an artilleryman. He afterwards delivered a short address to those present. For fifteen years he has laboured for the salvation of his men, without seeing any fruit. But it is no wonder that the men do not profit by what he teaches them, when the officers set the example of ridiculing him. Nothing can be worse than the example set by most of the officers here. A Madras newspaper sometime ago traced the numerous crimes and the evil lives of almost all the European soldiers in India, to the prevalence of similar low habits and morality amongst the officers. This paragraph was copied and approved by the "Dehli Gazette."

Yesterday was a great holiday of the Hindus; those of our regiment sent a request to their Commandant

through the Havildar Major, that he would come and see the festival. He told the Havildar Major that he was a Christian, because he believed it to be the only way of salvation, and, if he went to the show, people would think he either did not believe in his own religion, or that he considered all religions alike; and bade him explain to the men that it was out of no disrespect to them personally, and that he would never interfere with any man's worship; but that he considered idolatry as sinful, and would, therefore, be acting against his conscience if he countenanced it. The Havildar Major understood perfectly, and said it was quite right, and I am sure the Hindus will only respect him the more.

I gave a Persian testament the other day to Atta Múhammad, who put it to his forehead, and said he would read it, and take the greatest care of it. I thought his sympathy with me was a good opportunity of asking him to accept it. He was quite pleased, and told us a few days afterwards that he had had some of it read to him; he also showed a very fair knowledge of some parts of the Old Testament history.

C. has been reading the Gospel of St. Matthew in Persian with the Múnshi, who is evidently shaken in some of his prejudices, and cannot answer C.'s arguments on the necessity and perfection of the atonement. But you can hardly imagine the gross and carnal manner in which they understand Scripture. For instance, Hasan Khán was greatly shocked at the beatitude, "Blessed are the peace makers, for they shall be called the children of God." He said it was very bad, and nothing could make him understand that the words "children of God" were not meant literally but spiritually.

Taylor, in his "Lectures on Spiritual Christianity," speaks of the filial sentiment towards the Most High as one quite peculiar to Christianity, and says, "Genuine piety commences at the moment when the love of our Heavenly Father towards ourselves individually, as His children, is distinctly recognized." So true is this, that even the theory of the paternal relation between God

and man is peculiar to Christianity; neither the Mussalman, the Hindú, nor the Parsí, have the most remote conception of it, and the Romanist has so lost sight of it, as to take refuge with "the Mother of Mercy," from the wrath of Him, "who so loved the world that He gave His only begotten son that all that believe in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

The Munshi confesses that the more a Múhammadan prays and tells his beads, the greater rogue he is sure to be. All spies and adepts at intrigue make a point of carrying their beads.

My husband and the Munshi have had a great argument about Wális. These are supposed prophets, who have the power of working miracles, but who keep themselves very quiet and much abstracted from the world, and are only discoverable by the understanding few. The Munshi told these stories.

When C. asked him in 1840 to accompany him to Pesháwur, he was much inclined to do so till he consulted a Wali, who said, "Don't go—great dangers await you"—a very safe prophecy for any man who knew the state of Afghánistan. This C. endeavoured to show him, whereupon he brought forward another proof of the supernatural powers of Wali. He has a child who seems to be a kind of "natural," and two or three years ago, while thinking of this child, he heard of the arrival of a Wali who appears to have been insane, with sufficient cunning to take advantage of the respect paid him. The Munshi went to him and sat down. The unsavory Saint was very condescending to him, and even gave him a pipe to smoke, saying to his attendant, "Daughter give Daughter pipe," each of the so-called daughters being black-bearded Mussalmans. The Munshi then told his grief and received for answer, "Oh, daughter, be not discomfited, thy child will recover." "And," continued the simple man, "two years afterwards she began to say a word or two." C. then told him of the Wali of whom the Amír Dost Múhammad inquired when he should return to Afghánistan. The Wali said he must consider for a day or two,

and in the meantime went to Captain Peter Nicholson, who had charge of the Dost, and asked him what he should say. Captain Nicholson gave him five rupees, and thinking it would keep his prisoner quiet, and prevent his trying to escape, told the Wali to answer he would return in four years. The impostor did so, and received rich presents from the credulous Dost, who really did return about the time specified, and the said Wali is in consequence looked upon as the greatest prophet in those parts. Captain Nicholson told my husband this himself. The Munshí could only answer, that *that* Wali was a great Dagha-báz or rogue, literally a "player with knavery."

Hasan Khán is really the greatest baby I ever saw, as impatient as a child for anything he wants—he never reflects whether there has been time for it to reach him or not, and when disappointed or cross, he pouts and sulks and shrugs his shoulders, and looks as if he were ready to cry, exactly like a naughty spoilt boy. He has not the least self-control. Sirfraz Khán, who is at the head of Prince Shahpur's household, came to consult my husband how an increase of pension could be obtained for the Shahzadeh, who at present subsists on the pitiful allowance of 400 rupees a month, and this after being acknowledged King by General Pollock, and having relations and retainers innumerable to provide for. Sirfraz Khán, although he must know that every one of his countrymen is full of enmity and jealousy towards all the rest, unwarily opened the subject in the presence of Hasan Khán, who, being already very cross, immediately burst out into a tirade against Shahpur, calling him a coward, and I know not what besides. C. immediately took up his cause, described the gallant boy's behaviour during the expedition to Istalif, when he and his body of Kazilbash Horsemen were placed under my husband's charge—how eager he always was for action, and the contempt he expressed for some of the Kazilbash Chiefs when he thought them inclined to hang back, and as Hasan Khán had nothing to reply, he leant back in his chair and sulked. Sirfraz Khán

brought a Kassid (a messenger) with him, who was the bearer of a letter from Múhammad Shah Khán and Dost Múhammad Khán to my husband.

The Kassid was one of these wily men who are made the medium of all intrigues. His beard was partly grey, and his turban being pushed a little back showed that he wore his hair beneath it—he had a beautiful nose, and such brilliant, intelligent, crafty eyes. I saw one glance at Sirfraz Khán which convinced me the old gentleman had said something imprudent. It was a quick reproving look, such as a disguised Jesuit superior might give to a blundering novice. He was poorly dressed, with a ragged cloth for a Chogah, and his beads in his hand. He drew forth a small book and took the letter from between the boards and the lining, and then sat down on the floor counting his beads and quietly surveying everything in the room, and marking all that was said or done. The letter was from Múhammad Shah Khán and his brother. The former acknowledged the receipt of C.'s auspicious letter, and what he had sent, *i. e.* the Testaments, and professed that both brothers were ready to obey the slightest nod of the British Government, who, however, do not wish to have anything to say to them.

Abdulrahmán Khán was present when a poor Afghán came to say his little girl Assoa was very ill with high fever and delirium, and C. told Abdulrahmán that the poor child often came here, and added, "and perhaps she may die!" "God forbid that she should die!" cried he; "you are going to have prayers—pray for the child." And then turning towards him he continued, "I wish you knew what was in my heart for you. It is great friendship. I see here purity of life;" and then he expressed a hope that even though not a Múhammadan he might be saved, saying, in a kind of soliloquy—"I have a strong hope that there may be a place for you in Paradise." C. took the opportunity of explaining to him the grounds on which he hoped for salvation, namely, through the blood of Christ alone. He and my husband always read the Scriptures toge-

ther when he comes, and though he constantly caps a Scripture passage with some absurd legend or quotation from the Kúran, yet we may surely hope that the Word of God will not be wholly plucked out of his heart, but that it may yet bear fruit. The Munshí says it is *very* good that we should inquire into the right way, and when C. offered up a prayer in Persian that they might both be led into all truth, he added a fervent *Amín!* Amen.

The Babu or English writer, who was so wrath at a tract Jacob gave him, now confesses that he is a sinner, and received the same tract thankfully. C. takes much pains with him and the Quartermaster-Sergeant, and often reads and speaks at length to them. So he does with the Regiment Munshí and Native Doctor, though they are less often in his way, but the two former are daily. He also took pains with the Sergeant-Major, who has lately been appointed to another regiment. On his going away C. spoke a few words to him, not, as he said, as his commanding officer, but as a fellow criminal who must soon appear with him at the bar of God. The rough blunt soldier had tears in his eyes, and as the Quartermaster-Sergeant said that he was very anxious to be allowed to keep "The Church in the Army," which we had lent him, and which was the first religious book he had ever read, it was, of course, given to him; C. also gave him a Bible, and I "the Holy War," for his wife. Imagine the simple Havildar Major explaining to us why Múhammadans will take water from the hands of a Hindú, but not from those of a Sikh—that the Sikhs eat pork and fowls, and even EGGS! The two latter are an abomination to Hindús, but the Mussalmans themselves eat them just as we do. I could give you many other instances how ignorant one sect is of all that concerns the others.

We have just seen the Journal of the Catechists of the Free Kirk at Calcutta, which shows a most wonderful diminution of Hindú prejudices among the people they visited. Even Brahmans received them kindly, and gave them food.

October 21st.—I am not at all pleased with Hindustani. It appears to me to have a most wearisome sameness of construction, and to express things awkwardly; but I want to know if the imperative and indefinite future are not alike in Hebrew. They are so in Hindustani, so that this would account for many passages in the Psalms, which almost look as if David were imprecating vengeance on his enemies; whereas if the Hebrew be like Hindustani, there is no difference between the imperative "Let them be" or "may they be," and the future "They *will* or shall be." There are many Arabic words in Hindustani which are like Hebrew; for instance, "kúrbán," a sacrifice, I suppose is the same word as "corban." Pray tell me if it be so.

Yesterday we had a dust storm, which lasted nearly twenty-four hours. We could hardly see a house eighty yards off; the dust lay in heaps in the verandahs, and in shoals on the carpets, tables, and our unlucky heads. Then came rain, but the wind is still exceedingly high.

Saturday, October 23rd.—Breakfasted at Hasan Khán's with Colonel Speirs and Major Macdonald. I sat a little while in the Zenáná, and then Hasan Khán came for me. He had got table and chairs, and borrowed our plate and one of our servants, so that we might eat in our own fashion, but the meal itself was quite an Afghán one. There were kids and lambs roasted whole, pillaus, kuftas, which are like rissoles, and a variety of smaller dishes, besides fowls, so that the table was insufficient to contain such a feast. In vain Hasan Khán tried to make room by piling the large flat loaves upon each other, snatching a kid off its dish and putting it on the top of the bread; at last C. and Major Macdonald established themselves on the floor, and Colonel Speirs and I amused ourselves with criticising their Afghán habits. Hasan Khán thrust a fowl into the hands of one of his men to take to us, and another to them, and kept loading our plates with choice morsels, dexterously tearing off a joint or gather-

ing up a handful of sausages with his fingers. C. and Major Macdonald displayed their skill in eating with their fingers,—a very difficult art when rice is to be eaten, as it runs up one's sleeve. Everything was very good; the meat excellent; and a pillau, flavoured with lemon, is worthy of being introduced into Europe. They poured water on our hands before and after eating. Being in Hindústan, Hasan Khán could not well eat publicly with us, but he sat down by C. and Major M., and helped them to the best bits, until he was overcome by the savory odour and could no longer refrain.

In Afghánistan, and everywhere except in India, Mussalmans eat freely with Christians, but here they have learned Hindú customs. Little Padimah (properly Fatimah) is quite fond of me, and sits on my side as she would on her mother's. It is much the easiest way of carrying a child: just try it. When we took leave, a horse was brought out as a present for Colonel Speirs, which, of course, he did not accept. Hasan Khán is just gone to Peshawur to meet his other wives.

The Afgháns generally think nothing of the death of a wife. When my husband was in Afghánistan he was several times asked, "Are you married?" "No; my wife is dead." "We hear you are very sorry when your wives die: did you weep?" "Yes, I did." Whereupon they were struck dumb with astonishment, that any one could feel the death of a wife so strongly. "Why should we grieve," say they, "there are plenty of others;" and yet these are men of warm feelings, capable of strong attachments and sympathy: but this only makes the fact more evident, that any violation of the law written in the hearts of all, or of the arrangements of the Creator (to say nothing of His revealed laws), brings with it its own punishment. Polygamy has destroyed everything like domestic and family ties. Sometimes nature reasserts her right, and produces strong attachment between husband and wife, brother and brother; but this is the exception, and that this

state of things is produced by polygamy, and not merely by ignorance of true religion, is proved by the example of the ancient Romans during the period when divorce was unknown, and when the wife, being the sole and life-long partner of her husband, gave him not only a help-meet but a *home* and a domestic hearth, ideas unknown to Múhammadans. There must be a *mater familias* before true family ties can exist.

In looking back to the Hindú Rajahs and others, whom we saw at Benáres, I cannot tell you how strongly the contrast strikes me between them and the Afgháns. The former seem so weak, so childish, such mere babies by the side of these manly, energetic *men*. By-the-by, C. has been reading my Journal, and says that if I do not explain, you will certainly think the Munshí is a fool, when you read of his devotion to Walis. He is quite the contrary, being a clever and, as far as a Mussalman can be, a candid man. He brought his Molevi, *i. e.* a kind of combination of Múhammadan Scribe and Pharisee, whom he called "My Master," and assured me he was a "very learned and godly man."

When the Molevi came over, the Munshí immediately gave up his chair, which he took as a matter of course, while an intelligent looking man, a scholar of his, stood beside him. The Molevi was very plainly dressed, with a quiet manner, but his behaviour was that of a man who feels himself superior to all around, and *therefore* had no pretension, while the respectful deference of the other two was quite that of disciples to their teacher and master. It was a relation of which I had never seen any other example, and interested me much. Both the Molevi and his scholar were suffering from over study and want of exercise. I told them the body was like a slave to serve the mind, but, if it was too hardly treated, it would fall sick, and could do no more. The sage was graciously pleased with my little parable.

Thursday.—Molevi came again to see my husband, and brought a book against Christianity by a famous

Múhammadan doctor at Laknao. He mentioned some of the objections advanced in it, which were all of the most trivial description; such as one translation of "Behold my servant whom I uphold," having "Bandi," slave, and another, "Noukar," servant. He also objected to the passage in the Psalms, "Gird thou thy sword upon thy thigh, thou most mighty," and said that it could not apply to Christ, as he never wore a sword. C. told him that the Jews were as much opposed to Christianity as the Múhammadans, yet the Old Testament in the hand of the Jews all over the world is exactly the same as that which Christians acknowledge; now it cannot be supposed that the Jews would unite with Christians in altering or interpolating their own sacred book. To this he had nothing to reply. The different sects among Christians form a similar proof of the genuineness of the New Testament. The genuineness of neither was ever doubted until Múhammad's time; and they who bring the accusation of falsification should prove their assertion. I think the testimony to the truth of the Gospel writing from the unanimous consent of so many opposing sects, may have been one of the reasons why those divisions were permitted.

Took tea with the Drummonds, who are just about to leave Loodiana. Everybody flits in the cold season. Mrs. D. told us of a poor little boy, who was born with such fragile bones that they broke thirteen times before he was five years old. He got a little stronger, but was still nearly as fragile as glass, when at length he was brought to be baptized. The clergyman stooped to lift the little creature, when it looked up at him and said, "Please zur, don't ee brack my bones." Poor little man-ny, can't you fancy it?

When Sirfráz Khán was leaving Afghánistan, the Amir, Dost Múhammad, met him, swore upon the Kurán that he was the best friend he had in the world, and tried every art to induce him to return. He afterwards married the daughter of Amínullah Khán (Sirfraz's brother), and then murdered the old man with his

own hands, smothering him with a pillow. Sirfráz Khán says Shah Shujah's pride amounted to insanity. To such an extent did he carry it, that he never suffered any of his numerous daughters to marry; and when the King of Delhi, who, as the representative of Akbar the Great, is certainly the first Múhammadan prince in the East, sent to ask for one of them as a wife for one of his own sons, Shah Shujah was perfectly frantic at the insult! Just as if Louis Philippe were to despise the alliance of the Emperor of Austria.

From this foolish old Shah's pride it is a fit transition to speak of the flower of the grass. I must send you some. The road-sides are everywhere adorned with huge clumps of flowering grass, from eight to twelve feet high. I have one blade in a large bouquet before me, and the flower alone is very nearly three feet high. It is just like our flowering grasses, only of this Brobdignag size.

October 30th.—I have lately heard from Miss Laing about the little orphans we are to have at her school. They will cost only six shillings a month each. Miss Laing says she writes by the bedside of a poor little sufferer. "Burning fever and distracting pain leave her short intervals of ease, yet Jesus makes himself precious to the soul of this outcast." Miss Laing has lately begun a school for heathen girls, in addition to that for the orphans of which she has the entire charge. About thirty or forty already attend the day school. How she shames us by her zeal in the Lord's work! She seems a kindred spirit of Mrs. Wilson's of Bombay, whose most interesting memoir, if you have not read, you ought to read as soon as possible. Such are the Missionaries whom we ought to pray that the Lord would send into his vineyard.

November 9th, 1847.—This is the time of the Missionary Annual Meetings. On Sabbath evening there was the communion. I remarked one very fine looking elderly man, who, they told me, had been a Roman Catholic; he is now a Catechist. Mr. Newton's Pandit,

a venerable looking old man, was present throughout the service.

There was an examination of the boys at the High School the other day, and in the evening, of the Orphan Girls. I am happy to say, they showed much more knowledge than could have been anticipated from their answers about Adam. Only five have been there above a year; of these, three of the elder ones can read fluently; the others have made different degrees of progress; nine of them have each made a shirt very neatly, and they gave very fair answers on the early part of Old Testament history. I think the great want is an assistant who could be thoroughly depended upon, and who could watch them, and be with them at all times, for many of them, especially those from Kabul, are very depraved. Mrs. Rudolph teaches them, and takes the most conscientious pains with them; but there is no constant superintendence, and this appears absolutely necessary.

I think it a great pity that the Missionaries should have baptized any of these children, for the youngest of those from Kábul must be at least six years old, and Mrs. R. pointed out an elder one of ten or twelve years of age, and said, "I had her baptized with the little ones, for she appears a good child;" while at this very time none of them had any acquaintance with the Gospel.

I believe they do it as standing in the place of parents towards these children; but the position of a Missionary and his wife in charge of a school of eighteen or twenty girls is very different from a parent, whether towards a real or adopted child; and, moreover, I do not think a Christian parent has a right to present his child for baptism if it should have arrived at an age of personal responsibility, without any knowledge of the way of salvation.

On Tuesday, November 2nd.—I began, with Louisa's help, to give an hour's instruction to the children of the Catechist and of my Ayah. My Ayah, who was for some years in Mr. Porter's family, acknowledges the

truth of Christianity, but says that when she tries to pray, Satan comes and hinders her. Mr. R. told me that when she (the Ayah) was lately attending one of the young Christian women in her confinement; she spoke very plainly to her, and admonished her to put her trust in Jesus, and call upon him now in her hour of need. She is present while I give the lesson, and often repeats and explains what I say to the children.

Mr. Porter, who has been absent on a Missionary tour for the last month, told us that on the hill side, near Kangra, there is a most curious phenomenon, called the Jewála Makki, or Fire-mouth. A subterranean stream of gas having found vent from many crevices of the mountain, and having been by some means set on fire, perpetual flames are seen, which the Hindus look on with great veneration. They have enclosed the principal ones in a temple, which they will allow no one to enter without taking off his shoes. The Governor-General, however, lately visited it, and of course did not take off his. Mr. Porter refused to do so, and told the Priests that if he did they would represent it as an act of homage to the idol, for so these jets of fire may be termed.

It happens that Lieutenant Lake, who has charge of these districts, rendered great service to the Brahmans of the temple by restoring to them some revenues that had been seized by another set of priests; when, therefore, Mr. Porter threatened to tell Lieutenant Lake that they refused to admit him and his children with their shoes, they at length consented to do so. He asked them what right they had to shut up this work of God that was free to all men on the mountain-side, and offered to put out their God: upon which they earnestly begged him not to think of such a thing.

Perhaps you do not know that the Vedantic doctrine is, that there is but one God, and that He should be worshipped without images and anywhere, and that people may eat anything, no matter by whom it is prepared. They teach further, that everything is a manifestation of God, and is God. This Pantheism is

exactly that of Pope's "Essay on Man," see—"All are but parts of one stupendous whole, &c.;" and they say further, that it is better to worship Him through the medium of visible beings than not all. Thus they sink into the grossest idolatry, and worship anything in everything.

Brahm, the supreme god, is said to sleep and wake alternately; from him all the other gods proceed; but after all they, as well as the whole of creation, are but "Mya," or delusion.

That temple we saw at Benáres is, perhaps, the most famous one in India of Siva, or the Destroyer, under the name of Mahadeo.

The Hindu Sepahis commonly worship the colours of their regiment, a thing which even many Christian commanding officers take no steps to prevent; but which C. is determined shall never be done while the regiment is under his command. You will find a very good account of Hindu mythology in "Chambers's Useful and Entertaining Tracts," under the head of "Hindu Superstitions."

My husband was writing to Ceylon the other day, and said to his Havildar-Major, a high caste Rájput, "The Brahmans tell you that Ceylon is inhabited wholly by demons (or déos), and that every one who goes there is immediately devoured by them." The Havildar-Major acknowledged this. "But there are many English there, many troops, a British General, and a British Governor, and I am thinking of buying some land there. I am now writing to a great man in that island, and if you have any particular friend among the Déos, I will send your salam to him. I often eat grief on your account and that of your countrymen, whom I see worshipping idols; for there is but one God, who alone should be worshipped."

The Havildar answered: "True, there is but one God."

"Is it not lamentable then, that men should bow down to images which they make themselves of wood and stone?"

"——And mud," interjected the Havildar-Major.

"Your worthless Brahmans tell you these fables for their own profit, and not for your good."

"True," said he, "they do for their own profit; for the other day, when we gave a little feast to our brethren of the 11th, they came among us and extracted fifteen rupees from us, and then told us all the gods were much pleased." And the Havildar-Major finished with a little scornful laugh that spoke volumes.

The Mussalmans are very fond of speaking of Sikander Padsháh, *i.e.* Alexander the Great, and his two Vazirs, Aristún and Aflatún (Aristotle and Plato), all of whom they devoutly believe to have been good Múhammadans. My husband was telling Abdulrahmán Khán of Lord Ross's gigantic telescope, when he gravely replied, that it was nothing to one which Aristotle made for Alexander the Great, by which he could see all that passed in the heavenly bodies so clearly, that he was enabled to draw omens from them, and fix the proper days for marching, &c. Imagine assigning to the stars the office of Quartermaster-General of Alexander's army.

The result of this Múhammadan jumble of ideas was a most diverting dream of my husband's. He thought Plato offered to enlist with him, assuring him he was *only* 100 years old. C. considered this *rather* passé, but thinking he would still get some work out of him, decided on taking him, because he was "*so thoroughly respectable.*"

November 11th.—C. has just received his arms which he indented for *six months ago.* However, in consequence of his vigorous remonstrances, he has obtained a better description of muskets than either of the other regiments except the Hill Corps.

Sunday, 14th.—While C. was at church, I heard a hideous growling, yelling, squeaking, barking, and screaming; I looked up and found that the dogs had hunted a wild cat into the room. The bearer was standing over them with a drawn sword, unable to hit the cat for fear of killing the dogs, who presently pulled down a large arm chair and a pile of books, and quickly

slew poor grimalkin. They are very useful in killing rats and mice, of which we have a great many. The same evening my husband saw a Ghuns (or bandicote rat) come into the house; a frightful creature, more like a small black pig without hair, with teeth half an inch long; but it disappeared. It is very savage, with coarse bristles on the back. It runs about grunting; and a strong Scotch terrier has been know to die from its bite.

The weather is now so cold, that as there are no kennels, I have been obliged to have coats made for the two dogs as well as for the cow, and they look more ludicrous in these than you can well imagine. We find warm clothing quite necessary, and many of the trees are looking quite bare and wintry.

Mrs. George Lawrence has just passed through on her way to join her husband, and is going with him to Pesháwur, which the Afgháns here seem to think rather a hazardous step, on account of the unsettled state of the country. C. vehemently remonstrated against her going, but she laughs at his warnings.

Loodiana, November 20th, 1847.—Mr. Porter overheard a conversation between two of his servants about the Jiwálá Mukkí, or burning mountain. The Chowkedar, like many Múhammadans, was inclined to the Hindú superstition, and represented to the Khidmatgar that Akbar the Great had conveyed a stream of water over it, yet he could not put it out; then he fixed iron-plates over it, still he could not put it out; adding, "Don't you think there is something in it?" But the Khidmatgar was obstinate, feeling convinced the whole thing savoured of idolatry. I asked Mr. Porter if the late war had done much in the way of opening the Panjáb to the Gospel. He said "Everything;" previously no British subject could cross the Satlej without the permission of both Governments. Now, they may go and preach where they please. An old Subádár, who had served in Broadfoot's Sappers and Miners, recognized C. the other morning as his corps was marching into Loodiana, and came to see him after breakfast—

a fine old man with many medals, he has been in forty battles—and while speaking, pulled up his trousers to show a wound on his brawny brown knee.

November 17th.—Drove to see a new Bazár which the rich Máhájans (bankers) here have been building. It consists of two short streets, leading into a square, with a gateway at the end of each. All the houses and shops are adorned with paintings, and even a small Mosque, in the centre of the square, has submitted to these marks of idolatry. The effect is very pretty, like coloured mosaics on a white ground. A great crowd of hairy Panjabís soon collected round the Buggy, and a sleek Máhájan, with a little canary-coloured turban, introduced himself as having known C. at Kabul. Bankers are the same race everywhere; one would think they had had a peculiar father and mother, distinct from the universal progenitors of the human race, for Mr. O. at Dresden, the C.'s at Rome, the fat young Rothschild we met, a Máhájan at Loodiana or Delhi, and I doubt not many a smooth merchant or banker at home, have such a strong family likeness, that you would take them for brothers in different costumes. They are all rather short, stout, smooth, shiny, sleek, and comfortable looking, very clean and neat, very polite and courteous, with not much to say.

There is a very simple and excellent contrivance used here by carpenters for boring holes. It is a kind of iron stiletto, and a bow with a loose string, which is twisted twice round the handle of the former, and being moved rapidly up and down the borer turns and goes through the wood without any exertion.

A gentleman related the other day, that having killed a man by pure accident when out shooting a short time ago in the Jalander Doáb, he requested a Panchâyet (or council of five arbitrators) to settle the amount of compensation he ought to pay. They decided that "as he was a Sahib," he ought to give *ten* rupees; and a Lambadar, or ruler of the village, told him privately, that if he thought that exorbitant, he would try to get it lessened.

Early on the 19th, we went out on an elephant, which the I.'s brought with them. It is a very nice creature. I have fed her several times, and she now knows my voice and comes after me when I call her. It is very curious to see what steep places an elephant will go up or down. C. desired the Mahout to make the elephant knock down a wall for my edification. At first she did not understand what was required of her, and made a frightful growl or roar when the Mahout struck her, but when she knew, she pushed down a piece of wall about nine feet in height, and four broad, of *unbaked* bricks, with the upper part of her trunk, as quietly and gently as possible. Finding her so capable of the work, C. led us to his own lines, where they made her demolish some of the old huts to make room for the new ones, thus saving the men a good deal of labour. We passed through the lines, and I was much amused at the peep I got of them. Many of the Hindu Sepáhis were preparing their food, each man sitting in a little circle, with a small rampart of earth two or three inches high around it, within which himself and his bright brazen vessels remain untouched and unpolluted.

It is curious to see a Hindu Sepáhi with the front of his head shaved, twisting up his long black hair into a knot. I want to see a Sikh's hair, but that is very difficult, as I hear horrid reports of its never being taken down; I hope "*in public*" is *sous-entendu*. Most of the men seem to have Charpaís and good rezais or quilts. I played chess with Abdulrahman Khán a little time ago, and he would inevitably have been defeated, when he suddenly found out it was very late, and feared the game would last all night; so as it would doubtless have horrified him to have been beaten by a lady, it was best to agree with him and leave off the game. The only difference in their manner of playing is, that the pawns are not allowed to move two squares at first, and the king of one party is placed opposite the queen or vazir of the other, instead of the queen being always on her own colour.

We had another ride on the elephant on Monday,

and crossed the ford on the road to Filór. The very barrenness of the scene gave a kind of interest to it, for the boundless expanse of sand—the glowing tints left by the setting sun—the immense full moon shining into the water on one hand, and far away on the other, the fires of some travellers, the line of the horizon all around being almost unbroken save by a few stunted trees, made quite a picture of the desert. In some parts great mounds are raised by the drifting of the sand.

I have never told you of a most gentlemanly Afghán, of the name of Agha Múhammad, whom we often see. When Akbar besieged Fattih Jang, Shah Shujah's son and successor, in the Bálá Hissár, the latter sent to General Pollock for relief, which he promised to furnish, but owing to Lord Ellenborough's orders *not* to advance, failed to do so. Fattih Jang held out a week or two beyond the time, and at last surrendered. Agha Múhammad was confined with him in the city. Akbar demanded his jewels, and threatened him with death if they were not given up. Fattih Jang promised to have them ready by the next day, but in the meantime Agha Múhammad made a hole in the roof, scrambled up himself, and drew the Shahzadeh up after him by his turban. They then hid themselves in the house of a friend, from whence Fattih Jang made his escape, Agha Múhammad lending him 5,000 rupees. The latter returned to Kabul afterwards with his father, to settle their affairs; they were waylaid by Akbar's emissaries, the old man murdered, and the son severely wounded. When he came back to Loodiana, he found the Shahzadeh had spent all he had, like a prodigal, and could not possibly pay him, so that he is, as you may imagine, in a lamentable position.

Wednesday.—C. went to see the Shahzadeh Jammur, who is on his way to Pesháwur. He offered to come here, but C. prefers going to the Shahzadeh's, as otherwise their visits would take up too much time. Prince Jammur is very intelligent; he has been living at Pesháwur, and gave exactly the same account of

the state and prospects of things in that quarter as Atta Múhammad (the Friar Tuck of Fisher's Horse) did some time ago; and yet the Shahzadah and Rasaldar have never seen each other. They both consider Pesháwur and its environs as in a very unsettled state. Súltan Múhammad, a brother of Dost Múhammad, and a former *protégé* of Ranjit Sing's, is living there, and is undoubtedly carrying on intrigues with his kinsfolk the Barakzyes, though he pretends to be at feud with them. As Prince Jammur said, "*Why* does he give presents in money, shawls, &c., &c., to all the Afgháns round about—if not for some private end of his own?" C. thinks it is most imprudent to allow such a man to reside at Pesháwur. The more I have seen of the Afgháns, and the more I have heard what they say on the whole of our affairs in 1841—42, the more I see how accurate all C.'s views were. I am astonished at the amount of influence he possesses with all ranks and classes, and the universal esteem and deference they show him. They all consult him, and strange to say, *follow* his advice, speak freely and confidentially to him, and show him honour in every way in their power. The very Government seem to consider him as a kind of Chief of the Afgháns, for not knowing what to do with about 120 men who have been lately disbanded from Major Ferris's Police Battalion, and many of whom had been with C. at Kabúl, the magistrates of Banda sent them here, begging my husband to take steps for distributing them among the regiments of the Frontier Brigade. His own ranks being quite full, he was obliged to send most of them on to Lahore, where Colonel Lawrence will provide for them, and the rest back to Amballa to enter one of the regiments there. But this influence costs a good deal; for instance, so many of these men being old comrades, C. had to give a feast to the whole, which cost twenty rupees. Then one of those who was going on to Lahore was so deeply in debt to another who was returning to Amballa, that we had to release his Jellalabad medal for him with ten rupees more.

One of these men, Eyun-u-Din, volunteered to carry a letter to Jellalabad from Sir William Mac Naghten, at a time when no Kassid could be bribed to make the attempt. He succeeded in spite of great danger and difficulty. He was a fine looking man, with a lilac and silver turban, and red shawl wrapped about him. Another of this gallant band, who has lost both feet, is at Pesháwur, and one who has lost both hands and feet, is in his native mountains. C. has applied for pensions for both of them. Almost all the men who came to-day had shaven heads, and one of the officers speaking, as they all did, of the injustice of disbanding them (when Lord Ellenborough had promised that as a reward for their distinguished fidelity and services in Afghánistan, they should be for ever retained in the service of the Company), suddenly plucked off his cap with the utmost vehemence, and thrusting his bald head under C.'s very moustache, showed a scar that would have split any other skull but an Afghán's, an Irishman's, or a Highlander's, fore and aft; crying, "Do you think I took *that* on my head for nothing?" C. sent them all away pleased at what he had done and was trying to do for them. He has a wonderful way of managing them. That Afghán I told you of, whom he cut down for mutiny, and who came to see him on his way to join one of the other regiments, returned the other day, having asked for his discharge in consequence of not being promoted instanter. C. has more than his complement, and can do nothing for him; so he slapped his cheek, told him he was an ass, and then took him by the shoulders, and shook him until his head nearly fell off, all of which this sturdy mutinous creature with battle-axe in hand took most placidly, while the other Sepáhis laughed.

A Kashmirí Mussalmán, a gentleman by birth, came a few days since to ask for assistance. He had been nearly slain, and then driven out of the Panjáb during the Sikh dominion for eating beef. C. told him that too many came. He answered, "When a fountain is known to send out sweet water, all men flock to it."

"But if the fountain is exhausted, what is to be done?" To this he had no reply, but as he was really in need, the fountain was obliged to give him a few drops.

To the Kashmiris generally I have an aversion. The women certainly have very delicate, beautiful features; but they are the most inveterate scolds I ever heard. I have no comparison at all adequate to give any idea of the clack-clack of a Kashmiri's tongue. C. says that the foulness and volubility of their abuse would horrify a Billingsgate fishwoman; and as to the sound (which we hear *every* evening when we pass their quarter), perhaps a never-ceasing alarum would give the best idea of it. They are beyond measure dirty in their habits, and are full of low cunning and cleverness, without anything manly or hearty in them.

CHAPTER X.

Persian Bible — Bazar at Night — Neglected Children — Irregular Cavalry — Marchings — Colonel Lawrence — Disregard of Caste — Araton—Wedding — Hydrophobia—Pressing Carts—Bridge Filor—Persian Wheel—Vicious Elephant—Christian Children—Missionary Family—A Fallen Prince—Grenadiers Strike Work—Repentance and Industry—Fear of Death—Insolence of a European Officer—Brutality of a Soldier—Screening—An Indian Lady—Want of Esprit de Corps—Abdulrahman Khan—Imprisoned Havildar—Native Drawings—Persian Poems—Hardjhood of Afghans—Our Maimed Camp Followers—Baptism of a Jew—Of Calcutta Girls—Mission at Allahabad—Superstition—Arab Horses—A Gipsy Shah—Plummery—Christian Officer—A Hindu's View of Death—"Heaven not a Stable"—Kindly Feeling—Servant with Battle Axe.

C. LATELY sent Prince Shahpur a Persian Bible. The New Testament was beautifully bound in morocco; the Tourah, or Old Testament, was a very fine edition, but in plain, strong half-binding. I therefore made green velvet covers for the two volumes of it, and embroidered the title in gold beads, with a little flower on the other side, lining it inside with crimson silk. It was thought very pretty, and my Munshí took the greatest interest in superintending the shape of the letters. I wrapped up the whole in a piece of crimson China crape, which made a lovely cover.

I am never weary of driving through the Bazár, it is so picturesque. About sunset all the cook-shops are in full activity. Here you see one ladling out soup, and for some reason of his own, he invaribly strikes a loud bell as we pass, probably to invite us to partake of his "savoury messes." Then, on the ground are innumer-

able Kabáb sellers, each one with rows of skewers on which the bits of meat are filed, laid over a little charcoal fire, which sends up a ruddy hue on the countenances of the hungry group around, probably wild-looking Afgháns, waiting till the meat is ready. A little further on is a whole family sitting over a fire which they have kindled in their solitary room, or rather alcove,—for it is open to the street—or a poorer group are trying to warm themselves with some blazing straw;—again, in a larger and carpeted apartment, are some wealthy shopkeepers casting up and settling their accounts; the Kotwal or Native Mayor sits in his little chamber over the gate poring over papers; a seller of dainties made of sugar and ghí, is squatted by the roadside, with a light fixed to a stick stuck in the ground, or else carries them on his head with a candle fastened to his basket. Sometimes you see a little dog trained to light its master home by carrying a blazing torch in its mouth. Then the Sáis snatches up a child toddling across the horse's path, and whisks careless passengers, bullocks, and donkeys out of the way with a horse-towel.

At this season no one who can help it sleeps in the open air, so that the streets are more passable than they were. Then there is an elephant or two, a long string of baggage camels, a Shahzadeh and his suite, or a Missionary driving home in his buggy after his daily preaching. At one place there is the cloth mart, each seller carrying a few pieces on his shoulder or head. Near them are the money changers seeming fast asleep, but sure to open their eyes if any one come within reach of their piles of copper; then there are the bullocks lying in the midst of the road, an irregular horseman careering about; all this is entertainment for the eye; and for the ear there is a group of men on one side singing softly in chorus; across the street an imperturbable Hindú shopkeeper, abused and assailed by some furious client or rival; the red-and-yellow clothed, or perhaps half-naked Sikhs, talking Parjabi, every other word ending in "Sing;" the deep, guttural, harsh tones

of Afgháns shouting Pushtú, or the incessant clack-clack of a Kashmirí woman's tongue pouring out unimaginable maledictions on the luckless wight who has incurred her displeasure; by all of which the strangeness and interest of the scene are of course much heightened.

The D.'s have just passed through on their way to Mattra, near Agra. We took tea with them on Thursday, and I was much amused at a story Mrs. D. told me of a little boy of three years old who was very fond of her, but who, on seeing Major D. for the first time, and being told that she was about to marry him, was by no means equally charmed with him; so, going up to her, he said very gravely—"Have you a father and mother?" "Yes," answered she. "Well, then, take my advice, don't marry that man, but go home and dwell among your own people." This is so preternaturally wise as to be quite "uncanny."

I am astonished at the way even rational and Christian people neglect the instruction of their young children. You hardly ever meet a child under five or six years old who knows anything of the Gospel, or who can even speak English, and yet children far below that age are clearly responsible before God. How then can their mothers leave them in ignorance as great as that of heathen children? It is also marvellous to see the manner in which too many good managers deal with their servants, always suspecting them and stopping their pay for every offence; moreover, sometimes taking them forcibly to places at a great distance from their homes because it is inconvenient to the master or mistress to get other domestics.

My little school gets on pretty well. I began to think that William's youngest little boy Jacob, of four years old, was inaccessible to instruction until I read "Wilderspin on Infant Schools." I then determined to try a more lively method of teaching, and speaking of labour being the punishment of Adam's sin, I asked him to describe different kinds of labour. First, what a Sáis did; asked him about horses, what they were like,

how they walked, and made him walk on all fours, and rub down the Ayah's little boy as if he were a horse. He laughed and began to look much brighter. We then made both the children show how grain was sown and reaped and ground. They agreed that it was right that no one should eat who did not work, but for a long time little Jacob insisted that tailors should not eat, and he was only convinced of the propriety of their doing so by our showing him that if tailors did not eat they would die, and if they died, who would make warm clothes for him?—for I must tell you that the native Christian women do absolutely nothing, and even when they are in debt, as too many of them are, they send everything to be made up by tailors, whereas, if they chose, everything might be made at home, as all their garments are made of cotton, and very simply. I am teaching my Ayah's little girl to work, and she succeeds admirably.

December 1st, 1847.—This was a quiet, home-like morning,—cloudy sky, watery sun, and bare trees; the thermometer at 38° at sunrise: we saw the hills north an east of this covered with snow. Captain Skinner's regiment of Irregular Cavalry was here last week, and C. having mentioned that he had not seen them, Captain S. very obligingly offered to have a field-day for our benefit, which he accordingly did. It was most picturesque to see from 500 to 600 Irregular Horse, clothed in yellow, with scarlet turbans, long lances, red and white pennons, matchlocks at their backs, and their horses with scarlet and yellow saddle-cloths, performing their manœuvres with the most admirable precision on a barren sandy plain, the ground marked out by flags and kept by mounted orderlies and camel sawárs belonging to the regiment. The latter are most picturesque, though ungainly creatures—the *camels* I mean. Behind the whole was a dark stormy sky and the setting sun. The Irregular Cavalry are so much superior to the Regulars in the use of their weapons and the management of their horses, that many officers, my husband among the number, are strongly in favour of

having nothing but Irregulars. The men are of a superior class with higher pay, find their own horses and accoutrements, and only three officers (commandant, second in command, and adjutant,) instead of twenty-one or twenty-two to each regiment. Their dress is adapted to the climate, their saddles to keeping *on*, and their spears to use, being light bamboo instead of heavy ashen weapons. Picked men were chosen from Her Majesty's 16th Lancers, and a man taken at random out of Skinner's Horse, and the result was that he slew them over and over again (with blunt lances) without their being able to touch him.

Captain Skinner, son of the well-known Colonel Skinner, seems to have inherited his father's talent for raising and disciplining cavalry. As I wished to see his regiment on the march, he very courteously postponed their departure till sunrise. Accordingly we drove to their camp on Saturday morning (27th). We were too early, so that we had time to look about. It was a very cold morning, and many fires were lit by the men to warm themselves. Some were loading camels or tattús (the hardy little ponies of the country), poor women were collecting the manure in baskets to burn; here sat a little child so enveloped in sackcloth or horse-cloth, that nothing but its large black eyes were visible; there was a refractory tattú making desperate efforts to kick off its load; or a trooper just booting himself; camp followers of all kinds making haste to be off; no tents standing but those of the European officers; an elephant for the Commandant, laden with guns for sporting, a dog cart, some fine horses, hackeries, &c., &c. The native Doctor, who had been a fellow-prisoner of my husband's, soon made his appearance comfortably encased in a large flowered and wadded cotton robe, with his sword by his side; while his assistant, as was due, had a much sorrier nag of half the size, and by no means so gay a garb. The men soon began moving to the front, where they formed into six divisions. We then drove on ahead to get a good view of them as they passed the ford, the only pretty bit in Loodiana;

and truly we were rewarded for our trouble when they came up, the top of their spears appearing first as they mounted the little rise, and then the whole body marching on to the sound of their kettle-drums, winding round and descending again towards the ford, where the morning sun gleamed on their ranks as they crossed the bright blue water. As many as choose wear shields slung at their backs. The irregular cavalry equip themselves, and of course are obliged to borrow money to do so in the first instance. This regiment cost 50,000 rupees for which Captain Skinner is responsible, and the men pay interest to the Native Banker, at the rate of twenty-five per cent. Captain S. wrote to represent this, and to ask Government to lend them the money, promising to repay it in two years with interest at twelve per cent. The paternal answer was that he might have 5000 rupees.

Colonel Lawrence has just called on his way to Calcutta. C. accompanied him for some distance on his journey, and he casually mentioned that he had only been able to obtain one appointment in the Panjáb, and that with immense difficulty. This shows how unjust an impression appearances often make, for most people have been remarking how well Colonel Lawrence had provided for his brothers, whereas it has merely happened that Lord Hardinge thought fit to place them all in the same country.

I must not forget to tell you of an instance of disregard of caste in a Brahman Sepáhi which astonished us all. He was attacked late one night with violent cholic, from eating bad flour. C. gave him some medicine which he took without the smallest difficulty out of our spoon, though it was mixed by us in water from our bottles, drawn by a Mussalmán Bhisti, in a goat's skin; so that the whole genealogy of it was unclean in his eyes. Whether his liberality arose from the cogent argument of pain, or from serving in our ranks, I know not, but I am happy to say he was cured.

December, 1847.—Mr. Aratoon, the Armenian merchant, called the other day. The Armenians in India,

that I have seen, dress like Europeans, which is most unbecoming to them. They generally have very Jewish physiognomies. Aratoon is a very enterprising man, and is exerting himself to get steam communication established between Lahore, Firozepúr and Karrachi and Bombay,—a thing much needed.

Went to Brigadier E.'s daughter's wedding. There was not an unmarried lady present (there is only one at the station), and the bridesmaids were three little girls under six years old. The number and brilliancy of the uniforms (for every one appears in full dress at a wedding) compensates in some measure for the absence of young ladies, especially as most of the ladies you meet in India are young. The bride looked very pretty. Mrs. —— was there; she is generally received and reviled. I think people should content themselves with doing either the one or the other. To omit both would be best. Captain Q., in speaking of hydrophobia, told me of an instance where the bearer of a lady of his acquaintance was bitten. Some days after, she was sitting working, when she heard a slight noise, and beheld the poor bearer with his hands joined like an old knight on a monument (their usual attitude in speaking to a superior). He said he felt he was going mad, and had come to make salam. About an hour or two afterwards he was discovered in an outhouse, with his head thrust into a heap of lime, quite dead. Major F. told us a frightful history of a mad jackall, which came to the tent of his sister, and dragged the Ayah up and down the tent by the hair of her head. It then ran away, but returned again and again during the night, biting at every one it came near. Major F. himself, finding there was no other chance of sleep, got into a Palkí and shut the doors. It bit one poor man on the nose who afterwards died, but the Ayah suffered no injury except fright.

Tuesday, December 14.—Started about eight o'clock for Filór on the Satlej, to spend the day with Captain and Mrs. Phillips. It is about nine miles off. It was a beautiful bright, cold morning, and the road was thronged

with passengers, native officers riding, some Sahib's baggage guarded by Sepáhis, with goats and kids tied to the carts, and cages of quacking ducks and guinea-fowls surmounting them; for people march with all their worldly goods, animate and inanimate. We came upon an immense train of bullock-carts, the owners of which all shouted out their grief at having been pressed and obliged to bring the baggage of one of the regiments from Mirath. They get a fair price for the work, but this is the busy season in the fields; and moreover, no man, not even a patient Hindu, likes to be torn away from his own proper work and applied to some other purpose, as if he were a thing and not a person. We met our second buggy horse (such a gallant little Arab mare) at a place by the roadside, where some Faqírs had made themselves a hut, and offered the comfort of a clean mat, a pipe, and a fire made in a hole, with manure for fuel, to any passing traveller, who gladly requited them with a few pice. At this season the Satlej is low; we forded a great part of it, and crossed the rest by the most absurd looking bridge of boats I ever beheld. The boats are like very large punts with most curious sterns, about eight feet out of the water. In each boat is a hut, in each hut are some men, so that it is a populous bridge; the whole thickly overlaid with straw. Captain Phillips's house is close to the river, which forms a kind of promontory at the spot, and behind it is the picturesque Fort of Filór. We found them awaiting us. Their house is a pretty native one with very thick walls, and the rooms full of niches, that are both pretty and convenient. They led us to the garden, an excellent one, with a very fine well, from which the water is drawn by a Persian wheel. Do you know what that is? At a little distance from the well is a horizontal wheel, perhaps ten feet from the ground, this has cogs, and being turned by a yoke of oxen, catches the cogs of a perpendicular wheel placed on one side of it and turns that. This wheel has another parallel to it, and turned at the same time, just above the deep well. Over this third wheel is a circular

band of ropes fashioned like a ladder, to every step of which a small water-pot is fastened. The lower end of this band is below the water; so that all the pots get filled, and as they reach the top are emptied into a trough, which coveys the water into the fountains, and from thence into the garden. After breakfast and prayers we returned to the garden to see the fountains play.

The former owner of the place built a pretty little summer-house or kiosk, open on all sides, where we sat. We saw also the Taikhana, or underground apartment for the hot weather, and, after some time spent in the house we mounted an elephant and took a ride before dinner. It was the first time I had ridden on a pad, which is much like a mattress strapped on the elephant's back, with a little board on each side for the feet. We were obliged to hold on by the ropes, at the risk of getting our fingers pinched if the elephant chose to puff himself out, but it was very sociable and pleasant. Sometimes an elephant takes it into his head to get rid of his load, which he does by swelling himself out until he bursts the ropes and girths, for he cannot reach any one on his back with his trunk. This happened to the E.'s not long ago. They were riding a vicious animal, who suddenly began to roar, puff, and shake himself furiously. Colonel and Mrs. E. were landed somehow or other, when their daughter, finding that the elephant would not kneel, and that the howdah was already half off, very nimbly jumped from his back and alighted safe and sound. I think some one caught her. Filór is prospering under our rule. The roads are certainly much better, and the soil firmer than at Loodiana. Had a most agreeable day; I was much pleased with my first visit to the Panjab, and first sight of the Satlej. It was a lovely moonlight night though bitterly cold. I saw a most curious equipage the other day at the wedding, a double-bodied phaeton drawn by two camels, with a rider on each, and gay red and green saddle-cloths. They are very swift, and much more suited to this sandy soil than horses are.

December 23rd, 1847.—A friend having left his boys in my charge for a month, I have taught them in my little school. It sometimes makes my heart ache to hear the answers given by them and by the Catechist children. They really know *less* than those of the Ayahs. For instance, they all maintained that Jesus was not the Son of God, only the Son of Man, except a little boy of the sweeper-caste, who has only been here three or four days, and who, therefore, must have learnt the Divinity of our Lord elsewhere. The same day all these so-called Christian children said that the only punishment of sin was the death of the body, the little Mehter, as before, answering that it was hell. We have had the greatest difficulty to persuade them that they are sinners, all of them denying it stoutly; and yet two of them are past ten years old, and one has learned part of the shorter Catechism, though, of course, just like a parrot would. The boys knew no Grace before or after Meat, nor the Ten Commandments; the little one knew no prayer whatever, and both are entirely ignorant of Scripture History, knew nothing even of Noah, Abraham, or Isaac. The eldest said that the soul became "mud" when we died. They have been allowed to run wild, and have been almost entirely with a very bigotted Múhammadan Bearer, and who has put many false ideas into their minds.

To-day they all spoke with great contempt of idols, and said they were nothing but bits of paper and bamboo that could do nothing, so we endeavoured to show them that it is a great sin to give the honour due to Almighty God to such things. Our friend's and the Catechist's children all declared that angels were mortal, and the eldest boy added that the devil would die some day. My Ayah's little girl Dhannú answered rightly, and afterwards related the whole history of the Temptation and Fall perfectly with every minute particular, while the others knew scarcely anything about it. While I am speaking of children, I must tell you of a little Sunday School child in America, who was asked what she thought the stars were. She said they

were holes to let the glory through. We have been, and still are, very anxious about the Newtons' eldest boy of ten years old. He is suffering from fever, a kind of typhus, and all the medicines given him by the Doctor do him no good. I sat with Mrs. Newton in his room on Sunday evening, and read to him a little. Mrs. Newton has charge of a poor little sick child of three years old, a "mitherless bairn," who I fear is dying. I cannot describe the tenderness with which both she and Mr. Newton watch over it, while its father, a young officer in the Jallander, has never been to see it, and hardly inquires after it. C. found Mr. Newton busy at his desk, and carefully holding the poor sick little thing on one arm. I read to Johnnie, and he was much pleased. Mrs. Newton is indeed a wise Christian mother. I was stroking Johnnie's hot forehead with my cold hands, and said to him, "Is it not a great comfort, dear, that even a little illness is sent for some good reason?" She quickly answered, "Johnnie has not only a *little* illness, but a dangerous fever, and he knows it: I always think it right that he should know the truth." She told me afterwards that she had asked him if he had ever thought it possible he might not recover? "He said he had." She asked him how he felt in the prospect of death? He said, "Sometimes I feel quite ready to die, and sometimes I feel afraid." Every one is interested about him.

The old Shahzadeh Nazzar, son of Shah Zeman, came to call the other day, having, as he said, heard so many praises of my husband that he wished to make his acquaintance. He is extremely gentlemanly and much respected, especially on account of the resignation and quiet dignity with which he bears his adverse fortune. He was once Governor of Herât, in the days when his father was a mighty monarch who made India tremble; and here he, who was then served with a jewelled Kalián with princely state and pomp, smoked a common bazár Chillam with great satisfaction, and conversed amiably with my Munshí when C. was out of the room.

The other day my husband was not on parade, and the Adjutant came to inform him that the men of the Grenadier Company, who are building their lines, had struck work. The Adjutant had found them sitting on the ground, and on demanding the reason, they replied that they had got no pay for many months, and therefore could not work. Mr. Gilbert threatened to beat them if they did not, and on their proving refractory he assailed some of them vigorously, and most of them returned to their duty. On hearing this C. drove there and told them to leave off; that as they were too fine gentlemen to work, he should transfer the bricklayers, whom he had hired to teach them how to make bricks and to build, to the first company, which has distinguished itself by its zeal in pulling down the old huts. In vain they offered to work—in vain the Subadar Ram Sing represented that this would be punishing the whole company for the fault of a few—in vain a day or two afterwards they begged the Sergeant Major to intercede for them, and Ram Sing came here himself to get their pardon—C. was inexorable, and said that when all the companies had finished, he would hire Kulís at the expense of the Grenadier Company to build their huts. The companies take it in rotation to build their Lines, so that the Grenadiers ought to have been finished before the first company began; but the latter, who had greatly distinguished themselves by their zeal in brickmaking, which they, to the astonishment of all the Bengal officers, who say they cannot get the men to make their own bricks, had volunteered to do, and made much better and harder ones than those which are made by labourers, thereby saving their own pay—this said company, fired with emulation, began to build up their walls in the most astonishing manner, the Afgháns especially worked with fury. One Afghán brings so many bricks on his head that he stands as it were stupified, with his eyes starting for a minute afterwards. I do like the Afgháns, they are so full of energy. I never saw an Afghán sit still when there was anything to do, even though it might be no

business of his. Well, the Grenadiers fretted and fumed, and vented their rage by privily bestowing a sound beating on the ringleader, who had led them into this scrape. The walls of the first company grew and grew, until a good number of the Mussalmans of the Grenadier Company got leave to attend their great feast, the Muharram, but instead of going to the feast they hired bricklayers of their own and worked the whole time of their leave with might and main. Upon this C. forgave them, and the two companies are trying which can build fastest.

December 23rd.—I asked Mrs. Rudolph to accompany me to visit Hasan Khán's family, that she might tell them something more of the Gospel. We found that Leila's poor sister-in-law was dead. I therefore begged Mrs. R. to ask Leila Bibí where they thought the soul went to after death? She answered in a hurried nervous manner, as if the subject were unplesant, "How can we tell; some go to God, some to hell, who can know?" Mrs. R. then said, "You must, therefore, fear death?" "Of course we do fear it." Mrs. Rudolph with much gravity and earnestness replied—"I and the Mem Sahib do not fear it, because if God has given us His Holy Spirit in our hearts there is no reason to fear." She then spoke more with them, and read the Parable of the Prodigal Son, and explained it: showed them that envy, pride, and idleness were sins; that God had committed some talent to each of us, whereof we should have to give account—and that He was willing to receive all who felt their sinfulness and came to Him for pardon. They were much more attentive and intelligent than we could have expected. After we returned I could not get the poor sister-in-law out of my thoughts. I liked the little I saw of her; she seemed very gentle and sympathizing, and now she is dead in her ignorance. She was the one I mentioned as having listened so attentively to Mrs. Rudolph's reading when Leila Bibí was ill.

December 24th.—We had Afghán visitors all day. Murtiza Shah's son came. He is a most gentlemanly

youth both in appearance and manner. Yet he related an instance of coarse insolence he had lately met with, which, I am sorry to say, is by no means rare on the part of individuals (for they are neither men nor gentlemen) towards natives. It happened only a few days ago that in riding he met an elephant, and as his horse always shies and makes a terrible fuss whenever he meets one of these huge creatures, he turned into a Compound close by until the elephant was past. The occupant of the Bungalow, I am sorry to say an officer, rushed out shouting, "Jao, jao" (Go, go), and actually threw a stone at him. The young man said, "Not knowing whether he was drunk or only ignorant, I said nothing, and came away." He added: "I know you and several other British gentlemen, and am therefore aware that you are not all of the same *colour* (their idiom to express being all of the same class, all alike), but such acts make people without science detest the British name." He also mentioned that some time ago his father had an appointment with a gentleman, and on his way to it passed through part of the British camp. I think it was at Lahore. A European came up and asked to see a book he had in his hand. Murtiza Shah handed it to him, and in return he struck him on the leg with a heavy bar of iron until the blood gushed out.

The gentleman Murtiza Shah was going to, was very much annoyed, but nothing was done.

Now in these two cases both father and son were well dressed, the latter well mounted, with a servant after him, and both very gentlemanly in appearance, so that the Quartermaster Sergeant calls the son "the young Prince;" so you may imagine how such people would behave to a poor ill dressed man. I asked C. how it was that such an assault was not severely punished. He said, I little knew the way in which officers will screen their men in such cases.

An instance has just occurred here which will give you a specimen of some Indian ladies. Major Mac Donald has a headman who has superintended every-

thing for him for many years; a most respectable, quiet Brahman. Captain Q. had a most disreputable Adjutant, a Mr. W. This person borrowed money of Major Mac Donald's headman, and a short time since Mrs. W. sent for the latter (unknown to Major M.) and tried to get some more money from him, but finding there was no hope of repayment, he declined; whereupon Mrs. W.'s European female servant flew upon him, tore the note of hand from him, and destroyed it before his face, and then turned him out of the house. The supposition is that she and her mistress then incited her husdand, a Bombadier, to assault the poor man; certain it is that he did so, and cruelly maltreated him, put out one finger and broke another, and injured him so much that he was brought home, nearly insensible, on a Charpaí. The thing was so glaring that the Bombadier was brought to a Court Martial, whereat the prosecutor, as he was bound to do, acted as counsel for the prisoner, brow-beating the Native witnesses on behalf of the complainant, and at length, by false swearing, it was asserted to the satisfaction of the Court, that this quiet, elderly Native had *assaulted* the huge, stout European soldier, who was acquitted.

Major Macdonald, instead of reporting the behaviour of the Adjutant's wife to the Commander-in-Chief, paid the money himself, which I think a very great pity, as such shameful conduct ought to be exposed. It appears to me that *esprit de corps* would lead honourable men to clear themselves and their regiment from any participation in such deeds, by vigorously punishing instead of screening the guilty. This feeling makes me always desire that a gentleman who has disgraced himself should be doubly punished.

In the evening Abdulrahman Khán came while we were at dinner. We handed him a box of Kabul grapes, which he ate, jauntily flinging the skins over his shoulder against the wall, evidently thinking himself the very mirror of good manners. It was done with such simplicity that I could hardly forbear laughing.

After dinner C. read with him the last chapters of the Gospel of Luke. He had brought back the Testament my husband had given him, but had evidently not read it all, for when he came to the part where the Jews cried out, "Crucify him! crucify him!" he could not forbear bursting out with a most emphatic exclamation of "Kambacht!" ("You luckless wretches!") and as he went on he uttered constantly an Arabic appellation to the Most High, signifying, "Why are such crimes permitted?" When we related this to Mr. Janvier, he told us that a compositor in their printing office exclaimed when he came to the same part, "It was from gross jealousy that they put him to death!"

December 25th, 1847.—C. and I profited by his holiday by taking a walk together. Such lovely bright cold mornings and such brilliant starlight nights we have now. Certainly at this time of year the climate is the finest in the world.

L. called. C. lent him a most admirable book, the best for popular use I have ever seen on the subject, "Nelson's Cause and Cure of Infidelity:" you ought by all means to get it for the reading-room at Sparrow's Herne. C. told him of an infidel lawyer whom we read of in one of the American papers. He had consented to read the Scriptures, and the Presbyterian Elder who had persuaded him to do so found him one day lost in thought, and having stated what were his former prejudices against the moral law, the Elder asked him, "But what do you think of it now?" "I have been looking," said the Infidel, "into the nature of that law. I have been trying to see if I can add anything to it, or take anything from it, so as to make it better. Sir, I cannot; it is perfect.

"The first command directs us to make the Creator the supreme object of our love and reverence: that is right. If He be our Creator, Preserver, and Supreme Benefactor, we ought to treat Him and none other as such. The second forbids idolatry; that is certainly right. The third forbids profaneness. The fourth fixes a time for religious worship; if there be a God He

ought surely to be worshipped. It is suitable that there should be an outward homage significant of our inward regard. If God is to be worshipped it is proper that some time should be set apart for that purpose, when all may worship Him harmoniously, and without interruption. One day in seven is certainly not too much. The fifth commandment defines the peculiar duties arising from family relations. Injuries to our neighbour are then classified by the moral law. They are divided into offences against life, chastity, property, and character; and," said he, applying a legal idea with legal acuteness, "I notice that the greatest offence in each class is expressly forbidden. Thus the greatest injury to life is murder, to chastity adultery, to property theft, and to character perjury. Now, the greatest offence must include the less of the same kind: murder must include every injury to life; adultery, every injury to chastity and purity, and so of the rest. And the moral code is closed and perfected by a command forbidding every improper desire in regard to our neighbours. I have been thinking," he proceeded, "where did Moses get that law? I have read history. The Egyptians and adjacent nations were idolators; so were the Greeks and Romans, and the wisest and best of the Greeks and Romans never gave a code of morals like this. Where did Moses get that law which surpasses the wisdom and philosophy of the most enlightened ages? He lived at a period comparatively barbarous; but he has given a law in which all the learning and sagacity of subsequent ages have failed to detect a flaw? WHERE DID HE GET IT? He could not have soared so far above his age as to have devised it himself. I am satisfied where he obtained it. It came down from heaven. I am convinced of the truth of the religion of the Bible."

He continued until his death, about three years after, a firm believer in the truth of Christianity, his views expanding and growing correct.

In the evening C. took me to the Lines, that I might see his men building. I was struck by their quiet

behaviour. They make mortar by the simple process of pouring water into a pit and trampling earth into it. The bricks are merely sun dried. The 2nd company, which has a Sikh at its head, have worked with more zeal than discretion, and have in their haste built their doorways quite crooked.

There are three barracks to a company, each containing eight rooms or houses, in each of which there are about three Sepáhis. The Native officers are allowed a certain sum to build houses for themselves, according to their rank, and when a regiment leaves the station, it receives compensation for its lines, if they are in good order.

I saw no women, and only one little child, besides a baby of the Sergeant-Major's, a most beautiful, stout, blooming Irish babe of seven months old, of which its little Hindustani Ayah—for all the soldiers' wives have one—seemed very proud. European children thrive admirably here. I never saw finer babes.

A poor bombadier and his wife came to chapel last Sunday, and to our house afterwards to tea. They seem Christian people by what Captain C. told us of them, yet there they are in that wretched barrack night and day. He complained bitterly of the fearful temptations surrounding them; they have no place wherein to pray, and can never join in prayer together, but when they wish for uninterrupted communion with God they take a walk by themselves. Is not this another proof of the sin of herding men and women together, as they do in barracks?

Captain C. dined with us. We talked of those far awa'. Mr. Porter came in the evening. He mentioned one reason why it is very improbable that our blessed Lord was born in December, viz., that the Shepherds were keeping watch over their flocks in the fields at night, which is never done in winter; moreover, it is not likely that a Government would have appointed the taxing at a season when travelling would have caused so much suffering to the people, for on a long journey they must constantly have slept in the open air.

January 15th, 1847.—Sometime ago C. dispatched a party to apprehend deserters. While so doing they were laid hold of by the civil power and put into prison, whereby five of the captured deserters escaped. C. has had a long correspondence with the different authorities on the subject, and sent word to his Havildar and men to *stay* in prison until they were released in proper form. This, however, they were not permitted to do, the authorities finding themselves in a scrape thrust them out. So a few days ago, I was astonished to see a tall, fine looking Sikh take off his turban and place it on the chair. I seized the opportunity of looking at his long hair, which was turned up in a most complicated manner and fastened by a red comb. I found afterwards, that he did this to express the depths of dishonour into which he had fallen. Had he been condoled with, he would have been a discontented man for the rest of his days, so C. told him impatiently to put on his turban and depart: adding, "The matter is no business of yours, the concern is *mine*;" he accordingly went away, convinced of the truth of this assertion, which, I think, it would have been next to impossible to imprint on the mind of a John Bull, who had been imprisoned for doing his duty. He never could have borne to be thus violently deprived of his grievance.

The Sikhs, they say, are less superstitious than the Hindus. I was astonished at the Granthí or priest of the regiment bringing his sacred book the *Granth** (a title I can never hear without laughing) for me to see, thinking I might like to copy some of the pictures, which I intend doing, though certainly not on account of their beauty. All the natives profess to admire my drawings very much whenever they get hold of them; but I suspect that in bringing me their own pictures, they have hopes of improving my style. Saiad Reza brought us an illuminated volume of Persian poems the other day, some of the pictures were indescribably ludicrous. One poem was on the loves of Majnun and Leila, another on those of Alexander the Great and

* Pronounced "Grunt."

Sherín. Alexander, whom they look upon as a devout Mussalman, is represented bare footed, offering Sherín a cup of water, while she rides astride on a punchy white horse, and looks very s veetly at him. In the last picture, the devil in the form of an old woman with a basket of cakes, tells him that Sherín is dead, whereupon he knocks a great hole in his head with his fist and kills himself. In another picture, Khosroes, King of Persia, is represented sitting with his love in a tent, when a tiger comes in, which he forthwith slays by thumping its head with his fist. Almost all the heroes and heroines get tipsy by drinking wine together, so you may judge of Persian refinement and Múhammadan orthodoxy. By the way Mr. E. tells me that the Sikhs are dreadfully given to drinking. Mr. E. and Major MacDonald dined with us the other night, and were speaking of the Afghán character, and saying how much these wild people prefer Europeans to Hindustánís, for whose soft character they have the greatest contempt. Major MacDonald mentioned as an instance of this, that a noted Afghán wrestler tried his skill with an officer, who gave him a severe fall. When he got up again, the officer said to him, "I am afraid I have hurt you?" "Do you take me for a Hindustání?" was the indignant reply, and springing up in the air the wrestler allowed himself to fall violently on his knees, which were, in consequence, frightfully cut. "Do you take me for a Hindústaní?" asked he again! Mr. E. told us that last summer the authorities at Simla were beset by a crowd of half-starved and maimed men, women and children, who had all but perished in the snows of Afghánistan. They cried for succour—the men in office said it was no business of theirs, and sent them to and fro, until, wearied with the sight of their misery, they ordered the police to turn them out of Simla—and these poor creatures, our own fellow subjects, who had lost everything but life itself in our service, were driven forth to perish. Mr. E. indignantly expressed his opinion of such an action to Colonel ——, who answered coolly, "Why, what could be done?"—Done! why

they might, should, and *ought* to have been provided for at the expense of the Government; it was a sacred debt, both of honour and justice, and if the Government had made difficulties, why could not these men in high office have helped them out of their own pockets? I should feel it a disgrace and a sin, if a discharged soldier or a poor camp-follower went from our door unpitied and unrelieved, whether we could afford it or not. By-the-by, many of the disbanded Afgháns of whom I told you some time ago can get no employment though they have been discharged *without* bounty, on the understanding that, according to promise, they would be provided for. Some of those who went on to Lahore, finding no employment there, wrote a petition to my husband, begging to be received into his regiment, but this cannot be done as Major Mackeson opposes it, not liking, I believe, the admixture of Afgháns and Sikhs. Another set of them are waiting here. They came the other morning to see how their affairs were going on; such a fine set of men, each with his medal, and some with two. C. told them nothing had been done, that he had got no answer to his letters. "Well," said they, "our only dependence is on you—we cling to your Lordship's skirt." "But," said my husband, "if you pull too hard my Lordship's skirt will tear?" at which little joke they all laughed.

Now that we dine late, Abdulrahmán Khán often occupies himself when he pays us evening visit, by saying his prayers in the corner while we eat our soup. One of our men died the other day; he was an only child, and his poor old father, a venerable looking Sikh peasant, came to receive his pay. It touched one to see the desolate white-bearded man, but C. said kind things to him, and gave him something to help him on his journey home.

A poor Jew was baptized the last Sabbath in December. The Missionaries have known him for two or three years; he was most anxious for baptism, and professed his dependence on Christ alone, the Son of God, for salvation, and as there was nothing to object

to in his life, they thought it right to baptize him, though they do not see the clear evidence that could be desired of his conversion. In the evening he sat opposite to me at the Lord's Table, and you may be sure that we prayed for his union with Christ, the Living Bread. I have also heard from Miss Laing that seven of her orphan charge have been lately baptized in Calcutta. Another Missionary and his wife have just passed through, Mr. and Mrs. Morrison, on their way to Sabáthu. Mr. Morrison preached an excellent sermon on Sunday. Mr. Morrison called on us, and told me of his pleasure at finding the orphans whom he had received at Allalabad in 1838, now monitors, tutors, and catechists, and some of them better Hebrew scholars than himself. His voice grew thick as he said that this repaid him for all his trials, which have been very heavy. He mentioned having punished one of these very boys for theft. He had taken some grain from an ass. Mr. Morrison punished him in a very original manner, by pouring the grain back into the ass's trough, and compelling the boy to eat with his long-eared companion until the whole was finished. He never stole again. Mr. Morrison told me of some curious superstitious fancies the natives have. They think if you pass between two donkeys you will lose your religion, but if you touch them both you will get it back again, or keep it. It is accounted disgraceful by most persons here to ride upon an ass. I have ridden twice lately upon a pretty little Arab, Major Ekins lent me; it is very gentle, but its paces, like those of most Arabs, are short, and it goes very near the ground. I prefer the high action of a good English horse. The Arabs are very small, generally from fourteen hands to fourteen hands two inches. They have another peculiarity, when not roused they are the most lazy creatures possible, they will fall half asleep whenever they stand still, and make the greatest possible fuss about the smallest possible exertion. Even with my weight, this little horse groans and sighs, puffs out his nostrils whenever he comes to a sandy

place, as if he were quite overcome with fatigue, and yet he could probably carry a person twice as heavy sixty miles without stopping. He looks so meek and sleek, with such a beautiful black eye, it is impossible not to pet him.

We went to see the ice-pits, where the ice is made for our summer consumption. An immense number of shallow saucers of water are placed on beds of straw and rubbish in an exposed situation, the water freezes, and is collected in the morning and lodged in great pits. The subscription is about seven or eight rupís a share, that is to say, for two sírs a day during the season; four sírs, or eight pounds, is a moderate allowance.

On New-Year's Day, C. having ridden out, met a camp of gipsies, of about forty persons. They were very poor, so he told two of them to come to the house, and he would give them something. He had no sooner performed his promise, than Baedullah and Vazirá, the bearer, entreated him not to have anything to do with such people, for they were all necromancers and could take any shape they pleased, and would certainly come back next day as rich Mahájans. It seems they call them *bérupiá*, or shapeless, *i. e.* having no proper form of their own. They reminded him of what had happened to Sir Claude Wade; and our Khánsáman, who was ten years in Sir Claude's service, has just related the story at full length. It seems Colonel Wade was writing when he beheld a procession entering his Compound, Chobdars running before, followed by a splendid Palkí and an elephant, and His Majesty Shah Shujah ul Mulk entered. Colonel Wade paid his compliments, and was much surprised by the King asking him for a present, but the latter explained, "I am not the King, only I have taken his appearance, and I really want some money." Sir Claude was so amazed that he gave him some; whereupon, this second edition of Shah Shujah proceeded to the palace, where they were so bewildered at seeing His Majesty's double, that they also made him a present. He then went on

to Lahore, where Ranjit Sing was so astonished at seeing his ill used old guest, that he, too, gave him a gift; after which he went to Delhi, and Saiad Khán does not know what became of him afterwards.

This grave old servant of ours often diverts me. The other day I asked him the name of a pudding. I could not at first catch the name; when I did, I said, "Oh! flummery;" whereupon he corrected me, saying, "Nehín (no) Mem Sahib, 'p-lummery.'" So I have been obliged to call it p-lummery ever since. In the same way I always order a *pu-lum* pudding.

Another disbanded soldier came to us the other day, an Afghán of Ferris's, Jezailchís, a very fine athletic man, who had not eaten for three days. Certainly some record ought to be made of Government promises, that one Governor-General may fulfil those given by his predecessor.

Monday, January 17th.—Mr. Janvier brought over Capt. W., whom C. had known in Malacca, and who is now a devoted Christian, and has a suitable helpmeet in his wife, the daughter of Mr. Hill, an excellent Missionary in Calcutta. Captain W. has for the last seven or eight years studied the Scriptures in Urdú and Hindúí, for the purpose of making himself useful among the natives. He assembles his servants for reading and prayer, morning and evening, distributes tracts, and enters into conversation on religion whenever he can make an opportunity. Good Major Wheeler at Benáres openly preaches to the Sepáhis, but although Captain W. does not do this, yet when he takes his books, and goes to visit a village, the Sepáhis say, "Let us follow our Padre, with his books, and hear what he says." The Molewi of his corps has been much oppressed by the other Mussulmans for the interest he evinced in Christianity: he appears at present to have gone back. The next morning, while C. was busy inspecting the clothing of the regiment, I walked out, and met Captain and Mrs. W. Some of the boys of the Mission School were lounging about, and Captain W. spoke to them. One of them said

it was true that Jesus was a Saviour, but he added, "Ram is my Saviour." Captain W. asked him if he knew what sort of person Ram was, and described the wickedness of his character, asking if that were a fit kind of Saviour: the boy acknowledged it was not. Captain W. afterwards told me that the keeper of the shrine at Fattihpur Sikri, a Mussalmán of good family, assured him that he believed in Jesus as the Son of God, and always prayed in his name. One day he was present, when Captain W., at family worship, was explaining the miracles of our Lord, and remarking that none but God could do such wonders. The Mullah said before them all, "That is quite true;" yet five minutes afterwards Mrs. Williams found him with his face to the west, going through the Múhammadan form of prayers. She spoke to him most seriously, and the only excuse he could make was, that "he was brought up so." Captain W. mentioned an incident which shows how useful it is to give away tracts. He was speaking to a man whom he met by chance on the subject of salvation, and was astonished at his knowledge. He asked how he came to know these things, and the man told him that a Sáhib had given him a book, which he not only read himself, but which his neighbours constantly came to his house to hear. Mrs. W. also told me that when she used to translate one of the tracts for children which abound at home, to her little native school at Benáres, the children would listen with the greatest interest and cry, "Oh, why don't the people in England send *us* such little books, we should like to read them just as much as the children in England."

In the afternoon Captain W. went into the city, and after one of the catechists had done speaking, addressed the people himself. The next day, before starting, he accompanied Mr. Janvier and Mr. Rudolph to visit a Dhobí, who is to be hanged to-morrow for the murder of his wife. She was unfaithful: he cut her throat, and then delivered himself up to the kotwal, or native magistrate. They found him perfectly callous and

unmoved. He said, "God put it into his heart to kill his wife, so that if there were anything wrong in it, it was not *his* fault: what did it signify whether he were hanged to-morrow or not, he must die some day." Mr. Rudolph plainly told him, "You will bitterly regret to-morrow at this time not having listened to us to-day;" but no impression could be made on this wretched Hindu. He said, "If I have sinned I shall atone for it to-morrow:" and thus he left the world, in the full persuasion that he would be happy in the next.

Agha Múhammad told us a most excellent answer that he had himself heard at Pesháwur. One day he and his father were paying a visit to Abdul Sammad Beg, that wretched Persian of whom you can see an account in "Wolff's Book," and who was the principal adviser of the tyrant of Bokhara, on the occasion of Stoddart and Conolly's murder: some refugees of our unfortunate Kabul force having also had their throats publicly cut before the gates of the city by his orders. This monster had a negro servant, a remarkably devout Mussalmán, who never omitted the five prayers daily, and was looked upon as a saint.

Abdul Sammad was telling his visitors what a heavenly man this was, when the negro entered bearing a pipe. His master said to him, "I was just saying what a devout man you are, that you are sure to go to heaven: tell me, what do you think of me? do you think I shall?" The negro looked him full between the eyes and answered gravely, "Heaven is not a stable," meaning where swine and dogs and such as you may enter. Agha Múhammad said that Abdul Sammad tried to laugh, but evidently felt the rebuke.

In no other country is there such a gulf between the different classes, in regard to kindly feeling and intercourse as in England, and especially England Proper. See the difference in Germany, for instance; the respectful familiarity between officers and men in the Prussian army. The more I see of other countries, the more forcibly English exclusiveness strikes me as a very bad national peculiarity. It is a thing wholly

unknown in the East, where servants and masters, rich and poor, behave to each other much as I suppose they did in patriarchal times.

The Náig of our guard reported last night that a young Sepáhi having burnt his leg, the cold had increased the pain to such a degree that he was unfit for duty. He was quite a lad; C. sent for him, gave him a dose of arnica, and tied up his leg with cotton with his own hands. The pain went off almost immediately: we kept him here all the next day, that he might take more arnica, and his father and mother, who live quite near the Lines that they may look after their boy and cook for him, brought him his dinner.

January 20th.—This morning, as we were taking our usual walk, we met an officer's servant with a curious sort of weapon in his hand: it was a kind of battle-axe with a long red handle. He told us he carried it as a protection against thieves, and showed us how he folded it in his garment, so that they cannot tell, said he, what I have here. Fancy a gentleman's servant carrying such a weapon in England?

CHAPTER XI.

Agha Muhammad's Wife—An Afghan Brother—Romanist Schools—Want Supplied—The Roman Catholic Bishop—Fall of 50th Lines—Delays in Clothing the Regiment—"Nell"—Attack on Agha Muhammad—Earthquake at Peshawur—Pensions to Jezailchis—Superstition—Security of Existence—Oppression in Kashmir—False Alarm—Cheap Living—Government Education—Airs of some of the Native Women—Regiment on the March—Fewness of Sikhs—Afghan's Anxiety to Learn—Azim—Controversy—A Proud Mullah—False Inquirers—Ungentlemanly Conduct—Accident to an Officer—Widow of Shah Zeman—Cheeroots—Music—Funeral in a Zenana—Beauty—Two Zenanas—American Family—Abbas Khan's Rescue—French Revolution—Fair at Hardwar—Money God—Morning Scene—Poor Old Afghan—Visit from Shahzadeh's Wife.

JANUARY 29th.—Agha Múhammad came full of joy to tell us, first, that he was likely to win his lawsuit here, and secondly, what was still better, that his wife and little brother had escaped from Afghánistan and were now at Pesháwur, on their way thither. At first he used the general term "my household," but then added, confidentially, "that is, my wife," and his eye glistened. He said, "Many of my people take more than one wife, but I am sure that it is not only wicked but foolish; there are always jealousies and heart-burnings, and those who do so are sure to eat sorrow for it at last."

Abdul Rahmán Khán came in last night. C. mentioned the fact of Abdulla Khán Achakzai having buried his elder brother in the ground up to the neck, tied a rope round his throat, fastened a horse to the other end of it, and drove the animal round and round

until his brother expired. Abdul Rahmán could not deny the fact, so he uttered two or three groans, and then betook himself to his prayers in the corner of the room. My naughty little dog no sooner saw this, than he must needs go curiously prying into his performances —peering into his face and distracting the pious Mussalmán with his unorthodox attentions, and it was only by constant feeding I could keep him away. The Hindustanís are rather fond of dogs, the Hindus very much so; but the Afgháns have a true Musslíman sense of their uncleanness.

As a sign of the times, I may mention that the "Dehli Gazette" the other day contained advertisements from no less than five different Romanist schools,* for boys or girls, at Agra and Massurí. In one a pledge is given that the religion of Protestant pupils will not be interfered with, but that "they will be instructed in religion as far as possible without touching on those points on which Catholics and Protestants differ." Louisa Sylvester told me that when she was in the Convent of Agra, most of the children, herself included, were ready to become Roman Catholics, partly to escape punishment, and partly because the nuns gave them such descriptions of the glories of heaven and of the happiness of those virgins (meaning themselves), who should follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth, that they longed to become nuns too.

They were most carefully instructed in all the peculiar dogmas of Rome; Louisa has them all at her finger's end. The priests who visit the convent daily are all young, and all foreigners, except one. The Bishop is middle-aged—an Italian: you may judge of his charac-

* The Society for Promoting Female Education in the East are about to open a school for the children of officers and others at Missouri, so as to give a thorough and Christian education in a good climate to those who cannot afford to send their daughters home. Subscriptions are received by Miss Webb, Honorary Secretary, 15, Shaftesbury Crescent, Pimlico. Another most valuable institution is the Female Normal School in Calcutta, for training teachers of all castes and complexions. Particulars can be obtained from the Venerable the Archdeacon of Calcutta.

ter by what Louisa related to me. One of the children happened to be alone with him in the parlour of the Convent, for the nuns are in the habit of complaining to the Bishop of any child who commits a fault, which all the pupils greatly fear, although he always intercedes for them, and gets their punishment remitted. The nuns had served wine to the Bishop, who had taken too much, and, therefore, said divers improper things to this poor child, and gave her wine to drink. Her companions soon found this out, and she told them what the Bishop had said to her, and that he had desired her by no means to tell the nuns. None of the children dared to mention anything of this circumstance, for the nuns told them that the Bishop was in the place of God, and that it was a great sin to say anything against a priest.

A Bombadier's wife has been telling me much of Captain C.'s kindness to the sick. I find she was in the barracks of the 50th at the time they fell down last year. She and some other women had been sent up to join their husbands after the Satlej campaign. They arrived at Loodiana I think in June. There was no place for them to go to, and for some days they lived in their hackeries* in the midst of the hot winds; at last they were housed, and some were sent to the 50th lines. The very night they got into their new quarters the barracks fell, and their end was the only portion that remained standing. They had been obliged to have a guard of Sepahis to protect them from the insolence of the British soldiers, some of whom being intoxicated, had endeavoured to force their way into the women's quarters. All their guard were killed except one, a young Havildar, who had kindly gone to fetch a light for one of the poor women whose child was just dying. He was in the act of giving them this light when all the rest of the building fell, and thus owed his life to this act of kindness.

Mrs. Janvier and I went to see Hasan Khán's wives the other day. They were full of the execution which

* Carts.

took place lately, and thought it very wrong to hang a man for such a cause, saying that in their country a man had a right to kill an unfaithful wife, and besides, he was "so young." I could not help thinking there was much excuse for him.

February 15th, 1848.—Johnnie Newton, after being almost given over is, we trust, recovering. We have been walking daily of late, for it has been too cold to drive in the evening. The men have got their great coats just as they were beginning to die from exposure to the cold with insufficient clothing. A hundred are still waiting for their arms, and have been so since November, for want of workmen to make and alter their belts, pouches, &c. Just imagine the consequences if the regiment had been needed for active service. The arms were indented for last May. My husband applied to Government for information as to what clothing he was to indent for, and whom he was to get it from, and did not receive an answer for months afterwards, and, therefore, could not indent until late in the autumn, and the men are nine months in arrears of pay. I was amused at seeing a stout Sikh Havildar, with a magnificent beard, sitting working at something close to my tailor. Bow killed his fourteenth wild cat the other day, and one evening on going to bed I found a small figure in a little red coat lying in the very middle of the bed with its head on the pillow and its feet stretched out straight like a child. This was "Nel," who had deposited himself there, and when I spoke to him, merely opened his eyes and shut them again very tight, wagging his tail most consciously. It is the queerest of doggies.

I have heard no stories for a long while except one from Agha Múhammad, who gave us an account of the attack upon his father and himself at Kabul. They went back to settle their affairs, and received promises of safety from Akbar Khán. They were attacked by armed men just as they were leaving the mountain pass of Lattáband or Rah-i-Kachanár, and entering Butkhák; the father was cut to pieces, one brother severely

wounded, and the other, Agha Múhammad himself, left for dead. They had slain three of their assailants, and were now stripped and left in the snow. Their servants, who had preceded them, came the following morning to look for their bodies. They found the two brothers still breathing, snow having fallen in the night and covered them from the piercing air. They were brought secretly into Kabul, and hid in the house of Akbar Khán's own Názir, who tended them most carefully, and invariably reported to Akbar's messengers, who came to make anything but kindly inquiries after them, that they were at the point of death. When sufficiently recovered he conveyed them away into Kohistan, from whence Agha Múhammad got to Loodiana.

February 22nd.—Major Mackeson has been encamped here for some days. He is a tall handsome man; and has what that affected creature, Disraeli, calls "a very imposing presence." Though very shy in ladies' society, he can talk well, and we have had very lively evenings when he has been with us. Yesterday he gave us an account of the earthquake at Pesháwur, at the time the walls of Jellálábad were thrown down. He and about twenty others were sitting at breakfast in a centre room, when they saw the walls rock to and fro and the ground heave. They all rushed towards the door to gain the stairs. It was necessary to take two turns, and while they were fumbling about, Major M. said "he was ashamed to confess that he, being master of the house, and knowing the way, got out first, the others all tumbling after him down the steps." They then found themselves in a court surrounded by high walls, and all crowded together in the very centre to avoid the walls, should they come down. Some one cried out, "Where's the General?" and it was evident that General Pollock, who had been writing in an inner room, was not among them.

Sir Richmond Shakespeare gallantly made a rush at the stairs, and was about to enter the house while it was still rocking, when the General appeared by another

door, having quietly come down a different flight of steps. It was afterwards found that a beam had fallen, crushing the table at which he was writing and part of his chair, so that had he been a moment later he must have perished. Major F. was out riding at that very time, and had just thrown the reins on his horse's neck to allow him to drink at one of the aqueducts near Pesháwur, when the water suddenly dashed up in the horse's face, and the animal began to tremble all over. Major Mackeson was describing part of the country to the north of the Jélum, which, seen from a height, is so shapeless and barren, so intersected and re-intersected with deep ravines, that he said it gave one an idea of chaos. It is the same part over which the force was passing on their return from Afghánistan, when C. took up a poor Irish horse artilleryman who had been badly wounded, a fellow prisoner, of the name of Keane, or Kane, as he called it himself, to help him across a stream. As they were struggling through it, he said very naïvely, "Och, sir, this is a very conthrairy country."

The new Governor-General, Lord Dalhousie, has done a deed which exalts him greatly in our opinions. C. applied some time ago for pensions for some of his maimed and wounded Jezailchis. He was desired to state what pension he thought suitable, and named ten or twelve rupees a month for Kajjír and Kabbír, the former of whom lost both hands and feet, and the latter both legs up to the knees by the frost, and seven or eight for Múhammad Khán, Gúlfraz, and Gúlnúr, all of whom have lost a portion of their toes. "The Governor-General has granted this, authorized my husband to pay the pensions at once, and commended him for bringing the case to the notice of Government." Gúlnúr is the one who came down a little while ago from Pesháwur to see my husband, and Gúlfraz, who was in the Banda Police Battalion, is going with Múhammad Khán to live among their own people in the neighbourhood of Pesháwur. Múhammad Khán amused me very much the other evening by coming to report formally that he had met Major Mackeson, who had inquired

his name, what he was doing, &c.; he had answered all his inquiries cautiously, stating that C. had "nourished him very considerably," and then came to reveal the matter, being evidently quite unable to fathom the motive of these questions, and determined, with the characteristic caution and suspiciousness of his countrymen, that his old leader should not be circumvented through any fault of his. We have just heard, to our great regret, that poor Kajjír is dead. Delay of justice is immediate injustice.

I met with a curious instance of superstition the other day. Louisa Sylvester wished very much to go to see a burial-ground not far off, but nothing could induce Mrs. Rudolph's Ayah to go with her, lest the dead might arise and lay hold of her. Louisa then took Mrs. Newton's baby, little Francis, and said she would go with him, but Mrs. Newton's Ayah flew to save the child, and said it would never do to take him, for his bearer had been putting perfumes upon him, and that would attract the ghosts. In short not one of the four Ayahs in the compound could be persuaded to venture except my little woman.

We are far from the security of European existence. A poor Sáis here stole some radishes out of a garden. He put them in a little pot, and was stooping down to wash them when, as it is supposed, the owner of the garden came behind him, and with one blow severed his head from his body. It made one's heart ache to hear of it.

Talking of superior security, however, Major Mackeson told me a Persian story last night of a party of pleasure going in a boat, whose enjoyment was quite marred by the incessant crying of a child whom they had brought with them. One of them proposed putting him into the water, which was done, and after he had been thoroughly ducked, he was so convinced of the superior safety of the boat that he became quite quiet and contented.

This was on Carlyle's principle, an excellent one to act upon.—"Fancy that thou deservest to be hanged

(as is most likely), thou wilt feel it happiness to be only shot."

I have been working hard at Talbot-types, and have made one of a camel's carriage—it is really very pretty.

The Government is extremely dissatisfied with Gulab Sing's oppression of his unfortunate subjects, and one of Lord Hardinge's last acts was to write a letter to the Maharajah (the contents of which, if known, would throw the whole of Kashmír into insurrection) saying that if he did not mend his behaviour, the British would leave him to shift for himself.

Sirfraz Khán came here the other day, bringing a beautiful emerald ring as a present to me from the Shahzadeh Shakpúr. It was such a fine one, about a third of an inch square, that it cost me a little pain to know it was impossible to accept it; while at the same time I should have grieved to take so valuable a thing from the poor young Prince, who can ill afford to be so generous.

March 3rd and 4th.—My husband was occupied all the morning in paying his men in the verandah. The whole house was surrounded by them, and the sweet-meat makers had the audacity to come close by, and tempt the poor young Sepáhis with great trays of Mitai. One of our Sáises assured us that a man may have half a seer, *i. e.* a pound of meat and a seer of flour every day for three rupees monthly. Sepáhi's pay is seven rupees a month. The whole expense of the regiment is about 10,000 rupeees monthly. This is considered a very expensive place. Dr. Walker told us of a place near Dacca, where everything is or *was* so cheap, that Kawris (little shells, forty-eight of which go to a pie, which last is about one-third of a penny) were the most useful coins you could have. He had great difficulty in getting change for *one rupee;* and a beggar to whom they gave some copper came and begged to have it exchanged for cowries. I think they got ten or twelve fowls for the rupee (I get five). It was somewhere in that neighbourhood that Mrs. Eckford told me good cows are to be had for three rupees.

There have been divers remarks in the papers lately, on the small results of the Government scheme of education. At present history and *belles lettres* are the two objects to which the attention of the students is chiefly directed; and history, more as a matter of memory than of philosopy. They read Bacon's "Novum Organum," but that is the only work I know of, of a deep character.* Their education strikes me as a feminine one, and receiving no religious instruction, they are deprived of the best part of English female education, of that which does more to strengthen and form the character than any other. Dr. Duff's remarks on the plan of education pursued in the Hindú College, in a recent number of the "Missionary Record," are most true. There is nothing to strengthen or expand the mind; the memory and taste are cultivated, *mais voilà tout.*

There is no excuse for not introducing Christian instruction, for the education given is entirely contrary to all the native prejudices—it deprives the pupils of their superstitions, and leaves them a prey to infidelity. Thus the Government denies them bread, takes away their loaves of stone, and gives them a serpent. The objections made to Christian education always rest on the ostensible basis of danger in meddling with the religion of the natives; but I suppose even an unbeliever would hardly maintain, that there was anything wrong or dangerous in giving the knowledge of the Gospel to those who professed no religion at all. Now the Government schools entirely overthrow Hinduism, and thus having done all the dangerous part of the work, they carefully abstain from that which they themselves must acknowledge to be beneficial. They destroy but will not build.

Query, is there any instance of a Heathen, Múham-

* Whately's "Logic" and Abercrombie's "Mental and Moral Philosophy," have been lately introduced; I believe, under Mr. Bethune's regime. Adam Smith, on the "Moral Sentiments," was previously considered as the ethical work best adapted to the young Hindus, "because it excludes religion."

madan, or Popish Government abstaining from all interference with the religion of a conquered people? If they are not afraid to introduce error, why should we be afraid to introduce truth.* If the Government professes Christianity, let them not support Heathen schools. Let them as Christians make grants towards all Christian schools, according to the number of their pupils. Let all offices and employments be open to Christians, Mussalmans, and Hindús, irrespective of religion; let all have the opportunity of embracing Christianity, but let none be either rewarded or punished for doing so.

Many of the girls from the Orphan School, though brought up most simply, are no sooner married than they must needs perch themselves up on chairs, and give themselves all the airs of ladies. When Mrs. Janvier's baby was baptized in our house, one girl, about two years married, came to the prayer meeting, and immediately took her seat in an arm chair at the top of the table. Golak Náth, the Brahman minister, coming in soon after, was about meekly to sit down on the floor with the rest of the Natives, when my husband made him come to the table. One was a minister, a Brahman by birth, and highly educated; the other was an ignorant, stupid, low caste woman, without a single claim to distinction. The contrast in their behaviour struck me forcibly. Another of these newly married orphans called lately on Mrs. Newton, who gave her some plates: she, who had all her life been accustomed to do *everything* for herself, now said that she could not

* There never was a nation, except professedly Christian and Protestant ones, which did not consider religion as the most essential part of education. English education of any sort, even mere geography and chronology, overthrows the Hindu creed. Why should we not at least *offer* something better in the place of that we destroy? That we do destroy is granted by Mr. Kerr, Principal of the Hindu College, who thus writes—"It is sometimes said that the education we give makes our students sceptical. It does make them sceptical—sceptical of all those degrading ideas with which the notion of a Deity is associated in Hindu minds. ("A Review of Public Instruction in the Bengal Presidency from 1835 to 1851," by J. Kerr, M.A.)

carry them (her hut being about 100 yards distant), but would send her servant for them. Mrs. Newton asked how she had become so proud? To which she replied, that her husband said he did not wish her to do anything: but that she should have a tailor and servants. She ought to be told that such pride and sloth were the greatest disgrace to a Christian woman. The consequence is, that most of the teachers and their wives are in debt, the women idle, and few of them seem to have the smallest idea of labouring with their hands, that they may have to give to him that needeth.

They require to be taught household knowledge, to be neat, to make their own clothes, to bring up their children well, and to do good among their heathen neighbours. But these things could be better taught by those of their own sex than by the Missionaries, who are already overworked; the wife of Golak Náth, the native minister at Jallander, seems to set a good example in these respects, and so does a nice little Kashmirí woman, the wife of a Christian woodcutter; but these are exceptions.

Last Tuesday, 7th.—We spent a very pleasant day at Filor. We went most of the way on an elephant, and, as the 28th Native Infantry had marched the same road just before us, we were much amused with many curious sights, rows of carts filled with Sepáhis, or drummers' wives and families; a young Punjáb woman, in her blue trousers and veil, leading a little kid, or a Sepáhi's wife riding astride on her queer little pony; then a man with a fighting ram, very fat, and his fleece as white as snow, except where they had stained two tufts on his back in bright orange colour; then an immense row of bullock carts, who all got out of our way most peaceably without one hundredth part of the shouting, and none of the beating of cattle that Europeans would display on such an occasion. We heard one driver address an ox as Sáhib Behádar, telling him he was a great warrior, and it was necessary he should exert himself; flattering him in a manner that certainly

made the creature pull with double vigour. We overtook the regiment near the bridge, and it was a pretty sight to see them ford the river, for the bridge of boats only extends across half of it.

Met Mr. Scott of the Civil Service, who told me that the Sikhs (you must remember that the Sikhs are a sect, the Panjábis a people) are so few that in the Jallandar Doab there is not one Sikh in a hundred inhabitants. They always call their sacred book "The Granth Sahib." Mr. Scott told me he had had many suits to settle regarding land which has been left for the support of the Granth Sahib. A census of the population of Lahore has just been published, and although the number of Sikhs, even in the capital, is very small, no beef is allowed there. In Jallandar, where sometime ago they made a "fassád," *i.e.*, a fuss, commotion, or rebellion, on the establishment of one shop for killing and selling beef, they now submit patiently to the presence of *five* such.

I am happy to say a good many Thugs were captured the other day, and more are being pursued; they abound just now in this neighbourhood.

On reading with the Munshí yesterday in the Acts of the people at Jerusalem casting off their clothes from rage, I found that the same thing is sometimes done in this country. The garments are also rent in mourning, both by Múhammadans and Hindus, but more by the latter. When a death occurs, a woman of the caste called Dóms, who are musicians and singers, goes to the house and leads the lamentation, in which the women of the family join, beating themselves and tearing their hair.

C. is going to attend a funeral this evening; a poor young artillery officer who called on us not long ago, and who this day week was in perfect health. He seems to have had no complaint but a slight, low fever. They blistered and leeched him, and sent for the Chaplain yesterday when he was delirious! and now, to-night, he is to be buried. A circular is just come announcing that an auction will be held to-morrow.

morning to sell off all his horses, dogs, and other property, and at this very time, perhaps, his mother and sisters are rejoicing at having "had such good news from him by the last mail!" May God comfort them by giving them the Spirit, the Comforter, to abide with them for ever!

Leila Bibí having expressed a wish to learn to read, I have had Louisa Sylvester taught the Hindustaní character, and she has been several times to teach her; she is very quick, and I hope will be persevering. Louisa has also read a chapter of the "Pilgrim's Progress" to her in Hindustaní, and explained it, and she seemed to understand and to be interested. The day Leila Bibí and Louisa had an argument on Múhammadism and Christianity: it was, as you may suppose, not a very learned or logical discussion, but they showed the popular idea of their religion by saying that no matter what a man did in this life, after death he had only to go to Múhammad, and, for the sake of "the Prophet," God would pardon all his sins. Louisa answered that if it were thus, a man might sin as much as he liked, kill six or eight people, commit a good many robberies, and divers other sins, and yet be sure of heaven at last. They say, "Oh, that would not do; that they would be punished for their sins, but only a little." Like all Múhammadans, they attacked the Divinity of our Lord and Saviour, because they cannot understand it. An evening or two after, Louisa met several wives of one of the Shahzádehs, who desired her to ask me to allow her to come and speak to them also. Golak Náth, the native minister, told us on Sunday that, at Jallandar, not only do many women of the poorer classes come to see them and listen willingly to what they say of the Gospel, but those of higher rank, who cannot come out themselves, often send to ask his wife to visit them for the express purpose of hearing something about this "new religion," and always listen to her patiently. There is an immense field for female Missionaries in this part of the country, but, unfortunately, there is scarcely any one to enter upon it

Golak gave a very satisfactory account of Azim, the new convert, and said that, although he was but a babe in Christ, he had already been of great assistance to him. His wife professes to be a Christian, but shows no sign of being a converted person. As Golak said, like all the oppressed women of this country, she verifies the truth of the Persian proverb, "A cat in the hands of an oppressor will use teeth and claws," and, although her husband oppresses her no longer, she has not yet left off her old habit of scolding to excess, and using language that would never enter into the imagination of a Billingsgate fishwoman. However, she understands the theory of the Gospel; and when her countrywomen come to see her, and ask her why she has left her family and friends, she answers well, and says, "for the salvation of my soul," so that one may hope that she is, at least, convinced if not converted, and that the Spirit of God will, in his own good time, emancipate her from the bondage of her old nature and old evil habits. The Mission premises at Jallandar are situated halfway between the city and a large village; Golak preaches in each once a-day, and frequently in the populous and numerous surrounding villages. He is now on his way to the great mela or fair at Hardwár, whither Mr. Rudolph is also gone.

Mr. Janvier has just returned from his tour, and gives a very encouraging account of the manner in which he has been everywhere received, and the opportunities he has had of maintaining the truths of the Gospel before divers men of rank and learned Mullahs, whom he has, in every case, been enabled to silence, and although it was reported that he had been defeated, yet he said that it was a great satisfaction to him to know that whatever they might say, from 50 to 150 persons had been present in each instance, all of whom had heard with their own ears that their most famous Molevis had been nonplussed.

One of these Molevis is said to be the greatest and most learned man north of Dehli. He affects such a degree of sanctity that he never goes out. Sometime

ago a man of high rank came with a great retinue to see him, pitched his tents at a little distance, and sent word to him of his arrival, stating how far he had come on purpose to see him, thinking that the Molevi would surely relax a little in favour of a man of his consequence; but the latter sent for answer, that, since he had come so far, he might as well come a little further. But the Nawáb, being as proud as the Mullah, struck his tents and departed without seeing him.

This learned personage sent to ask Mr. Janvier to come to him. He accordingly went, and found a fine looking man, with a magnificent black beard, who was at first too prudent to say much, leaving the discussion to his disciples; he at last came to their rescue and endeavoured to browbeat Mr. Janvier, who checked him by observing that it was not the proper way of carrying on a discussion of such importance. He then repeated what he had before advanced, and at last they were left without a reply. He took leave in a friendly manner, and the brother of the Molevi afterwards came to visit him.

He found many reports rife among the natives, that converts were bribed by the Missionaries, and supported at their expense, so he publicly invited them to send some one to Loodiana to ascertain.

A man once stopped him in the bazár at Loodiana, saying he was willing to be a Christian, and wishing to know how much he would give. Another came to one of the Missionaries, and said, they dressed so cleanly, and fed so well, that he would like to be a Christian; and a third went to Golak a short time since, and asked for Christian instruction. After a few meetings it appeared that he was a man of property, who had a suit which he is likely to lose, pending before Mr. John Lawrence, the Commissioner, and therefore wished to be "of the religion of John Lawrence Sáhib;" but, finding that Golak was a Presbyterian, and had no influence, spiritual, or political, with the Commissioner, he departed. So men followed Jesus to feed on the loaves and fishes; so they oft times come to his servants from

merely mercenary views, and numbers of the Europeans you meet in India, having no knowledge or belief in the great work of the Spirit, deny the possibility of converting the Natives, and think that all the converts have been bribed. I do not know how they could account for the conversion of their own barbarous ancestors. They seem to say that the Lord's hand is "shortened, that it cannot save." I do not understand how any one who does not pray for and help Missions (much less any one who opposes them), can use the Lord's Prayer, and say daily "Thy kingdom come."

Most Europeans treat the natives more like brutes than men: they seem to think a native is made to be abused and beaten, and the most vulgar parvenus treat native gentlemen as the dirt beneath their feet. I will give you two instances of the ungentlemanly and unchristian tone of Indian society and opinions in this respect. In some notes of a journey from Agra to Bombay, in 1841, now publishing in the "Dehli Gazette," the writer says, "I managed to bag a few peachicks, *though the people do not like them to be shot*, and at one place we met with some grey partridges, which the Zamindárs (landholders) wish to be spared. *As we had no occasion for their good offices* for supplies, but rather required the birds, there was little hesitation in bagging all I could." Again, the "Delhi Gazette" announces that "an unfortunate accident has occurred to a young officer, who, of course, is a kind-hearted man and greatly beloved in his corps." What do you think this accident is? When out shooting, he became enraged with his unfortunate Sáis, and gave him a kick on the back, of which the poor man died in a few minutes, the spleen having been broken by the kick! Men can restrain their tempers when a stout hackney coachman or coal heaver is abusive, because they are afraid: they can even keep from striking their servants in England, because they would be punished by law; but here, because they know that they are the strongest, they are cowardly enough to tyrannize over every one who happens to thwart their childish humours. Our

turkey-cock is a great curiosity in these parts: the Sikh cultivators all come to look at him as they pass, and when he gobbles and struts they run away.

March 22nd.—Mr. Newton came to ask me to visit one of Shah Zemán's widows, who is very ill. Mrs. Newton and I accordingly drove thither. All that was to be seen of the house outside was a high mud wall, like that round a large garden: a door in it led into a little court, where a fine cow and calf and a pair of very handsome oxen (intended, I suppose, to draw the Palkígárí which stood outside) were eating. Our guide knocked with his stick at a very low door, so that a person outside could see nothing of one within higher than the elbow: it was soon opened, and we entered and found ourselves in a neat little garden full of onions, from whence another door led into a row of very clean, neat apartments, in one of which the poor old lady was sitting up in bed, wrapped in a quilt; two chairs were placed for us. The Shahzadeh, her son, and a row of women were all sitting on the floor, watching the incantations of a strange veiled figure, who turned out to be a native "wise woman" performing charms for the poor old lady's recovery. She has been ill more than two months and had hardly any pulse, though she moved wonderfully well. Two elderly unmarried daughters were near her: it is strange how immediately I recognized them as such without being told,—there is something quite different in the look of a married woman and an old maid.

Shah Zemán seems, at least in these instances, to have followed the same preposterous system as his brother Shah Shujah, by not suffering his daughters to marry. The old lady must have been handsome in her youth, and was very courteous and grieved when I stood up to help her. The Shahzadeh was very attentive to her; a handsome man when sitting, though very short and stout, magnificent eyes, eyebrows and beard. Divers of his wives were there; one rather pretty, with a saucy, pert expression, the other very gentle and the mother of two very pretty delicate little boys, dressed in yellow

satin, one of whom went to Mrs. Newton at once and fell asleep in her arms. I prescribed for the poor old lady, who encouraged us by saying that if she got well we must come again and she would give a Nách! All the ladies were smoking by turns, one chillam being passed round; they offered it to us, and when we declined, one of them, more knowing than the rest, observed, "Ah, they smoke cheroots!"

For the rest of the day, I laughed whenever the image which had presented itself to the imagination of these good ladies, crossed my mind, of Mrs. Newton and myself with cigars in our mouths! They begged us to come again, which we promised to do. The Shahzadeh stood up and waved his hand like an Italian when we left, but followed us to the door to see us get into the buggy. When I told Captain C. of Luke N.'s death, of which dear Lizzy has just sent us a most touching account, he said, with a kind of indignation, "And do they *mourn* for him?" In the evening we went to the C.'s, C. riding and I in my Palki, and after tea they delighted us with most excellent music, especially "La Religieuse," a Nocturne, by Hubert, and "La Mélancholie," by Prume. I never heard a more exquisite violin player than Mr. C.: it was most refreshing to both of us to enjoy such a musical treat, for this has been a very dry year;—no music, not a picture, no prints, no mountains (except a transitory half-hour's glimpse of the snowy range two or three times), no woods, no new books, no old friends; so that, seeing some good prints, hearing such good music, especially from one whom we had known at home, and who spoke of my old girlish friends, was quite reviving. In spite of all these wants, we have been very happy; but the only objects of interest out of ourselves have been human beings, chiefly strangers; and that is like living on a meat diet, one requires fruits, flowers and salads to refresh one. Did not get home till midnight: such a glorious moonlight night!

March 23rd.—Mrs. Newton and I were just going to see the poor old Begum when Múhammad Khán told

us that she was dead. She died last night, and was buried to-day about one o'clock. He had been to the house to join in certain prayers for her soul. On finding, however, that they had sent last night after we had gone out to ask me to come to her, Mrs. N. and I agreed it would be better to call and see the family, that they might not think us unkind or neglectful. A respectable grey-bearded man showed us the way to the woman's apartments and garden, the other side of the house being occupied by the men. Prince Teimur's buggy was standing at the door, he having come to pay a visit of condolence. We found the garden full of women of all ranks, so that it was a gay rather than a mournful scene. Some of Shah Shujah's family were seated on a kind of terrace spread with carpets, where they invited us to sit; and after talking to them a little, they asked us to go within to see the nearer relations. Two of these, daughters of the poor old lady, seemed in real grief; it is not *etiquette* for them to speak, but they may be spoken to. One of them seemed as if she had wept until she could weep no more, and she occasionally groaned and rocked herself; we sat down by them and expressed our sympathy, but the other women showed no signs of feeling. The pretty saucy little creature we had seen the day before talked and smiled close to them, and almost all the other women begged me to feel their pulses, and to prescribe for different aches and pains. One or two gently pulled my skirt to make me look round, that they might see the Feringhí lady properly. In order to introduce the subject on which we most wished to speak, Mrs. Newton told them that I was in mourning for my dear father, but that I thought of him with joy as now with God.

When we returned to the Bégums, outside, one of the women repeated to them what Mrs. Newton had said, which gave her the opportunity of telling that it was only through Jesus, "Isa Masíh," that we could be saved. They seemed to assent, but then began another list of maladies; they were very anxious to know which was Mackenzie Sahíb's "Mem," and said

they knew all about him. There were several women there of great beauty, as fair as Europeans, with a very noble style of features and winning manners. There was also the first really beautiful Kashmirí I have seen, rather dark, but such eyes, nose, and mouth! She looked like one of the most beautiful of the Greek Bacchante. A female servant came with a Persian message to me from the Shahzadeh. As I could not understand her, I bowed and sent many saláms, and she seemed quite satisfied. They wanted us to stay to the feast, but this we could not do, as Mrs. Newton was anxious to get home. Indeed, the noise and crowd were quite fatiguing; it was more like a fair than a funeral. They wore colours as usual, but no ornaments. It makes one's heart ache to think of the poor old Bégum having past into eternity, and of all these passing away ignorant and heedless of a Saviour. Near relations visit them for three or ten days, and on the first and fortieth day all their acquaintance go, and there is a feast for them and for the poor.

Saturday, 25th March.—Two of the invalids we had seen on Thursday sent for medicine, and one earnestly begged we would come to see her. Mrs. Newton and I therefore went, and were conducted first to Shahzadeh Yusuf's, where we found cushions on the floor for our reception; a handsome man, whom we concluded to be the Shahzadeh, and a crowd of women speedily came and sat around us. My patient was a young unmarried girl, who suffers dreadfully from headaches, and had just had leeches on. I prescribed for her; her father, a remarkably fine looking man, with a magnificent beard standing at the door, so we concluded he must be a brother of our host, as the women were all unveiled. Some of the women were very handsome, particularly one who had stained all the upper half of her forehead a bright yellow; a boy about twelve years old had also yellow stripes on his cheeks like whiskers. Our host, after I had prescribed, asked if I were married—if I had children, and why I wore black, and pressed us to eat; and when we declined, they asked if we would

come to a Khána (dinner) if they invited us beforehand, which we promised to do. I must not omit to say, that in going out we passed through a little passage room where two men were sawing wood, and a goat was lying in one corner; in fact, it was her stable.

Close by the door was a pedestal of mud (of which, by the way, all our houses here are built) about a yard square. I had seen an arm-chair placed on this as we entered, and wondered what it was there for; but in coming out we found rather a good-looking personage, another Shahzadeh, perched thereon. He wished me to give him some medicine for a lump on his hand, but I promised him a note to the Doctor instead. We then went on to Shahzadeh Suleimán. It was a very poor house, and everything in their dress, as well as in the building, betokened the reduced circumstances of this grandson of the once mighty Shah Zemán. He was sitting in a kind of open shed (such as they put carts into in England) smoking his chillam, and we found his wife was the handsome creature, with such noble features, whom we had met at the funeral. As we could not make all the needful inquiriès about her health with the Shahzadeh sitting by, Mrs. Newton mentioned this to him. He nodded his head and then sent away his pipe, thinking poor simple man, that it was that which was in our way, so we were obliged to explain that it was his Highness's self. After I had given her the medicine, her eldest boy, a beautiful child about nine years old, with a fine emerald in one ear, took hold of Mrs. Newton's hand, and remarked on the difference of colour. They asked us why we did not make a little spot between the eyebrows as they do. Mrs. Newton retorted, "Why do you do it?" which made them laugh. We declined staying to eat anything, on the plea that our husbands would have no breakfast till we got home. They then offered to send us some, and inquired if we would eat out of their hands. We assured them that we would with pleasure another time. I have inquired about the yellow colour on the forehead and cheeks, and find it is used medicinally; they pound

a certain wood called sirk, and spread it on the head for pain in the head, on the cheeks for pain in the throat.

April 14th, 1848.—Since I wrote last, the weather has become so suddenly hot, and so much earlier than usual, that we have been using phankas for the last ten days, and some have even begun tatties: the thermometer is from 82° to 85° in the house, with all the doors shut. The regiment received all arrears of pay in the beginning of this month. We find the Newtons great acquisitions; I really love Mrs. Newton. We have been once or twice to see the Shahzadeh Suleiman's Bégums, if they can be called so when reduced to such poverty. We met an old woman there with her grey hair dyed red; she said it was good for her eyes, which are weak, but it had a very odd effect. You can have no idea of the way in which they speak of all subjects and all kinds of illness before every one, great boys of ten and twelve years old included. Mrs. Newton also took me to call on Madame ——, wife of General ——, who was in the Sikh service: she is a very handsome Armenian, not darker, or so dark, as many Italians, with a fresh bright colour and very pleasing manners, though she is becoming rather *embonpoint*. Her mother is a very fine old lady, who calls Mrs. Newton her daughter. The house had a curious mixture of European and native furniture, which gave it very much the appearance of a lumber-room;—it had a mattress close to the wall for sitting on, two or three chairs, a picture of the Bégum Sumrú, two or three French prints, and two or three clocks, none of them going. Madame ——, and a sister's child of hers, a girl about nineteen, and the infant of another sister, were all in the native costume: they are nominal Romanists, but none of them can read.

The Nizam-u-Doulah has been here with his eldest son, a very fine young man, who has lately escaped from Kandáhar. Kohan Dil Khán, a Bárakzai, and one of the Amírs of Kandáhar, caught this young man, put chains on his hands and feet, and a heavy iron

collar on his neck,—most shameful treatment for a man whose nobility is a match for almost any in Europe. Not satisfied with this, he ordered him to be hanged; but no sooner did Kohan Dil's Pír, or saint, hear of this monstrous order, than he came into the town, and said, "Do you want to bring a curse on your house by slaying Abbas Khán? Give him to me! not a hair of his head shall be touched!" He accordingly took him away, and finding his life was still in danger, sent him across the hills with a guide. They rode, and they ran, so that they nearly killed their horses, and barely escaped from their pursuers. Abbas Khán is a very handsome and most gentlemanly man; his hands and clothes as delicately clean as those of an English gentleman. Our overland letters arrived: of course they said nothing of the French revolution, but we had been startled with the announcement of it in the "Dehli Express," and we have been thinking of hardly anything else.

It was some days before we knew that there was really a republic in France; and now that (20th April) we have possession of pretty nearly a complete outline of this revolt, it appears one of the most causeless, senseless ebullitions of a popular whimsie I ever heard of. If Louis Phillippe had been able, which perhaps he was not, to go forth along the Boulevards, as he did more than once in the early years of his reign, allaying the storm by his fearlessness, this might not have happened. The whole thing is a bloody freak, a portentous whim: the mob has effected a revolution, and seems likely for awhile to retain its ill-omened supremacy. The affectation, the self-glorification, the verbiage of the speechings and actings are marvellous; it is one incessant cock-crow. Two things have struck me much: the evident marks of divine retribution in the downfall of the poor old King; Táhiti, Queen Isabella, and Abdul Káder, are all amply avenged; the other is how little stability policy can give to a throne. Louise Philippe courted the Popish clergy,—they have renounced him *en masse:* he flattered the army,—the army deserted

him; not one of the savans or artists whom he so liberally patronized—hardly a creature in the whole country seems to have had the least personal attachment to him or his family. Never was any sovereign so entirely forsaken! What a helpless set of sons he appears to have! I get so indignant with the French that it makes me ill to think of them.

I had slight fever on Sunday, 16th, and have not been quite well since until to-day; this is the first time I have been feverish since I came to India, surely I have great cause of thankfulness in such good health. Golak Nath dined with us last evening (April 19th); he has just returned from the great fair at Hurdwar. Mr. Rudolph was so overcome by the extreme heat, which was upwards of 100° in the tent, that he became very ill, and was obliged to return some days ago. Golak says hundreds came to receive books, and each of the missionaries (there were only about four or five present this year) continues in his tent preaching and speaking to the people the whole day while the fair lasts. Imagine the toil in such a climate. Hurdwar is not far from the hills, and the nights are so cold that they are glad to use a quilt. He says that the chief difference he remarks in the behaviour of the natives is, that they are perhaps more willing to hear than they used to be, and at any rate more willing to dispute and discuss the subject of religion. They know now the object of the missionaries, and have a general idea of what Christianity is. Golak overheard one warning another against going to the missionaries, saying, "You will hear nothing but things against Múhammad." Golak gave me a curious ancient silver coin, which I mean to send to the Free Church Museum. The Brahman from whom he got it said it was coined in the days of the great Ram (one of their idols), and that he himself worshipped it. Golak Nath offered him eight annas (one shilling) for it, and after a little reflection he consented, as too many nominal Christians would do, to sell his god for a piece of money.

April 24th, 1848.—I was walking on the roof of the

house this morning about five o'clock, and could not help wishing to convey to you an idea of the various scenes going on below. On one side Baedúllah and one of the grasscutters were toiling away with fowrahs, a kind of spade-pickaxe, making water-courses to each of our newly-planted trees, with Bow lying at full length on a heap of earth watching them, while Nel was gravely walking up and down the watercourses, making himself as muddy and cool as he could.

A little further on was the well, with two magnificent bullocks running up and down an inclined plane, and drawing up huge skins of water at each descent. There are a few trees round the well, and near it is a little tent for the use of the guard, close to which three camels are tethered. Then comes the little Compound or yard, which contains the bamboo hen-house, and I watched the sweeper opening the doors and letting out the various inhabitants. The fowls were all peaceably eating their breakfast when the swift-footed and pugnacious guinea-fowls were let loose among them and created the utmost confusion, chasing one, pecking another, and making even the fat ducks waddle off as fast as was possible. There was the turkey-cock parading up and down in full-blown pride—the wild and tame geese walking about snuffing the air, and the ducks running in a body to paddle in the water that was flowing from the bath-rooms. On the other side were the orderlies peeping over the wall to look at the farm-yard —the sheep, including two pet Dumbá rams, eating their food—the baker and the servants passing to and fro from the kitchen. On Mondays there is the addition of a most picturesque group of from sixty to seventy beggars waiting for their dole. In front of the house were men called Ghirámis making tatties, and the Bhistí, with his goat-skin full, coming to water the plants or supply the bathrooms. One of the Shutr Sawárs (camel riders) was just starting with his camel on some errand of his own, and soon after Mr. Janvier's buggy appeared to take him to the city.

I was touched the other day by the poverty of an old

Afghán retainer of Shah Shujah's, whom Dr. M'Crae has lately couched at my husband's request, with partial success. He is so much reduced (having lost everything) that he said, "I live upon fasting, and the day when a little Dál (dried pease) is cooked in my house is a feast." He said it quite simply, without making any parade, and accepted C.'s gift with quiet thankfulness. I remarked the reverence and tenderness with which his son supported him—and Abdulrahmán Khán tells us that this son has refused all offers of service in order to take care of his old father. Indeed filial affection is a very pleasing trait in the Afgháns generally. Múhammad Khán has left us for Pesháwur. He thanked us both so nicely before he went, and said that if he had offended in anything he hoped to be forgiven. I took a sketch of him, and we were really grieved to part with him. We gave him a Pushtú Bible, as he can read a little.

I had a bad headache, and was sleeping late, when Shahzadeh Suleimán's (the poor prince) wife and her red-haired old companion came with one of her children. As the Ayah refused to wake me, they asked which was my room, that they might wake me themselves; but as the little Ayah valiantly defended the door, they sat down in the outer room where breakfast was laid. Our headman would not leave the room for an instant, watching over the silver as vigilantly as the Ayah guarded my sleep. They asked "if all that was silver?" Saiad Khán said, "Of course it is." "Oh," replied they, "it cannot be all silver;" and when he indignantly reiterated the assurance that it was, they concluded that "the Mem Sáhib must be very rich."

Sudial Sing, the Subadar who was formerly Havildar Major, brought me a branch of one of the most beautiful trees I ever saw, called the kesú, thickly covered with gorgeous scarlet blossoms. It is a papilionaceous flower, like an enormous sweet pea. He says that in his country, Rajputána, there are forests forty and fifty kos long of these trees. I am told that they require hardly any water, so that they would just suit this soil.

CHAPTER XII.

Multan Outbreak—George Thomas—Murder of Anderson and Agnew—Sir F. Currie—General Ventura—Individuals have no Rights—A Sikh Sirdar — English Friendship — Rudeness — Nabi Baksh — A Weeping Naig—Sheep Stealing—A Hen wife—Drowning—Plot at Lahore—State of the Panjab—Shir Sing—Sikh Regiment—News from Lahore—Rejecting Information—Cure for Madness—The Rani —The Regiment Volunteers—Mussalman Funeral—Exposing Troops to the Sun—A Demonstration—Hasan Khan's Wives—Sir F. Currie.

April 26th, 1848.—We received a note from Mrs. W. this morning, telling us that our poor friend Mr. Anderson had been attacked at Multán, whither he had accompanied Mr. Vans Agnew as Political Assistant, and both wounded. One account says Mr. Agnew is dead. After this we heard reports that both were killed, and a large force under Brigadier Campbell was ordered to Multán.

April 28th.—Heard that poor Mr. Anderson was certainly killed, the British force countermanded, and a force of 7000 Sikhs is sent to Multán, where it will probably join the rebels.

Saturday evening Captain Cuningham came to wish us good-by, as his regiment received orders this morning to move to Firozpúr. On Sunday evening, however, it was countermanded, and they say the campaign is deferred till October, as it will require a very large force to quell this insurrection, as the whole province is up in arms. The Dewán has declared himself independent, and people are flocking to his standard from every side.

The accounts we hear of this dreadful murder are so various that I shall wait till Mr. Cocks comes in from Lahore, when I hope to get the true one. We can hardly believe that that gentlemanly, high-spirited young man, has met such a fearful death. It was but the 21st of last month that I wrote to him in answer to a letter full of hope, written on first coming up to this part of the country, and in which he recalled all the little details of what he styled "the delightful, to me, Dresdenische sojourn." Mr. Cocks mentions that the last conversation he had with him was about us. We rejoiced to hear of his appointment. He left Lahore about the 4th of April, and must have met his death almost immediately on arriving. Mr. Cocks mentions both, as so very different from the usual run of young men, both having strong religious feelings. We can only hope that the vivid interest in the things which pertain to salvation, which we know that our poor friend felt, may have ripened into entire trust in Christ, and then there is nothing to regret in his quick and painful passage to eternity.

It seems that many of their guard have come into Lahore, and their depositions are being taken.

This has almost put the French revolution and its impending consequences out of our thoughts, and it is with inexpressible pain we think of poor "Willie" Anderson's flaxen hair, that used to wave to and fro when he amused the children by playing at "cock," floating on the point of a spear; for they are said to have cut off their heads and paraded them about. May God comfort the families of both!

May 3rd.—General Gilbert, who was here the other day, told C. divers anecdotes of the wars in Lord Lake's time, in which he served. A little before this period there was no higher rank in India than Captain. As soon as a man got his Captaincy he was appointed to a regiment, and drew the allowances for 1000, though he never had above 200 men. This was the general practice and universally known. But when the regiment was wanted for service, its Commandant imme-

diately raised and armed the full complement, and did his work well.

There was a noted English adventurer of the name of George Thomas, who had formerly been a ship's steward. He found his way up to this part of the country at a time when the British frontier did not even reach Dehli, gathered a band of followers, and became a petty prince. The Mahrattas wished to get his fort, but he beat them off. They then sent an army against him under the French adventurer Perron. George Thomas had collected an army, made brass guns, and fortified his stronghold, but he had no means of casting iron guns. He was a very clever man, and with sailor-like ingenuity, took a number of fine steel bars, bound them together with rope, and then cast a brass gun over them, thus forming a train of artillery as light as field pieces, and as strong as siege guns.

It is wonderful that no one has ever adopted his idea and lined brass guns with iron.

In spite, however, of his skill and bravery, the regular disciplined forces under Perron were too strong for him. They effected a breach in his outer wall, and Colonel Skinner (the famous half-caste cavalry officer, who told General Gilbert the anecdote, and who was then serving under Perron) was one of the first to mount the breach. On the summit he met an old school-fellow, who fired both barrels of his gun at him and missed him; Colonel Skinner returned the friendly greeting by a thrust with his spear, which the other avoided by ducking his head. "There he sits, Colonel Gilbert!" cried the narrator, "let him deny it if he can; I carried off his cap on the point of my spear." The storming party pressed on till they reached the gate of the inner fort, when out came a European with his shirt-sleeves tucked up (and probably with "Mary" and an anchor tattoed on his arms), a shield on one arm, and brandishing his sword with so daring and ferocious an aspect that, said Colonel Skinner, "I can look most men in the face, but I could not stand the glance of that man's eye. My column turned and ran pell-mell, and I ran after

them." However, the post was taken, and George Thomas obliged to surrender.

Perron and his officers asked him to dinner, after which some one proposed a toast, "Success to General Perron!"

Up rose the dauntless Birsaker of a prisoner, and cried, "I won't drink that toast, and what is more, I look on it as a personal insult to myself, and I will fight any five Frenchmen present."

But no one desired to encounter such an antagonist, so they—

"Spake him fair,
And straik him canny, wi' the hair."

The weather has been very pleasant lately, much cooler. Lahore must be cooler than this, for they have had the thermometer at 78° in the day without tatties, while with us it has never been lower than 82°.

Friday, May 5th.—As far as we can gather, the true account of our poor friend Lieutenant Anderson's death seems to be as follows:—He accompanied Mr. Agnew as his assistant to Multán, where they were to instal a new Sikh Governor in the place of the Dewan Mulráj. Prior to doing this, Mr. Agnew demanded a statement of accounts from the Dewan, which the latter refused to give, and wished his successor to be installed at once. While Mr. John Lawrence was in temporary charge of the Panjáb, before Sir Frederick Currie arrived, it is said that the Sikh Minister, Dinnánáth, advised him to make Mulráj come in and give in his accounts at Lahore. The present Dewán (Governor) of Multán is son of the former one, the office having become almost hereditary during the confusion which has existed in the Panjáb; just as the Dukes and Counts of the Carlovingian Empire transformed their life tenures into heritable ones. Mr. Agnew went to the Fort, which contained some thousand soldiers, leaving matters in this unsettled state with Mulráj, and imprudently enough told the soldiers that such as were fit would be entertained and the rest discharged. This, of course, was very unsatisfactory news to them, several

of whom assailed him and Mr. Anderson as they were leaving the Fort. The horse of the latter shied into a ditch, and it was while extricating himself that he received several wounds. He and Mr. Agnew managed, however, to reach their camp, and when, a few hours after, they saw a large body coming to attack them, they took refuge, with their escort of 200 men, in a small Idgah, where they defended themselves until their men, either bribed or intimidated, surrendered. The enemy made a rush, and both fell almost at the first fire. Lieutenant Anderson was too much disabled to resist, but Mr. Agnew fired both barrels of his gun and killed one man. Their heads were cut off and paraded about on poles, and their bodies exposed to a thousand indignities. The new Governor, Khán Sing, and two native artillerymen, stood by them to the last, and the former is now a prisoner. It is now said there is to be no campaign till the cold weather: this, of course, will give time for Mulráj still further to strengthen himself, and will teach all who are inclined to rebel, that they may do so with impunity in the hot season. Major Campbell, the Paymaster at Lahore, writes that "Colonel Lawrence and Sir John Littler are sadly wanted." The Brigadier Colonel Campbell is the only person who sees the necessity for immediate action. All that Sir Frederick Currie has done is to issue a proclamation desiring no one to pay tribute to Mulráj, while the rebel chief himself is taking most active measures, and has called on all the Afghán tribes near to come to his aid, offering ten rupees for every man on foot, and thirty for every horseman. Ranjit Sing lost 2,000 men in taking the fort of Multán. From the time Sir F. Currie was first named as Colonel Lawrence's temporary successor, every one has wondered at the appointment, for no one ever considered him as anything more than a gentlemanly, well-informed man. He was Secretary to Government under Lord Hardinge, and would, no doubt, have been a good member of Council, but Lord Hardinge, they say, over-estimated Sir F. Currie on account of his knowledge of civil

administration, as men often do those who possess knowledge of which they themselves are entirely ignorant. That gallant old officer, Sir John Littler, was, therefore, sent down to Calcutta as member of Council, and Sir Frederick Currie brought up to the Panjáb to occupy a post far more suited to a military man.

C. went last evening to see General Ventura, who is not well, and, therefore, excused himself from calling on me. The large fortune which he had amassed in the Sikh service has been lost in a French bank, and he is in great difficulties about his Jághír or grant of land in this neighbourhood. It seems the Government are behaving ill about it. It is a very valuable fief, and was given by Ranjit Sing to the General and his heirs for ever, in acknowledgment of his great services, and in lieu of the increase of pay to which he would otherwise have become entitled. In order to secure this property during the disturbances subsequent to Ranjit Sing's death, General Ventura placed it under British protection, and the British Agent kindly collected the revenues and kept them in the Treasury at the General's disposal. Sir Frederick Currie, however, without any cause, chose to resume the fief, saying it had not been given for ever; whereas, the terms of the grant showed it had, and the Government finished by offering the General a sum far below its real value, or else the lease of it for three lives. A Jághír partakes more of the nature of a fief, than a mere estate. The proprietor collects, and is answerable for the taxes, and is, in fact, lord of the land: but under any form of tenure the glaring injustice of such an unprovoked resumption is manifest. The Home Government having (it is to be supposed in ignorance of the merits of the case) sanctioned Sir Frederick Currie's unjust deed, the Governor-General could only forward General Ventura's memorial, which he did in 1849, but up to the latest accounts the General had not obtained justice. In these cases the responsibility is too often shuttlecocked to and fro between the Court of Directors and the Government of India, and between them justice falls to the ground.

Not content with confiscating his Jághír, the authorities (I believe during the absence of Sir H. Lawrence) thought that General Ventura's handsome house and garden at Lahore very suitable for a Residency—so they took it! and when the General, naturally enough, requested that as they had taken his house, they would at least pay for it, this was refused on pleas worthy of the meanest attorney in Chancery-lane. He said he thought they should have acted differently towards "un vieux militaire," but he found that Major Mackeson had told him truly when he said, "General, in this country an individual has no rights." He had received a letter from a Sikh Sirdár, who was so agreeable and friendly that when any Englishman went into the Panjáb in Lord Auckland's time, they always requested that he might be appointed their Mehmándár or Host. He thus had constant opportunities of conferring obligations on British officers, from the Commander-in-Chief downwards: all of them were lavish in their expressions of gratitude till the Sikh war broke out, and the British took possession of the protected States on this side of the Satlej, and proclaimed that all proprietors who did not join them should have their property confiscated. Among others, this Sirdár had a house in Loodiana, but the chief part of his property being across the Satlej, of course he did not come in, and yet, since the peace, in spite of all the professions of friendship he received, and in spite of the unreasonableness of expecting him to turn traitor to his own Government, he has never been able to get back his house. He said to General Ventura that "he hoped he would not find the English what they had been to himself, full of protestations of friendship when they could get anything from you, and as soon as you can be of no further use they throw you overboard." *

A very enterprising merchant here, Nabí Baksh by name, set up a soda-water machine and makes excellent soda-water. Some time since Nabí Baksh called upon

* The Court of Directors has since purchased General Ventura's Jaghir for a considerable sum.

different officers here (beginning with the senior surgeon, a man of weight and character) and asked them to come and dine at his hotel, and then draw up a certificate or testimonial of his zeal in introducing various improvements and making divers efforts to supply the wants of the European community. They all accepted the invitation, and Nabí Baksh made a grand feast, had excellent wines, and everything as good as possible to do honour to the guests, expending about 200 rupees on the occasion. When the day arrived he went there himself to see that everything was properly arranged, and sent twice to tell his guests that the dinner was ready. Not one of them came! It is this insolence which makes Englishmen hated.

The other day a Hindú Náig came here, weeping bitterly as he leant against the corner of the house, and said that 300 rupees had been stolen from him. C. spoke sharply to him for crying, but caused diligent inquiry to be made, when there appeared every reason to believe that he had never lost any money, but had made the complaint merely to injure another man. This will give you some idea of their artfulness. I do not think that an Englishman could, by any possibility, cry over an imaginary loss. One is obliged to be very summary in one's household government. The shepherd and cowman lately stole eight of our fat sheep. We kept them till the end of the month, and then dismissed the principal without wages, and "cut the pay," as it is technically termed, of the subordinate rogue, although they then endeavoured to persuade me that he had had no share in it; but as he has not uttered the smallest remonstrance, I conclude he feels he is leniently treated in being allowed to stay. Some people carry this system to a shameful extent, and will cut their servants' pay for every trifling fault, such as packing a box ill, or washing a collar badly. If they destroy anything by gross carelessness I think it would be fair, but I have had no trouble with our servants in this respect.

May 6th.—An old Scotch dairywoman came here yesterday morning to enlighten Mrs. C. and me on the

nurture of chickens, geese, &c. She mixed up broad Scotch and Hindustaní in a most curious fashion. Mrs. C. was constantly at a loss to know what she meant by the one, and I by the other. For instance, she talked of the "wee choté anes," and told us to "gie them a neive fu' before they get their páni," they were to have a "spune fu' of ghiún." Mrs. C. could not guess what "spune fu'" and "nieve fu'" were, and I was puzzled with "ghiún" (wheat) and "bájrá" (another grain.)

My poor Munshí has been in great affliction, his sister's son, a clever young man of seventeen, having been drowned while going to a wedding. The poor man came yesterday for the first time since, and could hardly keep the tears out of his eyes. He is quite thin and weak from grief, and said that although he had lost many relations, wife and children among them, nothing had ever afflicted him like this. The boat, which was full of people, struck on a sand-bank, and he was drowned in trying to swim to land. All the rest were saved, but one woman, a Mussalmání, wife of a gardener, deliberately threw her own child into the water, where of course it was drowned. When they were all rescued, she began to be sorry for what she had done and wept bitterly. Can you believe such a thing?

May 11th.—We have just received a note from Lahore, which accounts for the march of the troop of Horse Artillery and of the 7th Native Infantry, which have just left this for Amritsir. The writer, a staff officer, says:—"The night before last some twenty conspirators were seized in the city; their meetings had been known for four or five days. The principal person concerned, Khán Sing (a Sikh commandant), has been all over the district, tampering with our Sepáhis and Sawárs, and as his papers were seized with him, we may have some curious revelations. They most certainly seem to have had some of our soldiers in their clutches. When Cocks, Lumsden, &c., went to seize Khán Sing, they found all the chaps collected there. It was about one or two in the morning, and they were all lying about, having just finished their consultation. The plan

was to have the northern gates opened to them by our Sapáhis, whilst the southern ones towards Anarkallí (the cantonment) were to be kept shut, so that no support could reach us. The villages on the other side of the Raví are, or were, full of troops ready to rush in and try to murder all the Europeans. Had the force marched for Multán, they might have tried their hand before other troops arrived, and, perhaps the Sikhs, who had gone ahead, might have doubled and returned to Lahore. . . . . I believe that one of our soldiers first gave intimation of what was going on, and he was told to carry on the intrigue. When he a second time attended the meeting, he was surprised to find other Sepáhis there. The Dragoons come in to-morrow. We have picquets, &c., out on the Firozepur road, and sentries have in many places been doubled. I hope a good example will be made, for the rascals only laugh at our leniency. The bad will and hatred towards us is universal; so the sooner we show them that we are not to be trifled with, the better. We are all anxious about Pesháwur. The Rání is supposed to be at the bottom of the whole affair. My therm. in the Tai Khána* does not rise beyond 75°; my upper rooms are upwards of 95°. There is some fear of a disturbance at Amritsir. It is a pity that our battering train is not nearer than Firozepur. However, we have a few good guns here."

May 18th.—Major Wheeler, of the 7th Irregular Cavalry, gave information of this conspiracy some time ago to Sir F. Currie, and was laughed at for his pains; and the plot was the common jest of the Cantonments. When at last the Resident was convinced of it, and the conspirators seized, it was done in so bungling a manner that many of them escaped. In fact, Sir F. Currie is wholly unaccustomed to deal with men like the Sikhs; and many of his assistants are young, inexperienced civilians, many of them of two to four years' standing! Two of the conspirators have been hanged; one, I believe, was the Munshí of the Rání, and the other a Sikh Colonel of Artillery. Another of them was brought on

* Underground room.

parade to point out those Sepáhis who had joined in the plot. One was seized, and immediately five others left the ranks and fled. The Doctor knocked down one of them, and three others were also secured, but one escaped. The Colonel of Artillery was an Agent of Mulráj, who was said to be marching on Lahore; but, perhaps, now that the plot is discovered, he will change his mind. Nevertheless, some of his cavalry have been seen on the opposite side of the Raví, close to Lahore.

That abominable Raní (the Marie Christine of the Panjáb) is now at Firozpur, *en route* to Benáres, which is a satisfaction. All kinds of reports are rife. This much is certain, that we want to get possession of Govindghar, the fort of Amritsir, and do not dare to ask for it, because we have no means of taking it if it should not be given. A little fort, one march beyond the large cantonment at Jallandar, has rebelled, closed its gates, and refused supplies to our troops! Fancy doing this under our very noses! We heard yesterday from Major Lawrence, from Peshawur: he says he has no fears of an invasion from the west, or of a rising among the Muhammadan population, but is of course anxious as to the fidelity of the Sikh troops. Sir F. Currie has done one good thing in ordering levies of Patans (men of Afghán descent) both at Bannú and Peshâwar, for the protection of the political officers. Major Lawrence says that Sir F. Currie has urged him to send Mrs. Lawrence to Lahore, but adds:—"She is in no condition to travel; besides which, it would show that we distrust the troops, which would never do: we are in the hands of an all-wise and merciful Saviour, and place our trust in Him. You know of old I never despaired in the darkest hour, and trust I never shall. Edwardes has raised 3000 Patans to protect himself (he is one of the political Assistants at Bannu); and I have received orders to raise a regiment of 600." He mentions as another mistake of Sir F. Currie's, his sending Rajah Shere Sing to protect the Sikh border. Major L. considers him quite untrustworthy, and that he may probably go over to Mulraj. [This chief's subsequent

defection admits of much palliation. Neither he nor any other Sikh looked upon fighting againts us otherwise than as an act of patriotism and loyalty to the memory of Ranjit Sing. It required less than a father's influence to prevail on a warlike chief to resist a hated foreign enemy, especially when that father had been driven to take up arms, as he himself asserted, and as there is every ground for believing to be the case, by the avowed suspicions and want of tact of the British Agent, Captain A. If we consider that Chattar Sing and his son did no more than our own Bruce or Owen Glendower, and many other patriots, we shall look upon their after-treatment as severe.] He thinks as most people do, that the attack on Mr. Agnew and Mr. Anderson was unpremeditated. He adds: "I have gone to every possible length in urging on the Resident to send our troops from Lahore and Ferozpur sharp; but no, he is afraid to expose them to the heat! If he has not cause to repent his supineness to the last day of his life, I am greatly mistaken. Mulráj is, of course, strengthening himself, and I fear, winning over the Khálsa troops in and about Bunnu: this may spread to ours (those at Peshawur), and then we shall be in a nice fix.

"My brother John has strongly urged an immediate campaign, surely our Kábul disasters ought to be a warning to us: what did we not lose by inactivity and mental imbecility! I pity and grieve for Sir F. Currie, but really I cannot understand him, think you either of my brothers would have thus acted? In Lord Lake's time did we ever shrink from employing our troops in the hot winds, and what may not be the effects of its getting abroad that the English army cannot leave their cantonments, its Phankahs and Tattis, except in the cold weather!" This is exactly what I said to you in my last, every one who wishes to turn Yághi (rebellious) may now reckon on impunity during the hot weather, *i. e.* half the year even in these parts.

For several days there has been a report that Major Ferris, who commanded the Second or Hill regiment of the Frontier Brigade, has been murdered, and that his

regiment has taken Kangra where it was stationed. As this has not been confirmed, we hope it may not be true. They say, too, that Captain Hodgson's, the first regiment of the same brigade at Hosheyapore, has deserted to a man! But all this wants confirmation. [It proved entirely false. This very regiment afterwards behaved with such gallantry and fidelity when fighting against their own people and even their Gurú, that Mr. John Lawrence declared that he would rather have them than any two of the Line]. C. regrets much that he has been prevented from carrying out his own plan of having a due proportion of Afgháns, whose fidelity has been already tried in his regiment. He has about eighty, but that is not enough. However his men seem anxious to be sent on service, and he thinks that would be the best way to ensure their fidelity.*

I will copy part of a letter just received by a friend of ours from Dr. ——, at Lahore. He says: "The fact is, the whole country is up, and prepared to attack us, only waiting an opportunity. The attack on the city

* Our regiment is composed as follows:

European Officers:—Commandant; Second in Command; Adjutant; a Serjeant-Major, and Quartermaster Serjeant,

Sikhs:—3 Subadars; 3 Jemadars; 13 Havildars; 22 Naiks; 3 Buglers; 411 Sepahis.—Total 455.

Mussalmans from between the Jamna and Jelum (the Sikh States);—5 Havildars; 7 Naiks; 3 Buglers; 68 Sepahis.—Total 83.

Mussalmans from East of the Jamna (Hindustan):—3 Subadars; 3 Jemadars; 9 Havildars; 9 Naiks; 10 Buglers; 51 Sepahis.—Total 84.

Hindus from East of the Jamna:—4 Subadars; 2 Jemadars; 24 Havildars; 14 Naiks; 152 Sepahis.—Total 196.

Afghans:—1 Subadar; 1 Jemadar; 9 Havildars; 7 Naiks; 2 Buglers; 60 Sepahis.—Total 80.

Ghurkas:—1 Jemadar; 1 Naik; 1 Bugler; 1 Sepahi.—Total 4.

The Commandant has 895 rupees a-month, out of which he pays a writer 50, and forge 30 rupees a-month. The Second in Command has 500; the Adjutant 427, out of which he has to keep the tents in repair. Subadars have 60; Jemadars 24; Havildars 14; Naiks 12; and Sepahis 7.

The full complement is 800 rank and file and 20 Buglers, which was soon after filled up. There are besides the Hospital and Bazar Establishments and Khalasis, cooks, Bhistis, &c. Every regiment is divided into ten companies, each of which has its own Subadar and Jemadar, who are commissioned officers. An Assistant-Surgeon is generally attached to each corps, so that the regiment, complete, musters about 1040 men.

was to have been on the 13th instant, at Anarkalli (the name of the cantonment) where the officers' lines form the west and south-west face, and are quite unprotected; ten men were told off to each house to massacre the officers at midnight on the 13th. Many of our Sepahís are suspected of being concerned in this plot, a few have been seized, a few have deserted, fearing being confronted with the Sikh who has been reprieved on his giving evidence. Many think that the Darbár (the Court) have been quite aware of all this plot (how could they be otherwise?) which it appears has been hatching since the beginning of March, and might have been discovered before, had our Politicals given a prudential ear to warnings. But their custom, their stupid custom, is, to affect to treat all such reports with contempt, and then, when they find they are in for it, they stare and say, who could have thought it?

It is a most astonishing thing that English Politicals always despise information unless it come through some regular formal channel; at least, those who are wiser form the exception. When my husband informed Sir William MacNaghten that Muhammad Akbár had arrived at Bamián, a fact which he had been told in confidence by a Kábul merchant who had just come from thence, Sir William, though at first struck with it, speedily came to the conclusion that "if it were true he must have heard of it." A faqir also warned him with still less effect. John Conolly told him that the city was ripe for insurrection. All this was about a fortnight before it broke out. I was amused at an instance of Afghán craft the other day. An Afghán Sepahí came to my husband and asked for his discharge. C. refused it, saying "He could not permit men to enlist one day and leave the next; but that next year a certain number would be allowed furlough, and he could then go to see his family." The next day the poor man was raving mad. C. suspected a trick, but the native officers and Havildár Major were convinced it was real. C. sent him to the guard-house—he was muttering to himself, his eyes wildly rolling, and appa-

rently perfectly insane. C. asked him if he took him for a fool, and threatened him if he did not do his duty, that ways would be found to make him do it. He saw that the man really understood what he said, but he waited a few days, and then sent him to Dr. McRae, to whom he wrote an account of the case, saying that of course means of cure were in his power. Dr. McRae accordingly spoke kindly to him, examined him and said, "Well, my poor fellow, you must be treated with science, we will do what we can for you here, you shall have some medicine and blisters, and if that does not cure you we will send you to the Lunatic Asylum at Dehlí." This was too much for even an Afgháns nerves; as he walked away he said, "I am no more mad than you are," came back quite cured, and has done his work ever since. The Lines are nearly finished, they will probably be completed for the sum allotted by Government, so that the regiment will have nothing to pay; whereas, their neighbours, the Sappers and Miners who refused to do any of the work themselves, will have to pay about twelve rupees a man for theirs.

May 22nd.—Major Ferris is safe and sound. He has written into Loodiana for a supply of ducks and fowls, and gives no hint of being in want of any other support. The account of his assassination came in a letter bearing the Kangra postmark, it must, therefore, have been a wilful fabrication.

The Khansaman of one of the Lahore regiments is to be hanged, it having been discovered that he had undertaken to poison the whole mess.

On Thursday evening C. took me on the elephant to see the Lines, which are just finished; they are very neat, with broad walks between; the Subádárs' and Jemádárs' houses being at the rear of their respective companies. Numbers of young trees have been planted in the Lines. Some of the Sikhs were sitting round while their dinner was cooked. There are two cooks to each company (the Hindus and Mussalmáns cook for themselves). A fire was kindled beneath a large iron plate and the Chapattis stuck on this to bake.

We found a conclave of Native officers and non-commissioned officers at one of the Pay-Havildárs houses, and next day it turned out that they had been consulting about volunteering, for when at sunrise on Friday morning they came to receive their pay, the Native officer in command of each company stepped forward, and on behalf of his men volunteered for the approaching campaign. This, of course, was very gratifying to my dear husband, and I think little less so to me. They expressed their pleasure at serving under my husband personally.

Sir F. Currie never vouchsafed an answer of any sort to this gallant offer, and probably never made it known to the Governor-General, and some time after, on writing to my husband on other matters, he mentioned casually that he had been "much amused at it:" which was an impertinence arising from utter ignorance of a soldier's feelings. Although the resident might be too timid to employ them, common policy, to say nothing of courtesy to the regiment, would have dictated an acknowledgment of their gallant offer. The event proved that they might have been trusted as implicitly as one would trust the 42nd Highlanders.

Saturday 27th.—As C. and I were taking our evening ride on the elephant, we saw a small funeral train coming across the sandy plain, and followed it. The Muhammadan burial-ground lies south from our house, and before reaching it the bearers set down the charpai on which the body lay. It was a young woman who had died in childbirth. The scene was a most desolate one. A kind of valley of sand, sloping down from the desert-like plain, with the burial-ground a little further on, marked only by broken hillocks of sand, and a few stunted trees, which the friends of the dead have planted near their graves. Most of the company went up a little ascent to get water to wash previous to prayer. They then turned to the west, repeated a short Fatiha, and lifting the body they carried it to the grave, our Mahout uttering a short invocation as he entered the burial-ground. They took off the scarlet veil which

covered the body, and placed it on the shelf which they always make on one side of the grave. It was so nearly dark that we did not stay to see them fill it up. Only men were present.

We have heard again from Major Lawrence, who expresses the strongest disapprobation of Sir F. Currie's weak policy. The futility of the pretence that troops could not be sent to Multan on account of the season is apparent, for he has ordered plenty of troops up to Lahore. Her Majesty's 32nd have been marched from Amballa to Ferozpur, and have suffered very severely on their march. It is said from 200 to 300 are on the sick list, and six or seven, including one officer, have died from a *coup de soleil.* It is supposed that they have been unnecessarily exposed to the sun. Queen's officers are often obstinate on this point (I suppose from ignorance of the climate), and seem to think it manly to run every possible risk. A staff officer in China, who was present on the occasion, told my husband that two of Her Majesty's regiments were landed under a scorching sun, and went into action. One was commanded by an old Indian, who allowed his men to take off their stocks: they suffered very little from the heat. The other regiment was commanded by a stiff European martinet, who could permit no such irregularities, and lost ten men on the field from apoplexy; surely, in the case of the 32nd, it would have been better to expose the troops to this heat for some good purpose. Major Lawrence considers the force at Lahore ample, not only to hold their ground in case of attack, but to send a strong detachment against Multán. Sir F. Currie has directed the commissariat officer at Ferozpur to discharge all the cattle which he had collected at great expense and trouble, merely to avoid the outlay of feeding them till October, when, if there is a campaign, they will be needed, and will have to be bought at double price and probably in far from serviceable condition. Lieutenant Edwardes has shown what can be done by a man of energy: his newly raised body of Patans have defeated a large body of Mulraj's troops, taken Dhera Gházi

Khán, a gun and many camel swivels. M. Edwardes says, that if he were allowed, and had the aid of the Baháwalpur Nuwáb, who is ready and willing to co-operate with us, he would confine Mulráj to his fort. A Guru, or Sikh priest, has raised about 400 men: troops were sent after him, but he evaporated, and was speedily heard of about thirty-five or forty miles from Lahore with a much larger force,—some say 1000, some say 3000. A wing of a dragoon regiment and some other cavalry were sent against him, with orders, if his men fled to cut them down, and if they made a stand, not to cut them up, but to wait for reinforcements, in which case the first move was to be called "a demonstration." I told you that we want Govindghar, the fort of Amritsir. Captain Skinner writes, that when the troops arrived there, and the sealed orders were opened, it was found that they were to the effect that the troops were to march round, and not even through the town. He says the Sikhs were very much astonished at seeing them, but perfectly quiet. He mentions the heat being scarcely bearable: 110° in a double-poled tent with tatties. C. wrote to Major Lawrence some time ago, advising him to take measures for calling in the Afghán tribes at an hour's notice, in case the Sikhs should revolt; but we have since heard again from him that everything is quiet. Three Sikh soldiers, who talked openly of what they would do if their Guru was successful, he put in irons on the roads, which has wonderfully damped the courage of the rest.

Hasan Khán returned from Peshawur with his old wives on Friday (June 2nd), and came to see us directly. He considers Major Lawrence perfectly safe, and being, as it were, behind the scenes, his opinion his worth having. He begged me to visit his sisters child, who is ill: accordingly Mrs. C. and I went there on Saturday evening; we found he had brought his two sisters and three wives—all the latter rather ugly. I was glad to see that he had loaded Leila Bibí with presents—a large gold ornament for her nose and more than a dozen gold bracelets, so that she has discarded all her silver ones,

and looked as pretty and happy as possible. The other sat very quiet. One of the sisters, a handsome, high-featured woman, wept herself nearly blind on hearing a false report of her brother's death. She has cataract forming on one eye. Her poor little baby has been nearly killed by the journey in this weather and the jolting of the kajáva: I gave it some medicine, but with small hope of doing it good, and it died two days after: she does not grieve for it so violently as I feared she would. They were much pleased with Mrs. C., and one of them, as she was going out, heartily wished that "God would bestow children upon her."

As we were taking our evening ride a few days ago, we saw the camp of the Raní, who has just arrived from Ferozpur: she has a strong escort and but few attendants. Her tent was a small one, of red kashmir, more dignified than comfortable.

Monday, June 5th.—Mail arrived. Everything is so dreadfully *sotta sopra* in Europe that one knows not what to expect. It is a matter of great thankfulness that our own country is so mercifully preserved in peace and safety. The letters of the dear Von der Deckens are painfully interesting.

June 9th.—A letter, just received from Major Mackeson, says, "I say that your volunteering is very un-Sikh-like, and I should wish to be at hand when your gallant 4th storm the breach,—to be at hand and lend a hand to avenge the murder of poor Agnew. His old gardener, who is here now with me, when I told him of his death, said, 'Kya! aisa amír ke marna chalo Sáhíb, ham bhi chalenghi.' 'What! kill such a gentleman! go, Sahib; I, too, will go forth.'" I must send you an extract from the "Dehli Gazette," about our regiment volunteering: I don't know who can have written it.

Saturday, June 10th.—Another letter from Major Lawrence this morning, telling us of one he had received from Lieutenant Edwardes. Imagine the indignation felt by these gallant men at seeing Sir Frederick Currie adding fresh fortifications to Lahore, calling for more

troops, and not taking one single step for the safety of his assistants, whose lives at one time appeared to hang on a thread. He could not move any troops to secure their safety—could not possibly put down Mulráj on account of the season; but that was no obstacle to sending for artillery, cavalry, and infantry, from all quarters towards Lahore.

The Regimental Chowdri has just married his eldest daughter,—such a nice little girl, about ten or twelve years old, whom I have often seen. We lent the Chori some carpets for the occasion, and this morning he brought the bridegroom, a quiet-looking and very young Sepáhi, to pay his respects. The said bridegroom was clad in white upper garment, crimson silk trousers, kammerband or girdle, and small crimson cap with gold lace, and a large necklace. Here is a sketch of him offering his Nazar of rupees, which we touch, and make a salám, instead of taking.

CHAPTER XIII.

Knowing People—Kindness and Unkindness—A Jezailchi's Bones—Afghans and Sikhs — Elephants — Henpecked Hindu — Asses — Paroquets—Taxes—Poetical Justice—Dust Storm—Taxes in Kashmir —Little Prince—Munshi's Translation—Afghan Abuse—Sick Child —Patan Monks—Spoilt Children—Swearing in the Regiment—Preparing to March—A Chaprasi—"Flittings"—Ants—Scorpion Bite—Contradictory Orders—Balaam and the Dog—Legend of Sunete — Shopkeepers — Prayer — Sikh Villages — Ovens — Gulab Sing — H. M.'s 29th—Death of Saiad—Murteza Shah—Ham and Jam.

JUNE 14TH.—One learns to know people in India most thoroughly. Everybody lives, as it were, in a glass case—every one knows the income, style of living, debts, and position, of every one else: then there are so many money transactions—so much buying and selling between gentlemen constantly going on, that there are a thousand opportunities of judging of character which could never be afforded in England. If a man borrows money from any of the banks, and agrees to pay it by instalments from his pay, his commanding officer, the Paymaster, and all who make out or see the Pay Abstracts, know exactly how much is deducted. If he incur small debts to his servants or others, they carry the matter before the Court of Requests, which consists of a certain number of his brother officers. If he think the rent of his house too high, or quarrels with his landlord, the matter is referred to a Station Committee. If a person admire a horse, carriage, or any piece of furniture, he often bespeaks it "whenever it is sold;" for on leaving a Station, even for six

months, people generally sell a good deal of their property.

A succession of marches, or being obliged to buy or to build a house on pain of having none to live in, throws the finances of many an officer into confusion; the wife then often parts with a new dress or some of her ornaments; and women calling themselves ladies, can be found, who will beat down the price of jewels sold under such circumstances, and get them for less than half their value. Then some people never pay until they are asked to do so; others put exorbitant prices on their own things; others profess themselves much obliged for being allowed to buy a thing which they forget to pay for; others change their minds, and beg to be allowed to return their purchase, where the seller is just starting for Europe! Others give commissions, and then find fault with them, and return them; so that in a very short time one involuntarily becomes completely *au fait* of all one's neighbours' modes of dealing. Then, in sickness, one is so much more dependent on the kindness of friends than one could ever be at home. Some characters gain, and some lose, on this close inspection. Mrs. C. is one of the former. I hardly ever knew such unwearied sympathising kindness as she has lately shown to a poor lady who is just dead. She visited her daily; packed for her when she was alive, for she was to have started for the hills the very evening she died; sat by her to the last; with her own hands assisted in washing and dressing the poor emaciated body, and arranged everything after her death. She has been like a sister to the poor husband; thought of everything by which he could be spared pain; and Mr. C. has shown equal sympathy, and yet they were comparative strangers; for Mr. C. never saw the poor husband but once before he drove him down to his wife's funeral, not one of the officers of his own corps having offered to do anything, or shown any kind of feeling. This poor man lately lost an excellent appointment through the fault of his subaltern, who was appointed to succeed him! Consequently, having been

extravagant in former days, and being bound to pay large monthly instalments to the bank, they were reduced to the greatest distress, having scarcely enough to live upon. She was ordered to the hills as the only prospect of saving her life.

I will just give you a few specimens of the treatment they met with:—They have two boys at school in the hills. Mr. Monk, with whom they are, begged them "not to think of paying him," and offered Mrs. D. the loan of a house. A near relation, who is said to have 1300*l.* a year private property, besides 2400 rupees a month pay, refused her a loan of 200 rupees— on security! A serjeant of Horse Artillery from whom Captain D. had been obliged to borrow 800 rupees—a thing diametrically opposed to all military rule and etiquette —on his returning 600, wrote to say that he knew Mrs. D. was going to the hills in bad health; and that as he thought the money might contribute to her comfort, he begged leave to return it, and if any more was needed, he would be most happy to send it to such an amount, for he never could forget the kindness he had received from his old commanding officer. This good serjeant has a wife, and a little child born the other day, and Captain D. not now being in the same corps, has no power whatever to benefit him. I think this trait does honour to human nature.

On Monday morning, C. took Hasan Khán and one of Ferris's old Jezailchis—who got a rifle ball in his knee, in the expedition against the Sangu Khail seven years ago—to Dr. M'Rae's, to see a very severe operation performed on the poor litlle boy of ten years old, under the influence of chloroform. The poor child neither stirred nor felt anything, whereupon the Jezailchi, who was very anxious to get rid of the ball in his knee, declared himself quite ready to be operated upon. They laid him upon the table, and he snuffed up the chloroform with such vehemence as to alarm the doctors, and almost immediately fell asleep and began to snore. Soon, however, it became a calm, pleasant slumber. Deep cuts were made, and the ball was found

embedded in a thick and very tough leathery bag, which it had formed for itself. This being cut through, the bullet was extracted, and found to have been perfectly flattened against the iron thigh-bone of this sturdy Afghán. Dr. M'Rae said he had seen a ball thus flattened against a wall, but never before against a man's bone. The leg was bandaged, and strong ammonia applied to the patient's nostrils. He became sick; they washed his face and beard, sprinkled water over him, and on his becoming wide awake, asked him what had been done to him. "Nothing," he said. They showed him the ball, whereupon he gazed at it in amazement, and then burst into such a fit of laughter that he fell back again from excessive mirth. He then sat up, and made saláms all round to everybody, to the doctors, to the dressers, to my husband, to Hasan Khán, and to the other Afgháns, who stood with bright faces, greatly enjoying the marvellous sight: so they put him into a Duli, and sent him home. Hasan Khán seemed very much struck with the liberality of Christian dealings; and, in spite of his bigotry, could not help saying, "That is much better than we Mussalmáns: in the first place we could not do it; and secondly, if we could, we should require a great reward before doing so." Some time after he exclaimed, "I see what it is; it is not pure science (Ilm), but Kimia," *i. e.* alchemy (by which he evidently meant necromancy, as alchemy is quite a lawful science among Mussalmáns); and added, "It must be so, for I don't understand it."

Friday, July 16th.—Abdulrahmán Khán came as usual this evening. He began to speak of eating, and to revile "these stupid Hindustánis," as he called them, for not eating with Christians, saying, "it showed the blood of their Hindu forefathers." He said to my husband, "If you killed a sheep with your own hands, would I not eat it? and if you cooked it, would I not eat it? You are men of the Book." C. showed him the passage in Matthew, xv. 11, and explained why we eat all things. He said with much energy, "Haq, haq;" "Right, right;" and then added, as he always does,

"Our book also says the same." This is exactly what Hasan Khán also thinks proper to add on all occasions, though he knows nothing whatever of the Kuran or its contents.

I forgot to tell you that a juggler came some nights ago. He did nothing very wonderful. His best feat was putting water into a queer little vessel, and making it pour out of the spout or not, as he commanded it.

June 19th.—I went this morning on the elephant to see the regiment at battalion exercise. I am sure C.'s word of command could have been heard by three regiments. I wish you could see our corps. It is really a fine looking one, much finer than the generality of English regiments of the Line. The average height is 5 ft. 8½ in. About five-eighths of them being Sikhs and Afgháns, they are capable of thrice the work of a Hindustáni regiment. The Afgháns and Sikhs are both exceedingly hardy, daring men,—the former complete Highlanders, generally rather below than above the middle size, but excessively strong, wiry, and enduring, with bones that will flatten bullets. The Sikhs are a very handsome race, with such fine stout limbs, that I do not wonder at the Hindustánis calling them "Bara chalnewálas," "great people for walking." Many of the women are just what one would fancy the wives of the Roman people in Rome's palmy days. They are tall, well made, and strong, with free and noble action. The Ját (or peasant) women seldom marry before twenty or one-and-twenty,—a great improvement on the frightful Hindu fashion of marrying in early childhood.

I went one morning lately to the old Satlej where they were bathing the Commissariat elephants. Many of these huge creatures were lying on their sides in the water, their keepers standing on them and scrubbing them with a kind of stone or brick, others were swimming about, and one was quiet immersed in the water, save the top of his head and the end of his trunk. The Mahouts were bathing themselves, and certainly civilized Europeans might take a lesson in decency from them, for they are always sufficiently clothed, even in the

water, and are most careful and decorous in dressing on the banks. One was standing in the stream, praying with his hands joined and his face towards the rising sun. He then came on shore for a large leaf-full of flowers, and returning to the river, he dropped in first a string of jessamine and roses, and then single flowers, repeating something to himself all the time. It grieved me to see this poor idolator. As we were leaving the river, my elephant, which is a very large female one, met an old acquaintance, and testified her pleasure by trumpeting and screaming in a most uncouth fashion, and then making a noise like purring on a gigantic scale, which we felt distinctly.

The other day, Sital, a Hindú Sáis of ours, came running to my husband in great fear, saying that his wife threatened to throw herself into the well to vex him, and that "then he would be hanged!" It seems she is a complete virago, one of the ugliest women I ever saw; she beats Sital, keeps him in bodily fear, and once did actually throw herself into a well. C. assured him that nothing would be done to him. I suppose the Dhobi who was hanged for murdering his wife, has given great preponderance to the female side of the question in these parts, and made the husbands fancy they are responsible for the life of their wives in all cases; so C. added, that she might throw herself in whenever she liked, only not in this well, for it would spoil the water: and the grave old Khansamán reproved Sital severely for bringing such domestic matters to the notice of his master, saying "family quarrels should be kept quiet."

Tuesday, 20th June.—Yesterday was, I believe, the first day of the rains, though it is difficult to tell, as we have had showers every few days lately. The heat was extreme in the morning with a strong hot wind, then came a dust-storm, so that we could hardly see even at the window, and then the welcome sound of "much rain," so that the evening was delightfully cool: but with the rain came the musquitoes and the grasshoppers, and other insects who, in consort with the bull-frogs,

make a noise something between bellowing and a choir of burly monks chanting—which renders the garden perfectly unendurable to me. The donkeys here have quite a different physiognomy from European ones, their faces are much more delicate and "fine," they have quite a Hindú cast of countenance. We have no less than three young parrots. One, "Lory," is very timid and not sociable. Mine, little "Heirámán," or mán of diamonds (a mán, you know is eighty pounds), is the most engaging little bird possible. I can hardly get rid of him, he is always climbing up to my hand or shoulder, comes and eats out of my plate, goes to sleep on my bosom when I lie down, wakes me by nibbling my lips, and coos in the sweetest little note possible whenever we go near it. The third "Mítú," (sweet), is one which Baedulla took out of the same nest as Hirá, (they were both hatched in our verandah, and the parent birds have often come to feed them), but which he refused to keep after a time, lest if the poor little thing should be killed in any way, the sin should rest upon him, so I have been obliged to relieve his scrupulous conscience of the responsibility. I had a very long ride on the elephant this morning from a little after four to seven o'clock. I went to a village called Sherepur, where there is a pretty little mosque, plenty of buffaloes, plenty of barking queer little dogs, and some stout looking inhabitants. The whole country looked like a brown earthen disc. with here and there a little sprinkling of trees visible at the edge of the horizon. I did not pass a single plot of ground bearing anything, though there were marks of former ploughing everywhere, so I suppose they bring forth somewhat at some season of the year. In the village were some fine large trees, so they can grow. In fact, irrigation would change the face of the country. Under British rule all taxes on merchandize, trade, and manufactures have been abolished. There are no taxes whatever in Loodiana, but the owners of land pay the same as they formerly did under the Sikhs. This is only a temporary arrangement until the fair rate of taxation can be settled; but there is this great differ-

ence, that there are no "begárs," or forced labour (corvées in fact): and moreover, there is no insolent soldiery to go into the city and tyrannize as they pleased, and this my Munshí spoke of as one of the greatest deliverances.

June 22nd.—Just after writing this, a man was brought up charged with having torn off the ornaments of a woman, and attempting to murder her last night, close to the lines. A Sikh Sepahí heard her cries and rushed out to her rescue, when the cowardly assailant ran off, but the Sikh pursued and caught him; the poor little woman was young and trembled like a leaf, so that C., fearing she would not tell the whole truth before the magistrate from fear of being murdered, and the man having the effrontery to deny the whole, though her arms were all discoloured with the violence used towards her, snatched a stick out of the Havildár's hand and bestowed two such blows on the culprit that they knocked him down, and "next time" he certainly will not attempt a robbery close to the Sikh Lines. C. commended the Sepahí, and kindly encouraged the poor woman, and having thus, as far as in him lay, distributed due poetical justice, he despatched the whole party under charge of a Havildár, to obtain the best approximation thereto which may be procurable from the hands of the Deputy-Commissioner. I suppose it is called poetical justice, from being so seldom found in the region of fact.

The regiment was to have been paid this morning, but a dust-storm arose about one P.M., and after lasting nine hours, is now going off without bringing any rain, so the monsoon has not yet come. We might almost as well have slept on the high road, for the bed, floor, and everything in the room was loaded with dust, and our servants are so lamentably dirty, that I doubt if you would let one of them come near you. We are, however, not much better ourselves, and there was some doubt whether we should have breakfast. A Munshí, who accompanied two of Lord Hardinge's sons in a tour they made to Kashmír, wrote a very good journal, which

has been translated and lent to us. He gives some details of the excessive taxation under which the people of Kashmir groan. The town is surrounded by mountains, through which there are only four or five passes, only one of which is open in winter, and no one is allowed to leave the country without permission. The chief revenue of government is derived from the shawl manufacture, which brings in a return of about 807,500 Harrí Singhí rupees (of 10 annas or about 1*s.* 3*d.* each) besides 11,000 more from the border makers. Merchants with capital pay 148 Harrí Singhí rupees per shop; five workmen are reckoned as two shops, and their wages vary from two to six annas a day. The average annual tax on each workman is thus nearly 59 rupees; the total number of shops of these capitalists is about 3,500, and the total receipt from them to government about 600,000 rupees. An inferior kind of shawl is made by those who, having no capital of their own, obtain advances from Government; but the best quality is only to be obtained by commission and advance of money. Coin is shamefully alloyed in Kashmir; everything is taxed, and inhabitants of almost all classes taxed from one to two rupees a head monthly; even grasscutters, fruitsellers, and corngrinders, the very poorest of the people. Caste is but little attended to, there are no Hindús but Pandits, but little distinction is made between them and Mussalmàns.

July.—A sweet little boy, a son of the Shahzadeh Shahpur, about five years old, was brought here the other day to be prescribed for. He had a bad eruption on his face which, fortunately, the remedies I gave have quite obliterated. The first time he came he was a little frightened, and said Salem Aleikúm a great many times. C. put him in an armchair, and he asked with a little soft timid voice, "Do you hold me for a friend?" C. assured him that he did, and that he was a very great friend of his and of his father's; but when I came with the medicine and a little spoon, he asked rather anxiously, "That one, what will she do?" He was very prettily dressed, with a curious square cap, gold at the

top, and black velvet sides, which I believe is a mark of royalty. The next time he came, his mother had twisted up a crimson crêpe veil, with gold fringes, into a turban for him, and he looked very pretty. He now seems quite at his ease, and is like most Afghán children of rank, remarkably self-possessed and courteous in manner.

I forgot to tell you of a translation of the Munshí's that amused me very much. The word the natives use for health is "Mizáj," which means temperament or constitution, but the Munshí, interpreting a letter from Hasan Khán, in which he inquired for me, instead of "exalted health," turned it into "your high temper," at which I had some difficulty to look grave. C. was speaking to two of our servants, one a Hindu and the other a Mussalmán, on the subject of cheating and falsehood. They both acknowledge that they never knew one of their countrymen whom they could really trust on either particular. The Hindu added, however, "Some Sáhibs tell lies, too." They heartily agree that their respective priests and religious men were even worse than the rest, and they acknowledged that some white people never told lies. (They quite understand the difference between real and nominal Christians.) I never knew such keen observers as the natives; they are excellent judges of character, and know perfectly what is, or is not, forbidden by our religion. I was astonished the other day by hearing an Afghán talking most vehemently at the door. He had been introduced by Hasan Khán, and had brought two young men as recruits who proved too short, and, therefore, could not be enlisted. Upon this he became furious, and not liking exactly to abuse my husband to his face, he turned on Hasan Khán who was present, and reviled him bitterly. "You," he said, "who have got into such favour with the Ferignhis by killing numbers of your own people, you say that you and Mackenzie Sáhib are brothers, that you are one identical, and you can't get two men into his regiment!" Hasan Khán only sat and laughed, for fiery as they are, the Afghans seem to think nothing of an

amount of abuse and vituperation that would drive a European into a state of frenzy. Hasan Khán was one day abusing Amir Khán, the Naib Jemádár, calling him a coward, mimicking him, and showing how he had hidden himself. Amír Khán, being just round the corner of the house, heard every word and only laughed, and one of Hasan Khán's followers, after hearing it all, came and tenderly embraced the vituperated man at taking leave The Havildárs, however, who were present when this stormy Afghán thus vented his indignation indirectly at their commandant, stood perfectly aghast, and the Munshí's face was turned upside down. Most officers, accustomed only to the polite courteous Hindustanis, would have thought themselves affronted, but C. knowing the Afgháns, only bade him not make so much noise.

The old bed of the Satlej, whch still contains a narrow stream, is quite a cheerful scene with its white paddy birds, bathers, its picturesque little temple, surrounded by a few trees, horses being watered, buffaloes grazing, and Dhobis, or washermen, diligently beating linen on furrowed planks—no wonder they tear the clothes! All this appeared quite refreshing and delightful after incessant sand.

July 5th.—Went to see the child of a Binder to whom, about ten days ago, a native quack gave two great pills of Bhang and then opium, the consequence is, that he has continued almost insensible ever since. I sent him some strong coffee to drink and camphor to smell, and the father reports him better this afternoon. As the poor man had nothing but a mere hut, the Binding Contractor had lent him his best room, and where two armchairs were placed for us. It was large, but as usual had no other furniture than a bolster. It had two small windows close to the floor. When we went again in the evening the poor child was better, and soon after got quite well. Had a most curious ride home through all kind of out-of-the-way streets and places, and from our lofty howdah we looked down on the flat roofs of most of the houses and over into the little

courts, we could have touched the walls on either side had they been high enough. The scene was like a fair at night—the streets crowded, a light in every house, and several in each of the innumerable shops of eatables. All the sellers were at their posts, though many who had nothing to sell and probably little to buy, had already laid down for the night, and through all the wise quiet elephant pursued its plodding way, never jostling or hurting any one. I have never seen anything like violence or quarrelling among the natives since I came to India, always excepting the perpetual Kashmírí scolding matches and occasional exhibitions of the same kind among the Hindustánis. It was nearly dark, for the moon was but five days old, so that when we came upon two or three ancient heavy Patan mosques, the effect was so quiet and solemn that one could hardly fancy oneself so near such a busy lively scene as the Bazár presented. I conclude Loodiana is prospering, for they are building in various directions. A new mosque has been erected inside the Serai since I went there last year, and they seem to be making gutters and sewers in the town.

C.'s regiment is now employed on various duties. Some are on guard at the Kacheri, and I wish you could see the extraordinary zeal with which they turn out and present arms. The musket gets such a slap that even I hear it many feet off. Certainly the Sikhs are a most energetic people. I wonder if they spoil their children as the Hindustanis do.

My Munshi's little boy was ill, and I told him he must be careful not to let him eat ghi and mitai (sweetmeats). He remained in doubt, and then asked me gravely what he should do if the child would have sweetmeats; because, added he, he will cry, and I love him so much I cannot refuse him anything. He also inquired if he might put sugar in the water, or "else perhaps he will not drink it." I was quite at a loss for any measures which had the least chance of being adopted in such a state of domestic discipline, which, however, is the prevailing one throughout India.

There was a slight earthquake here yesterday morning, so slight that I, who was standing, did not feel it, but my husband and the Babu in the next room, who were both seated, distinctly felt the tremor.

I went the other morning to see about three hunderd Sikhs of the regiment sworn in. A man carried the Granth (their sacred book) wrapped in a white cloth, on a small Charpai, upon his head, the Granthi gravely following it with a chouri, or fly-flap of horsehair, with which he drove away the flies from it. The Bearer walked to the front of each company, and as many men as could conveniently stand round it slipped off their shoes, touched the book with one or both hands, made salám to it, and then kept their hands either on it or its Charpai while the Granthi read the oath. Each man said, "I, so and so, son of such a one, of such village, and such a Pergannah (district), swear to be faithful to my salt, &c. They then made another salám to the Granthi, stepped back and got into their shoes, aud C. made them a short speech.

Dr. Turnbull, of the Sappers, has just returned from escorting the Rani to Amballa. The heat in tents was so great, that a tumbler which had been standing on the table, when filled with water from a jar in the tatti, split as if it had been ice.

July 8th.—A letter from Lahore tells us of another fight in which Mulráj has been worsted, which is a cause of thankfulness.

August 1st, 1848.—My husband was with the C.'s when the adjutant of the Sappers and Pioneers came over and said they were to march the following evening for Multán. Mrs. C. behaved exceedingly well. She neither wept nor said anything, only drew a deep sigh. They begged us to go to them both that and the following evening, which we did. The second evening, when Mr. C. expected to march at eleven, the confusion was great, camels loading, bedding-boxes, everything lying about. Mrs. C. had been packing for two whole days, her husband, incessantly occupied as Quartermaster and Interpreter, had hardly one minute to himself or his own

affairs. Their table servants refused to go with him, so I sent one of ours on a camel to fetch a relation of his from a village, together with some goats, and when we had thus caught a Khidmatgár, and he was waiting till Mr. C. could speak to him, the old servants, who began to repent, sent him away, so at the last moment there was none. C. summoned an Afghán whom he had got a few days previously as Chowkedar, or watchman, for the C.'s, and told him he must go on the march. "Beehasm," he said, "on my eyes be it. I will only fetch my clothes and my gun." C. desired him to leave his gun with Hasan Khán, as his sword would be sufficient, and he came back, I think in less than an hour, quite ready.

C. also sent for a very clever servant of Major Pottinger's, who was with him at Charekar, Dasundee by name, commonly called Jeswanti, a man of this country who was with him in captivity, and who, when Akbar's standard fell down by accident at Tezin, shouted out "Shahbash!" in defiance of consequences.

He was afterwards employed as Chaprasi by Sir Richmond Shakespeare, and gained much credit by capturing a noted robber, and then getting leave for a few months, he stayed away between two and three years, thus losing a good place for no reason whatever. not long ago he came to us, and has been staying until C. could get employment for him. The 8th cavalry have since left, so that nothing but disconsolate ladies remain.

This is a good proof that troops can march in hot weather, for it is a more trying season now than it was in May.

We began making preparations for moving into Mrs. C.'s house, and did so on the 20th of July, with no other adventure than having the cart which went to and fro with our baggage seized by the Tahsildar, during the momentary absence of the Sepáhí who accompanied it. My husband immediately wrote a peremptory order for its restoration, and when we got it back made two Sepahís with fixed bayonet guard it on its journeys. The next morning there was a curious flitting.

About half-past five I went over on the elephant, taking Louisa Silvester and "Nel" with me. In the back seat were three folding chairs and a pair of silver candlesticks, and we were preceded by two Dhobis, carrying our clothes on a charpai, four Kulis with a table turned upside down, and filled with books, on their heads, divers people whose identity was lost under the bundles they carried, and an Orderly gravely marching along with our three little parrots in a cage, looking like Horace Vernet's foraging recruit. By the evening we were almost settled. It is a very large house, in the old 50th Lines, in the most airy situation in Loodiana. The rooms are very large and lofty, and the whole house much cooler than our former one. The verandahs are magnificent.

Miss W., Mrs. C.'s sister, arrived about a week after, and we like her extremely. We have had one or two showers of heavy rain, which is a great blessing, as without rain a famine would certainly have ensued, but in consequence of one of these showers such swarms of white ants, in their winged state, made their appearance one evening, that we were fairly driven out of the house, and took our tea in the garden. One of the tea cups on the dining-table was half full of them: they disappeared the next day.

If it were not a pity to kill them, I would send you specimens of some of the grasshopper and other insects, which are quite beautiful. One with brilliant green and yellow bands all over its body, has its inner wings of a beautiful red gauze-like texture; another is pale green, with a most curious head; another is most beautifully sparkled.

The night after we came up here the wife of one of the Sais was bitten by a large scorpion on the finger. She was in great pain when she came to us, but Mr. C. applied a paste of ipecacuanha and water, and covered the wound with it, which relieved the pain almost immediately.

The heat on the march to Ferozpur was by no means

so great as they anticipated, but the confusion Ferozpur was almost beyond description. Contradicto orders came from the Commander-in-Chief, the Gene of Division, and the Commandant of the Station—o day the Sappers were to march by the right bank, t next by the left, then they were to go by water, th they were told to do as they liked. The Quartermaste in despair, went to Captain F., who is Brigade-Majo to ask what he was to do; and the latter could on comfort him by showing the orders he himself ha received, which were equally contradictory and incom- prehensible. After all they were sent by water, and we have at last heard of their arrival at Bhâwalpur, where they expect to have to wait a month for the siege train. Then the 8th Cavalry were ordered from Loodiana to Ferozpur; they started with only half the carriage required, and twelve hours after came a counter-order, desiring them *not* to move, if they had not already left. They were only ten miles off, stopped by rain and want of carriage, still the Brigadier could not recall them.

August 10th.—The other day my husband read the "History of Balaam" to the Munshí, the latter added a Musalmán finale to it, by gravely relating that there was once a most virtuous dog, and as it was impossible that the body of a prophet could be sent to hell, there- fore to reward the dog and punish Balaam, the dog's soul was put into Balaam's body, and went to paradise, while the soul of Balaam was despatched in the body of the dog to hell.

Wednesday, August 8th.—We rode to the site of an ancient city called Sunète. A little village of the same name, and of only fifty houses now stands there. Tra- dition say that this was a great idolatrous city, whose Rajah, among other atrocities, daily devoured a man for his dinner. A neighbouring Walí at length prayed for vengeance on this impious Rajah and his people—an earthquake swallowed them up and desolated the city, which is now a succession of hills of pounded brick, no

other trace of buildings being visible. It is also full of scorpions.

I have just heard a fact, which at first I thought was meant as a jest, until C. assured me it was true. The Baniáhs (or shopkeepers) on opening their shops in the morning, are in the habit of worshipping the little stool on which they sit (all Hindús occasionally worship the implements of their calling), and pray "O great stool! send me to-day many customers with full purses and empty heads!". We passed a Faqir's dwelling as we came home from our ride; some of them were ploughing, others smoking. I did not know before that they ever combined labour and begging.

The Sikhs seem an active enterprising people. Near one village we found a little plantation that the Tamíndárs were rearing with care, having procured them from cantonments. All their villages seem to be walled, so that from the outside a long high mud wall is often all that is to be seen of them. There is generally a gate at each end. Within, the houses are very closely packed, each with a little yard of its own, which is generally full of very lean cattle, many of them buffaloes. Sometimes it is a puzzle to find out how the cattle ever got in, or how they were ever to get out again. The streets are so narrow that it required all our huge elephant's care and caution to move along without knocking down the rain-spouts on the one hand, or the cakes of manure, drying on the top of the wall, on the other.

September 2d.—We had a delightful ride among green lanes that were quite refreshing to our eyes. Bow and Nel accompany us and sometimes chase a wild buck, sometimes a tame cat, and sometimes have a fight with the numerous noisy Pariáh dogs which infest the villages.

Miss W. tells me that in the villages near Nákoda, the people have one common oven (*i. e.* a deep pit such as they have here), which, when thoroughly heated, is opened, and each woman, with her vessel of flour and

water on her head, claps her chapátis against the
of it, identifying them by some particular mark.
oven is then shut, and you may fancy the gossi
which takes place while the cakes are baking.
keep their cattle, grain, and fodder in like manne
common, each man having his own stack, or his
cattle, in the public enclosure. This is an exce
protection against private pilfering. The Márwát
tribe near the hills, and in the lowlands at the foo
them, which are called the Teraì, are noted cattle-lif
Mr. W., the indefatigable magistrate of Morádá
has nearly suppressed cattle-stealing in his district
making every village responsible for every hea
cattle which could be traced as having entered
boundaries.

Nothing interesting from Multán. General Wh
force has been there a long while, that from Looc
has also arrived, and they are now waiting for the
train, very much like "Sir Richard waiting for the
of Chatham." In the meantime an outbreak has t
place in the Hazáreh country. Captain Abbot sai
could put it down *without assistance,* but Major
rence and Lieutenant Nicholson are both of op
that British troops will be necessary, and Majo
has written to urge Sir F. Currie to send them imme-
diately.

Since we received his letter we hear that Captain
Abbot is in full flight, and that Chattar Sing, the leader
of the Hazára insurgents, is threatening Láhore. Almost
all the troops here expect to be moved onwards, and
those in Jellander are ready to start at a moment's
notice. That crafty old tyrant, Guláb Sing, is gather-
ing an army, ostensibly to act against Chattar Sing,
but as many of his troops have joined Chattar Sing, we
cannot place much faith in his assertions that he cannot
control them. I believe he is just waiting to see which
end of the scale is the heaviest. The annexation of the
Panjáb is spoken off as certain, and I hope Kashmír
will be included, for hardly any country in the world

groans under greater oppression and extortion of every kind than poor Kahmir.

7th.—The siege at Multán was expected to begin in earnest about this date. He is incessantlyc arrying off camels from our force. H. M.'s 29th came in the other morning: we found them parading on the high road, and were, therefore, obliged to stop. One's heart warmed to a regiment of one's own countrymen. They looked mere boys; there was hardly a whisker or a head of dark hair to be seen down the whole line: they struck me as remarkably smart looking and clean. I believe it is considered a "crack regiment." The men are very much undersized, after the Hindustani regiments: there was a huge Bengal Grenadier standing by, who looked a perfect giant.

September 8th.—We have been much grieved at hearing of the death of Saiad Murtezá Shah, in Calcutta. He was the main instrument of obtaining the release of the hostages and prisoners in Afghánistan, and within the last two years he was sent, at the great peril of his life, by Lord Hardinge to Kábul, where he succeeded in rescuing upwards of 100 children of our Sepáhis and camp followers (among them an English boy). His young son, Saiad Reza Kháp, has determined on going to Calcutta, to endeavour to obtain a continuation of his father's pension for himself and his numerous brothers and sisters. We have given him as many letters of introduction as we could.

I was much amused at a story Mrs. C. related to me of one of her uncles, a civilian, who was extremely particular about high caste servants, and who treated them magnificently, dressed them in English broadcloth, &c. This pearl of masters once gave a dinner party, and the dinner being delayed long after his guests were assembled, he proceeded himself to the kitchen to discover the reason. There he found all his servants standing in a row, with their backs towards him, each man proving his orthodoxy by solemnly spitting in rotation on a fine ham, which was about to be served up to the company!

Now observe that this excess of Musalmán "zeal" was manifested by a whole party; but man in society and man in solitude are different beings, as was proved by a lady, who discovered her Khansáman eating a thick slice of ham covered with raspberry jam!

END OF VOL. I.

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